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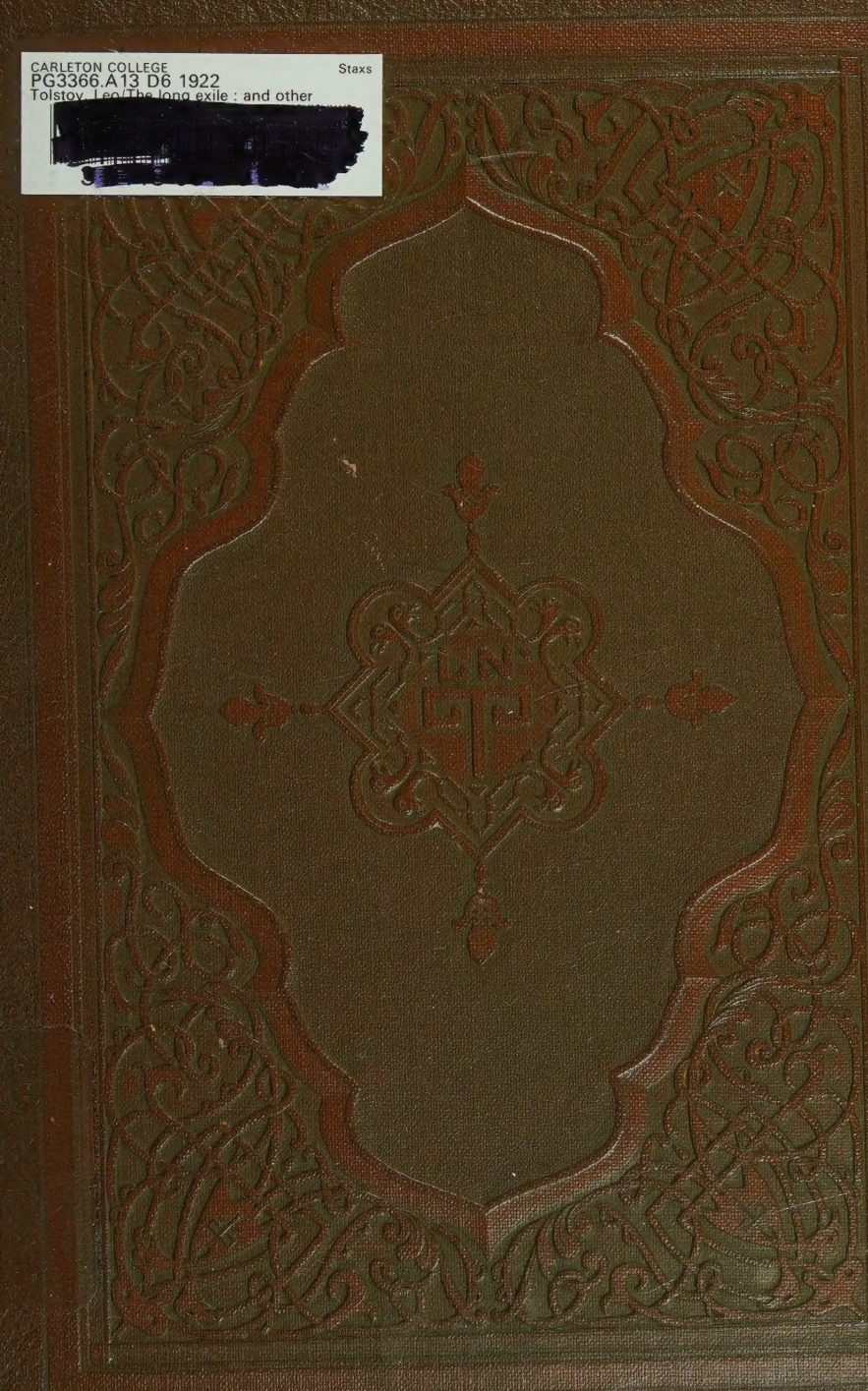

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THE LONG EXILE

AND OTHER STORIES

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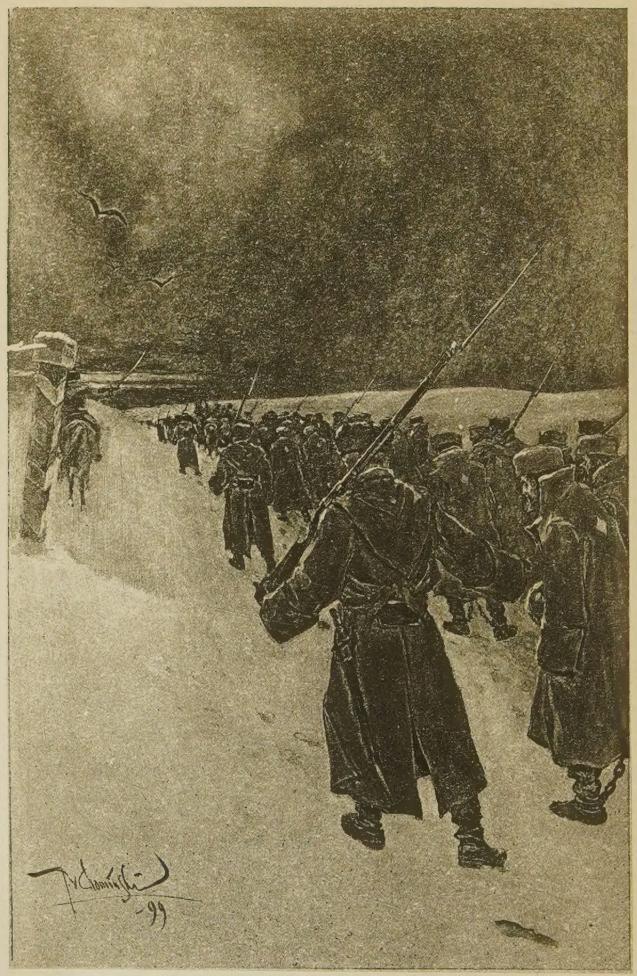

THE LONG EXILE

From a drawing by T. V. Chominski

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THE WORKS OF LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

THE LONG EXILE

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

Leo Tolstoy

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1922

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INTRODUCTION

THE contents of the present volume illustrate Count Tolstoï's versatility to a remarkable degree. His stories for children are marked by the simplicity and sincerity that children demand. What could be more fascinating to a boy than his description of his dogs? And is there anything in literature, anywhere, more perfect in its absolute symmetry, its inherent pathos, and its unobtrusive moral than the story called in the original "God sees the Truth"?

The author himself, while he regards with scant consideration his earlier works, such as "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," places this story in the highest rank as complying with the canons of art.

The "Stories for Children," which comprise a few taken from the "Novaya Azbuka" or New Primer, and not found in Vol. IV of the Moscow edition, are followed by the entertaining and suggestive account of the school which Count Tolstoï established for the children of his peasants shortly after the emancipation. His theory of freedom in the school reminds one of that set forth by the American educator, A. Bronson Alcott, and to a certain extent employed by him under very different conditions. It has in it the incontrovertible truth that children study best that which interests them, and that they may be led more successfully than driven into the paths of learning.

His arguments against examinations as tests of knowledge coincide with the experience of most teachers. They have their place, but altogether too much stress is laid on them in our schools and colleges, and as they are generally conducted they do more harm than good. They lead to cumulative cramming, and they are almost invariably unfair.

But interesting as the count's theories and results are, the personality of the man himself, the pictures that he draws of himself dealing with his peasant lads, and the unconscious methods of the born story-teller in presenting facts, give a peculiar charm to the whole account.

The enthusiastic *naïveté* of the plea that the cultured class should learn of the unspoiled peasant to write fiction has exactly the same charm as revealing the count's generous and lovable qualities. But that he has taken the lesson to heart by cultivating that simplicity and sincerity characteristic of a healthy child, a genuine boy, is shown by the tale — "Walk in the Light" — with which the volume ends, and which sums up and applies to practice under the guise of a story of antiquity Count Tolstoï's views of education and his ideas of a religious life. The "Dialogue between Clever People" may be regarded as an implicit introduction to this beautiful tale, and it is so printed in the Moscow edition.

Taken as a whole it is undoubtedly one of the most stimulating and suggestive volumes of the series.

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE LONG EXILE 1

WHAT MEN LIVE BY 12

YERMAK, THE CONQUEROR OF SIBERIA 40

DESIRE STRONGER THAN NECESSITY 50

STORIES OF MY DOGS 61

I. Bulka 61

II. Bulka and the Wild Boar 62

III. Pheasants 65

IV. Milton and Bulka 66

V. The Turtle 68

VI. Bulka and the Wolf 69

VII. What happened to Bulka at Pyetigorsk 71

VIII. The End of Bulka and Milton 74

EARLY DAYS 76

I. The Old Horse 76

II. How I was taught to ride Horseback 78

SCENES FROM COMMON LIFE 82

I. The Willow 82

II. The Gray Hare 84

III. The Foundling 85

IV. The Peasant and the Cucumbers 86

V. The Fire 87

VI. The Treasure Trove 89

VII. The Bird 90

VIII. How Uncle Semyon told about his Adventure in the Woods 92

IX. The Cow 93

X. Filipok 96

STORIES FROM PHYSICS 99

I. The Magnet 99

II. Humidity 101

PAGE

III. Different Degrees of Coherence 102
IV. Crystals 103
V. Bad Air 105
VI. How Air Balloons are made 109
VII. Galvanism 111
VIII. Solar Heat 114

TALES FROM ZOÖLOGY 117
I. The Owl and the Hare 117
II. How Wolves teach their Cubs 118
III. Hares and Wolves 118
IV. Scent 119
V. Touch and Sight 121
VI. The Silkworm 122

STORIES FROM BOTANY 128
I. My Apple Trees 128
II. The Old Poplar 129
III. The Bird Cherry Tree 130
IV. How Trees walk 132

FABLES 134
I. The Head and Tail of the Serpent 134
II. Fine Threads 134
III. The Division of the Inheritance 135
IV. The Monkey 135
V. The Monkey and the Peas 136
VI. The Milch Cow 136
VII. The Duck and the Moon 136
VIII. The Wolf in the Dust 137
IX. The Mouse under the Granary 137
X. The Very Best Pear 138
XI. The Falcon and the Cock 138
XII. The Jackals and the Elephant 139
XIII. The Heron, the Fishes, and the Crab 139
XIV. The Water-Sprite and the Pearl 140
XV. The Blind Man and the Milk 141
XVI. The Wolf and the Bow 142
XVII. The Birds in the Snare 142
XVIII. The Tsar and the Falcon 143
XIX. The Tsar and the Elephants 144
XX. Why there is Evil in the World 145

PAGE

XXI. The Wolf and the Huntsmen 147
XXII. Two Peasants 147
XXIII. The Peasant and the Horse 148
XXIV. The Two Horses 149
XXV. The Ax and the Saw 149
XXVI. The Dogs and the Cook 150
XXVII. The Hare and the Hound 150
XXVIII. The Oak and the Hazel Bush 151
XXIX. The Setting Hen and the Chickens 152
XXX. The Quail and his Mate 152
XXXI. The Cow and the Goat 153
XXXII. The Fox's Brush 154

FROM THE NEW SPELLER 155
I. The Wolf and the Kids 155
II. The Farmer's Wife and the Cat 155
III. The Crow and the Eagle 155
IV. The Mouse and the Frog 156
V. The Vainglorious Cockerel 156
VI. The Ass and the Lion 157
VII. The Fool and his Knife 157
VIII. The Boy Driver 158
IX. Life Dull without Song 158
X. The Squirrel and the Wolf 158
XI. Uncle Mitya's Horse 159
XII. The Book 159
XIII. The Wolf and the Fox 160
XIV. The Peasant and his Horse 160
XV. The Eagle and the Sow 161
XVI. The Load 161
XVII. The Big Oven 162

YASNAYA POLYANA SCHOOL 164
I. General Sketch of the School 164
II. The Opening of School 167
III. The Appearance of the Room 168
IV. The Classes 169
V. The Free Development of the School 171
VI. A School-Boy Fight 173
VII. Discipline 176
VIII. The Thief 177
IX. Marks 180

		PAGE
X.	Afternoon Session	181
XI.	The End of the Hour	183
XII.	The Evening Session	186
XIII.	A Walk through the Woods	187
XIV.	Utility and Beauty	191
XV.	Proshchaï and Proschaïte	193
XVI.	Objections answered	195
XVII.	The Quality of the Scholars	196
XVIII.	How Parents regard the School	199
XIX.	Mechanical Reading	202
XX.	Experiments	205
XXI.	Graded Reading	210
XXII.	The Possible Cause and Possible Help	215
XXIII.	How the Pupils learned to write	219
XXIV.	Self-Improvement in Writing	221
XXV.	The Teaching of Grammar	223
XXVI.	The Writing of Compositions	229
XXVII.	Specimens of Compositions	231
XXVIII.	Recitations and Examinations	234
XXIX.	The Spirit of the School	240
XXX.	Bible Stories	243
XXXI.	The Bible for Children	249
XXXII.	Russian History	256
XXXIII.	A First Lesson in History	263
XXXIV.	An Experiment in Russian History	268
XXXV.	Geography	272
XXXVI.	The Arts	281
XXXVII.	Drawing	288
XXXVIII.	Singing	292

WHO SHOULD LEARN WRITING OF WHOM; PEASANT CHILDREN OF US, OR WE OF PEASANT CHILDREN 301

A DIALOGUE AMONG CLEVER PEOPLE 335

WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE THERE IS LIGHT 340

THE LONG EXILE;

OR,

GOD SEES THE TRUTH, BUT BIDES HIS TIME

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Vladimir a young tradesman named Aksenof. He had two shops and a house.

Aksenof had a ruddy complexion and curly hair; he was a very jolly fellow and a good singer. When he was young he used to drink too much, and when he was tipsy he was turbulent; but after his marriage he ceased drinking, and only occasionally had a spree.

One summer Aksenof was going to Nizhni[1] to the great Fair. As he was about to bid his family good-by, his wife said to him:—

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, do not start to-day; I dreamed that some misfortune befell you."

Aksenof laughed at her, and said:—

"Are you still afraid that I shall go on a spree at the Fair?"

His wife said:—

"I myself know not what I am afraid of, but I had such a bad dream; you seemed to be coming home from town, and you took off your hat, and I looked, and your head was all gray."

Aksenof laughed.

"That means good luck. See, I am going now. I will bring you some rich remembrances."

And he bade his family farewell and set off.

When he had gone half his journey, he fell in with a

[1] Nizhni Novgorod; it means Lower New Town.

tradesman who was an acquaintance of his, and the two stopped at the same tavern for the night. They took tea together, and went to sleep in adjoining rooms.

Aksenof did not care to sleep long; he awoke in the middle of the night, and in order that he might get a good start while it was cool he aroused his driver and bade him harness up, went down into the smoky hut, settled his account with the landlord, and started on his way.

After he had driven forty versts,[1] he again stopped to get something to eat; he rested in the vestibule of the inn, and when it was noon, he went to the doorstep and ordered the samovar[2] got ready; then he took out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a troïka[3] with a bell dashed up to the inn, and from the equipage leaped an official with two soldiers; he came directly up to Aksenof, and asked: —

"Who are you? Where did you come from?"

Aksenof answered without hesitation, and asked him if he would not like to have a glass of tea with him.

But the official kept on with his questions: —

"Where did you spend last night? Were you alone or with a merchant? Have you seen the merchant this morning? Why did you leave so early this morning?"

Aksenof wondered why he was questioned so closely; but he told everything just as it was, and asked: —

"Why do you put so many questions to me? I am not a thief or a murderer. I am on my own business; there is nothing to question me about."

Then the official called up the soldiers, and said: —

"I am the police inspector,[4] and I have made these inquiries of you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been stabbed. Show me your things, and you men search him."

[1] Nearly twenty-six and a half miles.

[2] Water-boiler for making Russian tea.

[3] A team of three horses harnessed abreast; the outside two gallop, the shaft-horse trots.

[4] *Ispravnik.*

They went into the tavern, brought in the trunk and bag, and began to open and search them. Suddenly the police inspector pulled out from the bag a knife, and demanded: —

"Whose knife is this?"

Aksenof looked, and saw a knife covered with blood taken from his bag, and he was frightened.

"And whose blood is that on the knife?"

Aksenof tried to answer, but he could not articulate his words: —

"I .... I .... don't .... know .... I .... That knife .... it is .... not mine. ...."

Then the police inspector said: —

"This morning the merchant was found stabbed to death in his bed. No one except you could have done it. The tavern was locked on the inside, and there was no one in the tavern except yourself. And here is the bloody knife in your bag, and your guilt is evident in your face. Tell me how you killed him and how much money you took from him."

Aksenof swore that he had not done it, that he had not seen the merchant after he had drunk tea with him, that the only money that he had with him — eight thousand rubles — was his own, and that the knife was not his.

But his voice trembled, his face was pale, and he was all quivering with fright, like a guilty person.

The police inspector called the soldiers, and commanded them to bind Aksenof, and take him to the wagon.

When they took him to the wagon with his feet tied, Aksenof crossed himself and burst into tears.

They confiscated Aksenof's things and his money, and took him to the next city, and threw him into prison.

They sent to Vladimir to make inquiries about Aksenof's character, and all the merchants and citizens of Vladimir declared that Aksenof, when he was young, used to drink and was wild, but that now he was a worthy man. Then he was brought up for judgment.

He was sentenced for having killed the merchant and for having robbed him of twenty thousand rubles

Aksenof's wife was dumfounded by the event, and did not know what to think. Her children were still small, and there was one at the breast. She took them all with her and journeyed to the city where her husband was imprisoned.

At first they would not grant her admittance, but afterward she got permission from the nachalniks and was taken to her husband.

When she saw him in his prison garb, in chains, together with murderers, she fell to the floor, and it was a long time before she recovered from her swoon. Then she placed her children around her, sat down amid them, and began to tell him about their domestic affairs, and to ask him about everything that had happened to him.

He told her the whole story.

She asked: —

"What is to be done now?"

He said: —

"We must petition the Tsar. It is impossible that an innocent man should be condemned."

The wife said that she had already sent in a petition to the Tsar, but that the petition had not been granted. Aksenof said nothing, but was evidently very much downcast.

Then his wife said: —

"You see the dream I had, when I dreamed that you had become gray-headed, meant something, after all. Already your hair has begun to turn gray with trouble. You ought to have stayed at home that time."

And she began to tear her hair, and she said: —

"Vanya,[1] my dearest husband, tell your wife the truth: Did you commit that crime?"

Aksenof said: —

"So you, too, have no faith in me!"

And he wrung his hands and wept.

Then a soldier came and said that it was time for the wife and children to go. And Aksenof for the last time bade his family farewell.

[1] Diminutive of Ivan, John.

When his wife was gone, Aksenof began to think over all that they had said. When he remembered that his wife had also distrusted him, and had asked him if he had murdered the merchant, he said to himself: —

"It is evident that no one but God can know the truth of the matter, and He is the only one to ask for mercy, and He is the only one from whom to expect it."

And from that time Aksenof ceased to send in petitions, ceased to hope, and only prayed to God. Aksenof was sentenced to be knouted, and then to exile with hard labor.

And so it was done.

He was flogged with the knout, and then, when the wounds from the knout were healed, he was sent with other exiles to Siberia.

Aksenof lived twenty-six years in the mines. The hair on his head had become white as snow, and his beard had grown long, thin, and gray. All his gayety had vanished. He was bent, his gait was slow, he spoke little, he never laughed, and he spent much of his time in prayer.

Aksenof had learned while in prison to make boots, and with the money that he earned he bought the "Book of Martyrs,"[1] and used to read it when it was light enough in prison, and on holidays he would go to the prison church, read the Gospels, and sing in the choir, for his voice was still strong and good.

The authorities liked Aksenof for his submissiveness, and his prison associates respected him and called him "Grandfather"[2] and the "man of God." Whenever they had petitions to be presented, Aksenof was always chosen to carry them to the authorities; and when quarrels arose among the prisoners, they always came to Aksenof as umpire.

Aksenof never received any letters from home, and he knew not whether his wife and children were alive.

One time some new convicts came to the prison. In

[1] "Chetya Minyeya."
[2] *Dyedushka.*

the evening all the old convicts gathered around the newcomers, and began to ply them with questions as to the cities or villages from which this one or that one had come, and what their crimes were.

At this time Aksenof also was sitting on his bunk, near the strangers, and, with bowed head, was listening to what was said.

One of the new convicts was a tall, healthy-looking old man of sixty years, with a close-cropped gray beard. He was telling why he had been arrested. He said: —

"And so, brothers, I was sent here for nothing. I unharnessed a horse from a postboy's sledge, and they caught me with it, and insisted that I was stealing it. But I said, 'I only wanted to go a little faster, so I whipped up the horse. And, besides, the driver was a friend of mine. It 's all right,' I said. 'No,' said they; 'you were stealing it.' But they did not know what and where I had stolen. I have done things which long ago would have sent me here, but I was not found out; and now they have sent me here without any justice in it. But what 's the use of grumbling? I have been in Siberia before. They did not keep me here very long, though." ....

"Where did you come from?" asked one of the convicts.

"Well, we came from the city of Vladimir; we are citizens of that place. My name is Makar, and my father's name was Semyon."

Aksenof raised his head and asked: —

"Tell me, Semyonuitch,[1] have you ever heard of the Aksenofs, merchants in Vladimir city? Are they alive?"

"Indeed, I have heard of them! They are rich merchants, though their father is in Siberia. It seems he was just like any of the rest of us sinners. And now tell me, grandfather, what you were sent here for?"

Aksenof did not like to speak of his misfortunes; he sighed, and said: —

[1] Son of Semyon, Simeon; Semyonof is the genitive plural of Semyon, forming a sort of family name.

"Twenty-six years ago I was condemned to hard labor on account of my sins."

Makar Semyonof said: —

"But what was your crime?"

Aksenof replied, "So I must have deserved this."

But he would not give any further particulars; the other convicts, however, related why Aksenof had been sent to Siberia. They told how on the road some one had killed a merchant, and put the knife into Aksenof's luggage, and how he had been unjustly punished for this.

When Makar heard this, he glanced at Aksenof, slapped himself on the knees, and said: —

"Well, now, this is wonderful! This is really wonderful! You have been growing old, grandfather!"

They began to ask him what he thought was wonderful, and where he had seen Aksenof. But Makar did not answer; he only repeated: —

"A miracle, boys! how wonderful that we should meet again here!"

And when he said these words, it came over Aksenof that perhaps this man might know who had killed the merchant. And he said: —

"Did you ever hear of that crime, Semyonuitch, or did you ever see me before?"

"Of course I heard of it! The country was full of it. But it happened a long time ago. And I have forgotten what I heard," said Makar.

"Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksenof.

Makar laughed, and said: —

"Why, of course the man who had the knife in his bag killed him. It would have been impossible for any one to put the knife in your things and not have been caught doing it. For how could the knife have been put into your bag? Was it not standing close by your head? And you would have heard it, would n't you?"

As soon as Aksenof heard these words he felt convinced that this was the very man who had killed the tradesman. He stood up and walked away. All that

night he was unable to sleep. Deep melancholy came upon him, and he began to call back the past in his imagination.

He imagined his wife as she had been when for the last time she had accompanied him to the Fair. She seemed to stand before him exactly as if she were alive, and he saw her face and her eyes, and he seemed to hear her words and her laugh.

Then his imagination brought up his children before him; one a boy in a little fur coat, and the other at his mother's breast.

And he imagined himself as he was at that time, young and happy. He remembered how he had sat on the steps of the tavern when they arrested him, and how he had played on his guitar, and how his soul was full of joy at that time.

And he remembered the place of execution where they had flogged him, and the executioner, and the people standing around, and the chains and the convicts, and all his twenty-six years of prison life, and he remembered his old age.

And such melancholy came upon Aksenof that he was tempted to put an end to himself.

"And all on account of this criminal!" said Aksenof to himself.

And then he began to feel such anger against Makar Semyonof that he almost lost himself, and was crazy with desire to pay off the load of vengeance. He repeated prayers all night, but could not recover his calm. When day came, he walked by Makar and did not look at him.

Thus passed two weeks. At night Aksenof was not able to sleep, and such melancholy had come over him that he did not know what to do.

One time during the night, as he happened to be passing through the prison, he saw that the soil was disturbed under one of the bunks. He stopped to examine it. Suddenly Makar crept from under the bunk, and looked at Aksenof with a startled face.

Aksenof was about to pass on so as not to see him,

but Makar seized his arm, and told him how he had been digging a passage under the wall, and how every day he carried the dirt out in his boot-legs and emptied it in the street when they went out to work. He said:—

"If you only keep quiet, old man, I will get you out too. But if you tell on me, they will flog me; but afterward I will make it hot for you. I will kill you."

When Aksenof saw the man who had injured him, he trembled all over with rage, twitched away his arm, and said:—

"I have no reason to make my escape, and to kill me would do no harm; you killed me long ago. But as to telling on you or not, I shall do as God sees fit to have me."

On the next day, when they took the convicts out to work, the soldiers discovered where Makar Semyonof had been digging in the ground; they began to make a search, and found the hole. The chief came into the prison and asked every one, "Who was digging that hole?"

All denied it. Those who knew did not name Makar, because they were aware that he would be flogged half to death for such an attempt.

Then the chief came to Aksenof. He knew that Aksenof was a truthful man, and he said:—

"Old man, you are truthful; tell me before God who did this."

Makar Semyonof was standing near, in great excitement, and he looked at the nachalnik, but he dared not look at Aksenof.

Aksenof's hands and lips trembled, and it was some time before he could speak a word. He said to himself:—

"If I shield him.... but why should I forgive him when he has been my ruin? Let him pay for my sufferings! But shall I tell on him? They will surely flog him. But what difference does it make what I think of him? Will it be any the easier for me?"

Once more the chief demanded:—

"Well, old man, tell the truth! Who dug the hole?"

Aksenof glanced at Makar Semyonof, and then said: —

"I cannot tell, your honor. God does not bid me tell. I will not tell. Do with me as you please; I am in your power."

In spite of all the chief's efforts, Aksenof would say nothing more. And so they failed to find out who dug the hole.

On the next night, as Aksenof was lying on his bunk, and was almost asleep, he heard some one come along and sit down at his feet.

He peered through the darkness and saw that it was Makar. Aksenof asked: —

"What do you wish of me? What are you doing here?"

Makar Semyonof remained silent. Aksenof arose, and said: —

"What do you want? Go away, or else I will call the guard."

Makar Semyonof bent close to Aksenof, and said in a whisper: —

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, forgive me!"

Aksenof said: —

"What have I to forgive you?"

"I killed the merchant and put the knife in your bag. And I was going to kill you too, but there was a noise in the yard; I thrust the knife in your bag, and slipped out of the window."

Aksenof said nothing, and he did not know what to say. Makar got down from the bunk, knelt on the ground, and said: —

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, forgive me, forgive me for God's sake. I will confess that I killed the merchant — they will pardon you. You will be able to go home."

Aksenof said: —

"It is easy for you to say that, but how could I endure it? Where should I go now?.... My wife is dead! my children have forgotten me. .... I have nowhere to go."....

Makar did not rise; he beat his head on the ground, and said: —

"Ivan Dmitritch, forgive me! When they flogged me with the knout, it was easier to bear than it is now to look at you. .... And you had pity on me after all this .... you did not tell on me. .... Forgive me for Christ's sake! Forgive me, though I am a cursed villain!"

And the man began to sob.

When Aksenof heard Makar Semyonof sobbing, he himself burst into tears, and said: —

"God will forgive you; maybe I am a hundred times worse than you are!"

And suddenly he felt a wonderful peace in his soul. And he ceased to mourn for his home, and had no desire to leave the prison, but only thought of his last hour.

Makar Semyonof would not listen to Aksenof, and confessed his crime.

When the orders came to let Aksenof go home, he was dead.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

"We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death." — I EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN, iii. 14.

"But whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth." — iii. 17, 18.

"Love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." — iv. 7, 8.

"No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us." — iv .12.

"God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." — iv. 16.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen." — iv. 20.

CHAPTER I

A COBBLER and his wife and children had lodgings with a peasant. He owned neither house nor land, and he supported himself and his family by shoemaking.

Bread was dear and labor was poorly paid, and whatever he earned went for food.

The cobbler and his wife had one shuba[1] between them, and this had come to tatters, and for two years the cobbler had been hoarding in order to buy sheepskins for a new shuba.

When autumn came, the cobbler's hoard had grown; three paper rubles lay in his wife's box, and five rubles and twenty kopeks more were due the cobbler from his customers.

[1] Fur or sheepskin outside garment.

One morning the cobbler betook himself to the village to get his new shuba. He put on his wife's wadded nankeen jacket over his shirt, and outside of all a woolen kaftan. He put the three-ruble note in his pocket, broke off a staff, and after breakfast he set forth.

He said to himself: —

"I will get my five rubles from the peasant, and that with these three will buy pelts for my shuba."

The cobbler reached the village and went to one peasant's; he was not at home, but his wife promised to send her husband with the money the next week, but she could not give him any money. He went to another, and this peasant swore that he had no money at all; but he paid him twenty kopeks for cobbling his boots.

The cobbler made up his mind to get the pelts on credit. But the fur-dealer refused to sell on credit.

"Bring the money," said he; "then you can make your choice; but we know how hard it is to get what is one's due."

And so the cobbler did not do his errand, but he had the twenty kopeks for cobbling the boots, and he took from a peasant an old pair of felt boots to mend with leather.

At first the cobbler was vexed at heart; then he spent the twenty kopeks for vodka, and started to go home. In the morning he had felt cold, but after having drunk the brandy he was warm enough even without the shuba.

The cobbler was walking along the road, striking the frozen ground with the staff which he had in one hand, and swinging the felt boots in the other, and thus he talked to himself: —

"I am warm even without a shuba," said he. "I drank a glass, and it dances through all my veins. And so I don't need a sheepskin coat. I walk along, and all my vexation is forgotten. What a fine fellow I am! What do I need? I can get along without the shuba. I don't need it at all. There 's one thing: the wife will feel bad. Indeed, it is too bad; here I have been working for it, and now to have missed it! You just

wait now! if you don't bring the money, I will take your hat, I vow I will! What a way of doing things! He pays me twenty kopeks at a time! Now what can you do with twenty kopeks? Get a drink; that's all! You say, 'I am poor!' But if you are poor, how is it with me? You have a house and cattle and everything; I have nothing but my own hands. You raise your own grain, but I have to buy mine, when I can, and it costs me three rubles a week for food alone. When I get home now, we shall be out of bread. Another ruble and a half of outgo! So you must give me what you owe me."

By this time the cobbler had reached the chapel at the cross-roads, and he saw something white behind the chapel.

It was already twilight, and the cobbler strained his eyes, but he could not make out what the object was.

"There never was any such stone there," he said to himself. "A cow? But it does not look like a cow! The head is like a man's; but what is that white? And why should there be any man there?"

He went nearer. Now he could see plainly. What a strange thing! It was indeed a man, but was he alive or dead? sitting there stark naked, leaning against the chapel, and not moving.

The cobbler was frightened. He said to himself: —

"Some one has killed that man, stripped him, and flung him down there. If I go near, I may get into trouble."

And the cobbler hurried by.

In passing the chapel he could no longer see the man; but after he was fairly beyond it, he looked back, and saw that the man was no longer leaning against the chapel, but was moving, and apparently looking after him.

The cobbler was still more scared by this, and he said to himself: —

"Shall I go back to him or go on? If I go back to him, there might something unpleasant happen; who knows what sort of a man he is? He can't have gone there for any good purpose. If I went to him, he might

spring on me and choke me, and I could not get away from him; and even if he did not choke me, why should I try to make his acquaintance? What could be done with him, naked as he is? I can't take him with me, and give him my own clothes! That would be absurd."

And the cobbler hastened his steps. He had already gone some distance beyond the chapel, when his conscience began to prick him.

He stopped short.

"What is this that you are doing, Semyon?" he asked himself. "A man is perishing of cold, and you are frightened, and hurry by! Are you so very rich? Are you afraid of losing your money? Ay, Sema! That is not right!"

Semyon turned and went back to the man.

CHAPTER II

Semyon went back to the man, looked at him, and saw that it was a young man in the prime of life; there were no bruises visible on him, but he was evidently freezing and afraid; he was sitting there, leaning back, and he did not look at Semyon; apparently he was so weak that he could not lift his eyes.

Semyon went up close to him, and suddenly the man seemed to revive; he lifted his head and fastened his eyes on Semyon.

And by this glance the man won Semyon's heart.

He threw the felt boots down on the ground, took off his belt and laid it on the boots, and pulled off his kaftan.

"There's nothing to be said," he exclaimed. "Put these on! There now!"

Semyon put his hand under the man's elbow, to help him, and tried to lift him. The man got up.

And Semyon saw that his body was graceful and clean, that his hands and feet were comely, and that his face was agreeable. Semyon threw the kaftan over his shoulders. He could not get his arms into the sleeves.

Semyon found the place for him, pulled the coat up, wrapped it around him, and fastened the belt.

He took off his tattered cap, and was going to give it to the stranger, but his head felt cold, and he said to himself: —

"The whole top of my head is bald, but he has long curly hair."

So he put his hat on again.

"I had better let him put on my boots."

He made him sit down and put the felt boots on him.

After the cobbler had thus dressed him, he says: "There now, brother, just stir about, and you will get warmed up. All these things are in other hands than ours. Can you walk?"

The man stood up, looked affectionately at Semyon, but was unable to speak a word.

"Why don't you say something? We can't spend the winter here. We must get to shelter. Now, then, lean on my stick, if you don't feel strong enough. Bestir yourself!"

And the man started to move. And he walked easily, and did not lag behind. As they walked along the road Semyon said: —

"Where are you from, if I may ask?"

"I do not belong hereabouts."

"No; I know all the people of this region. How did you happen to come here and get to that chapel?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Some one must have treated you outrageously."

"No one has treated me outrageously. God has punished me."

"God does all things, but you must have been on the road bound for somewhere. Where do you want to go?"

"It makes no difference to me."

Semyon was surprised. The man did not look like a malefactor, and his speech was gentle, but he seemed reticent about himself.

And Semyon said to himself: —

"Such things as this do not happen every day." And

he said to the man, "Well, come to my house, though you will find it very narrow quarters."

As Semyon approached the yard, the stranger did not lag behind, but walked abreast of him. The wind had arisen, and searched under Semyon's shirt, and as the effect of the wine had now passed away, he began to be chilled to the bone. He walked along, and began to snuffle, and he muffled his wife's jacket closer around him, and he said to himself:—

"That's the way you get a shuba! You go after a shuba, and you come home without your kaftan! yes, and you bring with you a naked man — besides, Matriona won't take kindly to it!"

And as soon as the thought of Matriona occurred to him, he began to feel downhearted.

But as soon as his eyes fell on the stranger, he remembered what a look he had given him behind the chapel, and his heart danced with joy.

CHAPTER III

Semyon's wife had finished her work early. She had chopped wood, brought water, fed the children, taken her own supper, and was now deliberating when it would be best to mix some bread, "to-day or to-morrow?"

A large crust was still left. She said to herself:—

"If Semyon gets something to eat in town, he won't care for much supper, and the bread will last till to-morrow."

Matriona contemplated the crust for some time, and said:—

"I am not going to mix any bread. There's just enough flour to make one more loaf. We shall get along till Friday."

Matriona put away the bread, and sat down at the table to sew a patch on her husband's shirt.

She sewed, and thought how her husband would be buying sheepskins for the shuba.

"I hope the fur-dealer will not cheat him. For he is as simple as he can be. He, himself, would not cheat anybody, but a baby could lead him by the nose. Eight rubles is no small sum. You can get a fine shuba with it. Perhaps not one tanned, but still a good one. How we suffered last winter without any shuba! Could not go to the river nor anywhere! And whenever he went out-doors, he put on all the clothes, and I had n't anything to wear. He is late in getting home. He ought to be here by this time. Can my sweetheart have got drunk?"

Just as these thoughts were passing through her mind the door-steps creaked: some one was at the door. Matriona stuck in the needle, and went to the entry. There she saw that two men had come in, — Semyon, and with him a strange peasant, without a cap and in felt boots.

Matriona perceived immediately that her husband's breath smelt of liquor.

"Now," she said to herself, "he has gone and got drunk."

And when she saw that he had not his kaftan on, and wore only her jacket, and had nothing in his hands, and said nothing, but only simpered, Matriona's heart failed within her.

"He has drunk up the money, he has been on a spree with this miserable beggar; and, worse than all, he has gone and brought him home!"

Matriona let them pass by her into the cottage; then she herself went in; she saw that the stranger was young, and that he had on their kaftan. There was no shirt to be seen under the kaftan; and he wore no cap.

As soon as he went in, he paused, and did not move and did not raise his eyes.

And Matriona thought: —

"He is not a good man; his conscience troubles him."

Matriona scowled, went to the oven, and watched to see what they would do.

Semyon took off his cap and sat down on the bench good-naturedly.

"Well," said he, "Matriona, can't you get us something to eat?"

Matriona muttered something under her breath.

She did not offer to move, but as she stood by the oven she looked from one to the other and kept shaking her head.

Semyon saw that his wife was out of sorts and would not do anything, but he pretended not to notice it, and took the stranger by the arm.

"Sit down, brother," says he; "we'll have some supper."

The stranger sat down on the bench.

"Well," says Semyon, "haven't you cooked anything?"

Matriona's anger blazed out.

"I cooked," said she, "but not for you. You are a fine man! I see you have been drinking! You went to get a shuba, and you have come home without your kaftan. And, then, you have brought home this naked vagabond with you. I haven't any supper for such drunkards as you are!"

"That'll do, Matriona; what is the use of letting your tongue run on so? If you had only asked first: 'What kind of a man....'"

"You just tell me what you have done with the money!"

Semyon went to his kaftan, took out the bill, and spread it out.

"Here's the money, but Trifonof did not pay me; he promised it to-morrow."

Matriona grew still more angry:—

"You didn't buy the new shuba, and you have given away your only kaftan to this naked vagabond whom you have brought home!"

She snatched the money from the table, and went off to hide it away, saying:—

"I haven't any supper. I can't feed all your drunken beggars!"

"Hey there! Matriona, just hold your tongue! First you listen to what I have to say ...."

"Much sense should I hear from a drunken fool! Good reason I had for not wanting to marry such a drunkard as you are. Mother gave me linen, and you have wasted it in drink; you went to get a shuba, and you spent it for drink."

Semyon was going to assure his wife that he had spent only twenty kopeks for drink; he was going to tell her where he had found the man; but Matriona would not give him a chance to speak a word; it was perfectly marvelous, but she managed to speak two words at once! Things that had taken place ten years before — she called them all up.

Matriona scolded and scolded; then she sprang at Semyon, and seized him by the sleeve.

"Give me back my jacket! It's the only one I have, and you took it from me and put it on yourself. Give it here, you miserable dog! bestir yourself, you villain!"

Semyon began to strip off the jacket. As he was pulling his arms out of the sleeves, his wife gave it a twitch and split the jacket up the seams. Matriona snatched the garment away, threw it over her head, and started for the door. She intended to go out, but she paused, and her heart was pulled in two directions, — she wanted to vent her spite, and she wanted to find what kind of a man the stranger was.

CHAPTER IV

Matriona paused, and said: —

"If he were a good man, then he would not have been naked; why, even now, he has n't any shirt on; if he had been engaged in decent business, you would have told where you discovered such an elegant fellow!"

"Well, I was going to tell you. I was walking along, and there, behind the chapel, this man was sitting, stark naked, and half frozen to death. It is not summer, mind

you, for a naked man! God brought me to him, else he would have perished. Now what could I do? Such things don't happen every day. I took and dressed him, and brought him home with me. Calm your anger. It 's a sin, Matriona; we must all die."

Matriona was about to make a surly reply, but her eyes fell on the stranger, and she held her peace.

The stranger was sitting motionless on the edge of the bench, just as he had sat down. His hands were folded on his knees, his head was bent on his breast, his eyes were shut, and he kept frowning, as if something stifled him.

Matriona made no reply.

Semyon went on to say: —

"Matriona, can it be that God is not in you?"

Matriona heard his words, and glanced again at the stranger, and suddenly her anger vanished. She turned from the door, went to the corner where the oven was, and brought the supper.

She set a bowl on the table, poured out the kvas,[1] and put on the last of the crust. She gave them the knife and the spoons.

"Have some victuals," she said.

Semyon touched the stranger.

"Draw up, young man," said he.

Semyon cut the bread and crumbled it into the bowl, and they began to eat their supper. And Matriona sat at the end of the table, leaned on her hand, and gazed at the stranger. And Matriona began to feel sorry for him, and she took a fancy to him.

And suddenly the stranger brightened up, ceased to frown, lifted his eyes to Matriona, and smiled.

After they had finished their supper, the woman cleared off the things, and began to question the stranger: —

"Where are you from?"

"I do not belong hereabouts."

"How did you happen to get into this road?"

"I cannot tell you."

[1] Fermented drink made of rye meal or soaked bread-crumbs.

"Who maltreated you?"

"God punished me."

"And you were lying there stripped?"

"Yes; there I was lying all naked, freezing to death, when Semyon saw me, had compassion on me, took off his kaftan, put it on me, and bade me come home with him. And here you have fed me, given me something to eat and to drink, and have taken pity on me. May the Lord requite you!"

Matriona got up, took from the window Semyon's old shirt which she had been patching, and gave it to the stranger; then she found a pair of drawers and gave them also to him.

"There now," said she, "I see that you have no shirt. Put these things on, and then lie down wherever you please, in the loft or on the oven."

The stranger took off the kaftan, put on the shirt, and went to bed in the loft. Matriona put out the light, took the kaftan, and lay down beside her husband.

Matriona covered herself up with the skirt of the kaftan, but she lay without sleeping; she could not get the thought of the stranger out of her mind.

When she remembered that he had eaten her last crust, and that there was no bread for the morrow, when she remembered that she had given him the shirt and the drawers, she felt disturbed; but then came the thought of how he had smiled at her, and her heart leaped within her.

Matriona lay a long time without falling asleep, and when she heard that Semyon was also awake, she pulled up the kaftan, and said:—

"Semyon!"

"Ha?"

"You ate up the last of the bread, and I did not mix any more. I don't know how we shall get along tomorrow. Perhaps I might borrow some of neighbor Malanya."

"We shall get along; we shall have enough."

The wife lay without speaking. Then she said:—

"Well, he seems like a good man; but why doesn't he tell us about himself?"

"It must be because he can't."

"Siom!"[1]

"Ha?"

"We are always giving; why doesn't some one give to us?"

Semyon did not know what reply to make. He said:—

"You have talked enough!"

Then he turned over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER V

In the morning Semyon woke up.

His children were still asleep; his wife had gone to a neighbor's to get some bread. The stranger of the evening before, dressed in the old shirt and drawers, was sitting alone on the bench, looking up. And his face was brighter than it had been the evening before. And Semyon said:—

"Well, my dear, the belly asks for bread, and the naked body for clothes. You must earn your own living. What do you know how to do?"

"There is nothing that I know how to do."

Semyon was amazed, and he said:—

"If one has only the mind to, men can learn anything."

"Men work, and I will work."

"What is your name?"

"Mikhaïl."

"Well, Mikhaïla, if you aren't willing to tell about yourself, that is your affair; but you must earn your own living. If you will work as I shall show you, I will keep you."

"The Lord requite you! I am willing to learn; only show me what to do."

[1] Diminutive of Semyon, or Simon.

Semyon took a thread, drew it through his fingers, and showed him how to make a waxed end.

"It does not take much skill .... look .... "

Mikhaïla looked, and then he also twisted the thread between his fingers; he instantly imitated him, and finished the point.

Semyon showed him how to make the welt. This also Mikhaïla immediately understood. The shoemaker likewise showed him how to twist the bristle into the thread, and how to use the awl; and these things also Mikhaïla immediately learned to do.

Whatever part of the work Semyon showed him he imitated him in, and in two days he was able to work as if he had been all his life a cobbler. He worked without relaxation, he ate little, and when his work was done he would sit silent, looking up. He did not go on the street, he spoke no more than was absolutely necessary, he never jested, he never laughed.

The only time that he was seen to smile was on the first evening, when the woman got him his supper.

CHAPTER VI

Day after day, week after week, rolled by for a whole year.

Mikhaïla lived on in the same way, working for Semyon. And the fame of Semyon's apprentice went abroad; no one, it was said, could make such neat, strong boots as Semyon's apprentice, Mikhaïla. And from all around people came to Semyon to have boots made, and Semyon began to lay up money.

One winter's day, as Semyon and Mikhaïla were sitting at their work, a sleigh drawn by a troïka drove up to the cottage, with a jingling of bells.

They looked out of the window; the sleigh stopped in front of the cottage; a footman jumped down from the box and opened the door. A barin[1] in a fur coat

[1] The ordinary title of any landowner or noble.

got out of the sleigh, walked up to Semyon's cottage, and mounted the steps. Matriona hurried to throw the door wide open.

The barin bent his head and entered the cottage; when he drew himself up to his full height, his head almost touched the ceiling; he seemed to take up nearly all the room.

Semyon rose and bowed; he was surprised to see the barin. He had never before seen such a man.

Semyon himself was thin, the stranger was spare, and Matriona was like a dry chip; but this man seemed to be from a different world. His face was ruddy and full, his neck was like a bull's; it seemed as if he were made out of cast-iron.

The barin got his breath, took off his shuba, sat down on the bench, and said: —

"Which is the master shoemaker?"

Semyon stepped out, saying: —

"I, your honor."

The barin shouted to his footman: —

"Hey, Fedka,[1] bring me the leather."

The young fellow ran out and brought back a parcel. The barin took the parcel and laid it on the table.

"Open it," said he.

The footman opened it.

The barin touched the leather with his finger, and said to Semyon: —

"Now listen, shoemaker. Do you see this leather?"

"I see it, your honor," says he.

"Well, do you appreciate what kind of leather it is?"

Semyon felt of the leather, and said: —

"That's good leather."

"Indeed it's good! Fool that you are! you never in your life saw such before! German leather. It cost twenty rubles."

Semyon was startled. He said: —

"Where, indeed, could we have seen anything like it?"

"Well, that's all right. Can you make from this leather a pair of boots that will fit me?"

[1] Diminutive of Feodor, Theodore.

"I can, your honor."[1]

The barin shouted at him:—

"'Can' is a good word. Now just realize whom you are making those boots for, and out of what kind of leather. You must make a pair of boots, so that when the year is gone they won't have got out of shape, or ripped. If you can, then take the job and cut the leather; but if you can't, then don't take it and don't cut the leather. I will tell you beforehand, if the boots rip or wear out of shape before the year is out, I will have you locked up; but if they don't rip or get out of shape before the end of the year, then I will give you ten rubles for your work."

Semyon was frightened, and was at a loss what to say.

He glanced at Mikhaïla. He nudged him with his elbow, and whispered:—

"Had I better take it?"

Mikhaïla nodded his head, meaning:—

"You had better take the job."

Semyon took Mikhaïla's advice; he agreed to make a pair of boots that would not rip or wear out of shape before the year was over.

The barin shouted to his footman, ordered him to take the boot from his left foot; then he stretched out his leg:—

"Take the measure!"

Semyon cut off a piece of paper seventeen inches[2] long, smoothed it out, knelt down, wiped his hands nicely on his apron, so as not to soil the barin's stockings, and began to take the measure.

Semyon took the measure of the sole, he took the measure of the instep; then he started to measure the calf of the leg, but the paper was not long enough. The leg at the calf was as thick as a beam.

"Look out; don't make it too tight around the calf!"

[1] The shoemaker calls the stranger sometimes *vashe stepeyenstvo*, your dignity; sometimes *vashe blagorodie*, your nobility; German, *Wohlgeboren*, well-born.

[2] Ten vershoks, equivalent to 17.50 inches.

Semyon was going to cut another piece of paper. The barin sat there, rubbing his toes together in his stockings, and looking at the inmates of the cottage; he caught sight of Mikhaïla.

"Who is that yonder?" he asked; "does he belong to you?"

"He is a master workman. He will make the boots."

"Look here," says the barin to Mikhaïla, "remember that they are to be made so as to last a whole year."

Semyon also looked at Mikhaïla; he saw that Mikhaïla was paying no attention, but was standing in the corner, as if he saw some one there behind the barin. Mikhaïla gazed and gazed, and suddenly smiled, and his whole face lighted up.

"What a fool you are, showing your teeth that way! You had better see to it that the boots are ready in time."

And Mikhaïla replied:—

"They will be ready as soon as they are needed."

"Very well."

The barin drew on his boot, wrapped his shuba round him, and went to the door. But he forgot to stoop, and so struck his head against the lintel.

The barin stormed and rubbed his head; then he got into his sleigh and drove off. After the barin was gone Semyon said:—

"Well, he's as solid as a rock! You could not kill him with a mallet. His head almost broke the doorpost, but it did not seem to hurt him much."

And Matriona said:—

"How can they help getting fat, living as they do? Even death does not carry off such a nail as he is."

CHAPTER VII

And Semyon said to Mikhaïla:—

"Now, you see, we have taken this work, and we must do it as well as we can. The leather is expensive, and the barin gruff. We must not make any blunder.

Now, your eye has become quicker, and your hand is more skilful, than mine; there 's the measure. Cut out the leather, and I will be finishing up those vamps."

Mikhaïla did not fail to do as he was told; he took the barin's leather, stretched it out on the table, doubled it over, took the knife, and began to cut.

Matriona came and watched Mikhaïla as he cut, and she was amazed to see what he was doing. For she was used to cobbler's work, and she looked and saw that Mikhaïla was not cutting the leather for boots, but in rounded fashion.

Matriona wanted to speak, but she thought in her own mind: —

"Of course I can't be expected to understand how to make boots for gentlemen; Mikhaïla must understand it better than I do; I will not interfere."

After he had cut out the work, he took his waxed ends and began to sew, not as one does in making boots, with double threads, but with one thread, just as slippers are made.

Matriona wondered at this also, but still she did not like to interfere. And Mikhaïla kept on steadily with his work.

It came time for the nooning; Semyon got up, looked, and saw that Mikhaïla had been making slippers out of the barin's leather. Semyon groaned.

"How is this?" he asked himself. "Mikhaïla has lived with me a whole year, and never made a mistake, and now he has made such a blunder! The barin ordered thick-soled boots, and he has been making slippers without soles! He has ruined the leather. How can I make it right with the barin? We can't find such leather."

And he said to Mikhaïla: —

"What is this you have been doing?.... My dear fellow, you have ruined me! You know the barin ordered boots, and what have you made?"

He was in the midst of his talk with Mikhaïla when a knock came at the rapper; some one was at the door. They looked out of the window, some one had come on

horseback, and was fastening the horse. They opened the door. The same barin's footman came walking in.

"Good-day."

"Good-day to you; what is it?"

"My mistress[1] sent me in regard to a pair of boots."

"What about the boots?"

"It is this. My barin does not need the boots; he has gone from this world."

"What is that you say?"

"He did not live to get home from your house; he died in the sleigh. When the sleigh reached home, we went to help him out, but there he had fallen over like a bag, and there he lay stone dead, and it took all our strength to lift him out of the sleigh. And his lady has sent me, saying: 'Tell the shoemaker of whom your barin just ordered boots from leather which he left with him — tell him that the boots are not needed, and that he is to make a pair of slippers for the corpse out of that leather just as quick as possible.' And I was to wait till they were made, and take them home with me. And so I have come."

Mikhaïla took the rest of the leather from the table and rolled it up; he also took the slippers, which were all done, slapped them together, wiped them with his apron, and gave them to the young man. The young man took them.

"Good-by, friends![2] Good luck to you!"

CHAPTER VIII

Still another year, and then two more passed by, and Mikhaïla had now been living five years with Semyon. He lived in just the same way as before. He never went anywhere, he kept his own counsels, and in all that time he smiled only twice, — once when Matriona gave him something to eat, and the other time when he smiled on the barin.

[1] *Baruinya*, feminine of *barin*.

[2] *Prashchaïte, khozyaeva*.

Semyon was more than contented with his workman, and he no longer asked him where he came from; his only fear was lest Mikhaïla should leave him.

One time they were all at home. The mother was putting the iron kettles on the oven, and the children were playing on the benches and looking out of the window. Semyon was pegging away at one window, and Mikhaïla at the other was putting lifts on a heel.

One of the boys ran along the bench toward Mikhaïla, leaned over his shoulder, and looked out of the window.

"Uncle Mikhaïla, just look! a merchant's wife is coming to our house with some little girls. And one of the little girls is a cripple."

The words were scarcely out of the boy's mouth before Mikhaïla threw down his work, leaned over toward the window, and looked out-of-doors. And Semyon was surprised. Never before had Mikhaïla cared to look out, but now his face seemed soldered to the window; he was looking at something very intently.

Semyon also looked out of the window: he saw a woman coming straight through his yard; she was neatly dressed; she had two little girls by the hand; they wore shubkas,[1] and kerchiefs over their heads. The little girls looked so much alike that it was hard to tell them apart, except that one of the little girls was lame in her foot; she limped as she walked.

The woman came into the entry, felt about in the dark, lifted the latch, and opened the door. She let the two little girls go before her into the cottage, and then she followed.

"How do you do, friends?"

"Welcome! What can we do for you?"

The woman sat down by the table; the two little girls clung to her knee; they were bashful.

"These little girls need to have some goatskin shoes made for the spring."

"Well, it can be done. We don't generally make such small ones; but it's perfectly easy, either with

[1] Little fur garments.

welts or lined with linen. This here is Mikhaïla; he's my master workman."

Semyon glanced at Mikhaïla, and saw that he had thrown down his work, and was sitting with his eyes fastened on the little girls.

And Semyon was amazed at Mikhaïla. To be sure the little girls were pretty; they had dark eyes, they were plump and rosy, and they wore handsome shubkas and kerchiefs; but still Semyon could not understand why he gazed so intently at them, as if they were friends of his.

Semyon was amazed, and he began to talk with the woman, and to make his bargain. After he had made his bargain, he began to take the measures. The woman lifted on her lap the little cripple, and said: —

"Take two measures from this one; make one little shoe from the twisted foot, and three from the well one. Their feet are alike; they are twins."

Semyon took his tape, and said in reference to the little cripple: —

"How did this happen to her? She is such a pretty little girl. Was she born so?"

"No; her mother crushed it."

Matriona joined the conversation; she was anxious to learn who the woman and children were, and so she said: —

"Then you are n't their mother?"

"No, I am not their mother; I am no relation to them, good wife, and they are no relation to me at all; I adopted them."

"If they are not your children, you take good care of them."

"Why should n't I take good care of them? I nursed them both at my own breast. I had a baby of my own, but God took him. I did not take such good care of him as I do of these."

"Whose children are they?"

CHAPTER IX

The woman became confidential, and began to tell them about it.

"Six years ago," said she, "these little ones were left orphans in one week; the father was buried on Tuesday, and the mother died on Friday. Three days these little ones remained without their father, and then their mother followed him. At that time I was living with my husband in the country: we were neighbors; we lived in adjoining yards.[1] Their father was a peasant, and worked in the forest at wood-cutting. And they were felling a tree, and it caught him across the body. It hurt him all inside. As soon as they got him out, he gave his soul to God, and that same week his wife gave birth to twins — these are the little girls here. There they were, poor and alone, no one to take care of them, either grandmother or sister.

"She must have died soon after the children were born. For when I went in the morning to look after my neighbor, as soon as I entered the cottage, I found the poor thing dead and cold. And when she died she must have rolled over on this little girl. .... That's the way she crushed it, and spoiled this foot.

"The people got together, they washed and laid out the body, they had a coffin made, and buried her. The people were always kind. But the two little ones were left alone. What was to be done with them? Now I was the only one of the women who had a baby. For eight weeks I had been nursing my first-born, a boy. So I took them for the time being. The peasants got together; they planned and planned what to do with them, and they said to me:—

"'Marya, you just keep the little girls for a while, and give us a chance to decide.'

"So I nursed the well one for a while, but did not think it worth while to nurse the deformed one. I did not expect that she was going to live. And, then, I

[1] *Dvor ob dvor.*

thought to myself, why should the little angel's soul pass away? and I felt sorry for it. I tried to nurse her, and so I had my own and these two besides; yes, I had three children at the breast. But I was young and strong, and I had good food! And God gave me so much milk in my breasts that I had enough and to spare. I used to nurse two at once and let the third one wait. When one had finished, I would take up the third. And so God let me nurse all three; but when my boy was in his third year, I lost him. And God never gave me any more children. But we began to be in comfortable circumstances. And now we are living with the trader at the mill. We get good wages and live well. But we have no children of our own. And how lonely it would be, if it were not for these two little girls! How could I help loving them? They are to me like the wax in the candle!"

And the woman pressed the little lame girl to her with one arm, and with the other hand she tried to wipe the tears from her cheeks.

And Matriona sighed, and said:—

"The old saw is n't far wrong, 'Men can live without father and mother, but without God one cannot live.'"

While they were thus talking together, suddenly a flash of lightning seemed to irradiate from that corner of the cottage where Mikhaïla was sitting. All looked at him; and, behold! Mikhaïla was sitting there with his hands folded in his lap, and looking up and smiling.

CHAPTER X

The woman went away with the children, and Mikhaïla arose from the bench and laid down his work; he took off his apron, made a low bow to the shoemaker and his wife,[1] and said:—

"Farewell, friends;[2] God has forgiven me. Do you also forgive me?"

[1] *Khozyaïnu s khozyaïkoï*, to master and mistress.
[2] *Khozyaeva.*

And Semyon and Matriona perceived that it was from Mikhaïla that the light had flashed. And Semyon arose, bowed low before Mikhaïla, and said to him: —

"I see, Mikhaïla, that you are not a mere man, and I have no right to detain you nor to ask questions of you. But tell me one thing: when I had found you and brought you home, you were sad; but when my wife gave you something to eat, you smiled on her, and after that you became more cheerful. And then when the barin ordered the boots, why did you smile a second time, and after that become still more cheerful; and now when this woman brought these two little girls, why did you smile for the third time and become perfectly radiant? Tell me, Mikhaïla, why was it that such a light streamed from you, and why you smiled three times?"

And Mikhaïla said: —

"The light blazed from me because I had been punished, but now God has forgiven me. And I smiled the three times because it was required of me to learn three of God's truths, and I have now learned the three truths of God. One truth I learned when your wife had pity on me, and so I smiled; the second truth I learned when the rich man ordered the boots, and I smiled for the second time; and now that I have seen the little girls, I have learned the third and last truth, and I smiled for the third time."

And Semyon said: —

"Tell me, Mikhaïla, why God punished you, and what were the truths of God, that I, too, may know them."

And Mikhaïla said: —

"God punished me because I disobeyed Him. I was an angel in heaven, and I was disobedient to God. I was an angel in heaven, and the Lord sent me to bring back the soul of a certain woman. I flew down to earth and I saw the woman lying alone — she was sick — she had just borne twins, two little girls. The little ones were sprawling about near their mother, but their mother was unable to lift them to her breast. The mother saw me; she perceived that God had sent me after her soul; she burst into tears, and said: —

"'Angel of God, I have just buried my husband; a tree fell on him in the forest and killed him. I have no sister, nor aunt, nor mother to take care of my little ones; do not carry off my soul;[1] let me bring up my children myself, and nurse them and put them on their feet. It is impossible for children to live without father or mother.'

"And I heeded what the mother said; I put one child to her breast, and laid the other in its mother's arms, and I returned to the Lord in heaven. I flew back to the Lord, and I said:—

"'I cannot take the mother's soul. The father has been killed by a tree, the mother has given birth to twins, and begs me not to take her soul; she says:—

"'"Let me bring up my little ones; let me nurse them and put them on their feet. It is impossible for children to live without father and mother." I did not take the mother's soul.'

"And the Lord said:—

"'Go and take the mother's soul, and thou shalt learn three lessons: Thou shalt learn *what is in men*, and *what is not given unto men*, and *what men live by*. When thou shalt have learned these three lessons, then return to heaven.'

"And I flew down to earth and took the mother's soul. The little ones fell from her bosom. The dead body rolled over on the bed, and fell on one of the little girls and crushed her foot. I rose above the village and was going to give the soul to God, when a wind seized me, my wings ceased to move and fell off, and the soul arose alone to God, and I fell back to earth."

CHAPTER XI

And Semyon and Matriona now knew whom they had clothed and fed, and who it was that had been living with them, and they burst into tears of dismay and joy; and the angel said:—

[1] *Dushenka*, little soul, in the original.

"I was there in the field naked and alone. Hitherto I had never known what human poverty was; I had known neither cold nor hunger, and now I was a man. I was famished, I was freezing, and I knew not what to do. And I saw across the field a chapel made for God's service. I went to God's chapel, thinking to get shelter in it. But the chapel was locked, and I could not enter. And I crouched down behind the chapel, so as to get shelter from the wind. Evening came; I was hungry and chill, and ached all over. Suddenly I hear a man walking along the road, with a pair of boots in his hand, and talking to himself. I now saw for the first time since I had become a man the face of a mortal man, and it filled me with dismay, and I tried to hide from him. And I heard this man asking himself how he should protect himself from cold during the winter, and how get food for his wife and children. And I thought:—

"'I am perishing with cold and hunger, and here is a man whose sole thought is to get a shuba for himself and his wife and to furnish bread for their sustenance. It is impossible for him to help me.'

"The man saw me and scowled; he seemed even more terrible than before; then he passed on. And I was in despair. Suddenly I heard the man coming back. I looked up, and did not recognize that it was the same man as before; then there was death in his face, but now it had suddenly become alive, and I saw that God was in his face. He came to me, put clothes on me, and took me home with him.

"When I reached his house, a woman came out to meet us, and she began to scold. The woman was even more terrible to me than the man; a dead soul seemed to proceed forth from her mouth, and I was suffocated by the stench of death. She wanted to drive me out into the cold, and I knew that she would die if she drove me out. And suddenly her husband reminded her of God. And instantly a change came over the woman. And when she had prepared something for me to eat, and looked kindly on me, I looked at her, and there was

no longer anything like death about her; she was now alive, and in her also I recognized God.

"And I remembered God's first lesson: '*Thou shalt learn what is in men.*'

"And I perceived that Love was in men. And I was glad because God had begun to fulfil His promise to me, and I smiled for the first time. But I was not yet ready to know the whole. I could not understand what was not given to men, and what men live by.

"I began to live in your house, and after I had lived with you a year the man came to order the boots which should be strong enough to last him a year without ripping or wearing out of shape. And I looked at him, and suddenly perceived behind his back my comrade, the Angel of Death. No one besides myself saw this angel; but I knew him, and I knew that before the sun should go down he would take the rich man's soul. And I said to myself: 'This man is laying his plans to live another year, and he knows not that ere evening comes he will be dead.'

"And I realized suddenly the second saying of God: '*Thou shalt know what is not given unto men.*'

"And now I knew what was in men. And now I knew also what was not given unto men. It is not given unto men to know what is needed for their bodies. And I smiled for the second time. I was glad because I saw my comrade, the angel, and because God had revealed unto me the second truth.

"But I could not yet understand all. I could not understand what men live by, and so I lived on, and waited until God should reveal to me the third truth also. And now in the sixth year the little twin girls have come with the woman, and I recognized the little ones, and I remembered how they had been left. And after I had recognized them, I thought:—

"'The mother besought me in behalf of her children, because she thought that it would be impossible for children to live without father and mother, but another woman, a stranger, has nursed them and brought them up.'

"And when the woman caressed the children that were not her own, and wept over them, then I saw in her THE LIVING GOD, and knew *what people live by.* And I knew that God had revealed to me the last truth, and had pardoned me, and I smiled for the third time."

CHAPTER XII

AND the angel's body became manifest, and he was clad with light so bright that the eyes could not endure to look on him, and he spoke in clearer accents, as if the voice proceeded not from him, but came from heaven.

And the angel said: —

"I have learned that every man lives, not through care of himself, but by love.

"It was not given to the mother to know what her children needed to keep them alive. It was not given the rich man to know what he himself needed, and it is not given to any man to know whether he will need boots for daily living, or slippers for his burial.

"When I became a man, I was kept alive, not by what thought I took for myself, but because a stranger and his wife had love in their hearts, and pitied and loved me. The orphans were kept alive, not because other people deliberated about what was to be done with them, but because a strange woman had love for them in her heart, and pitied them and loved them. And all men are kept alive, not by their own forethought, but because there is LOVE IN MEN.

"I knew before that God gave life to men, and desired them to live; but now I know something above and beyond that.

"I have learned that God does not wish men to live each for himself, and therefore He has not revealed to them what they each need for themselves, but He wishes them to live in union, and therefore He has revealed to them what is necessary for each and for all together.

"I have now learned that it is only in appearance

that they are kept alive through care for themselves, but that in reality they are kept alive through love. *He who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love.*"

And the angel sang a hymn of praise to God, and the cottage shook with the sound of his voice.

And the ceiling parted, and a column of fire reached from earth to heaven. And Semyon and his wife and children fell prostrate on the ground. And pinions appeared on the angel's shoulders, and he soared away to heaven.

And when Semyon opened his eyes, the cottage was the same as it had ever been, and there was no one in it save himself and his family.

YERMAK, THE CONQUEROR OF SIBERIA

AT the time of the Tsar Ivan the Terrible,[1] the Strogonofs were rich merchants, and lived in Perm, on the river Kama.

They had heard that on the river Kama, for a hundred and forty versts around, there was rich land; the soil had not been plowed for a century; the black forest for a century had not been felled. In the forests were many wild animals, and along the river were lakes full of fish, and no one lived in this land except wandering Tartars.

So the Strogonofs wrote a letter to the Tsar: —

"Grant us this land, and we ourselves will found cities, and we will gather men together and establish them, and we will not allow the Tartars to pass through it."

The Tsar consented, and granted them the land. The Strogonofs sent out agents to collect people. And there came to them many people who were out of work. The Strogonofs assigned lands and forest to all who came, gave cattle to each, and agreed not to tax them during their lives, and only required of them that if it were necessary they should go to fight the Tartars.

Thus this land was settled with a Russian population.

Twenty years passed. The Strogonof merchants grew richer and richer, and this territory of one hundred and forty versts became too small for them. They wanted still more land. Now there were lofty mountains a hundred versts distant the Urals, and they heard that beyond these Urals was excellent land. The ruler

[1] Ioann Vasilyevitch "Groznui," 1530–1584.

of this land, which was boundless, was a petty Siberian prince named Kuchum.

In former times Kuchum had given his allegiance to the Russian Tsar, but since then he had revolted, and he was threatening to destroy the Strogonof colonies.

And again the Strogonofs wrote to the Tsar: —

"You granted us land, and we have brought it under your sway; now the thievish little Tsar[1] Kuchum has revolted from you, and he wants to take this land away and destroy us. Bid us take the territory that lies beyond the Ural Mountains; we will conquer Kuchum and bring all his land under your sway."

The Tsar consented, and replied: —

"If you have the power, get possession of Kuchum's land. But do not take many men away from Russia."

As soon as the Strogonofs received this missive from the Tsar they sent their agents to collect still more people. And they gave them orders above all to get Cossacks from the Volga and the Don.

Now at this time there were many Cossacks wandering along the Volga and the Don. They formed bands numbering two hundred, three hundred, or six hundred men, elected their *atamans*, or leaders, and sailed up and down in bateaux, seizing and plundering merchant boats, and wintering in a stronghold on the banks.

The Strogonofs' agents came to the Volga and began to make inquiries: —

"Who are the most famous Cossacks here?"

And it was said in reply: —

"There are many Cossacks. And they make life unendurable. There is Mishka the Circassian,[2] there is Sarui-Azman .... but there is no one uglier than Yermak Timofeïtch, the ataman. He has an army of a thousand men, and not only the people and the merchants fear him, but even the Tsar's army dares not engage with him."

And the agents went to the ataman Yermak and tried to persuade him to take service with the Strogonofs.

[1] *Tsarek.*

[2] *Cherkashenin;* Mishka is the diminutive of Mikhaïl Michael.

Yermak received the agents, listened to their words, and agreed to come with his army about the time of the Assumption.

At the time of the Feast of the Assumption six hundred Cossacks, with their ataman Yermak, the son of Timofeï, came to the Strogonofs. At first Strogonof sent them out against the neighboring Tartars. The Cossacks defeated them. Then when there was nothing further to do, the Cossacks began to wander about and pillage. Strogonof summoned Yermak, and said: —

"I am not going to keep you any longer, if you act so lawlessly."

And Yermak replied: —

"I myself am sorry. But it is not so easy to manage my men; they are wild fellows. Give us something to do."

And Strogonof said: —

"Go beyond the Urals, and fight with Kuchum and master his land. Even the Tsar will reward you."

And he read to Yermak the Tsar's missive, and Yermak was delighted; he called together his Cossacks, and said: —

"You scandalize me before the master here. You are always up to some lawlessness. If you don't behave, he will dismiss you, and then where will you go? On the Volga the Tsar has a great army; they will take you prisoners, and it will go hard with you on account of the deeds that you have done. But if you find it dull here, we must find some work for you to do."

And he showed them the Tsar's missive permitting Strogonof to conquer the land beyond the Urals. The Cossacks talked it over and agreed to go.

Yermak returned to Strogonof, and the two began to consult together how best to make the expedition.

They decided how many bateaux would be needed, how much grain, powder, lead; how many cattle, firearms; how many Tartar prisoners for interpreters; how many German gunsmiths.

Strogonof said to himself: —

"Though this is going to cost me dear, still I must

give him all he asks, or otherwise they will settle down here and ruin me."

So Strogonof agreed, got everything together, and fitted out Yermak and his Cossacks.

On the tenth of September, Yermak and his Cossacks started to row up the river Chusovaya in thirty-two bateaux, each bateau carrying a score of men.

For four days they rowed up-stream and entered the Silver River.[1] This was as far as they could go by boat.

They made inquiries of the interpreters, and learned that they would be obliged to go from that point over the mountains, two hundred versts by land, and then they would come to other rivers.

The Cossacks disembarked here; they built a city and unloaded all their belongings, and they threw aside their bateaux, and constructed carts, loaded them up, and set out on their journey across the mountains. The whole region was forest, and no one lived there.

For ten days they went across the country, and reached the Zharovnya River. There again they halted, and set to work to build bateaux. After they were built they started on their voyage down the river. They sailed down for five days, and reached regions still more delightful, — fields, forests, lakes. And there was abundance of fish and game, and the game was not afraid of them.

They sailed down one day more, and sailed into the Tura River.

There on the Tura River they began to fall in with inhabitants, and saw Tartar towns.

Yermak sent some Cossacks to investigate one town, bidding them find out what kind of a town it was, and whether it had many defenders.

Twenty men went on this expedition; they threw all the Tartars into a panic, and captured the whole town, and captured all their cattle. Some of the Tartars they killed, and some they took as prisoners.

Yermak, through an interpreter, asked the Tartars

[1] The Serebrannaya.

what people they were, and under whose sway they lived.

The Tartars replied that they belonged to the Tsardom of Siberia, and their Tsar was Kuchum.

Yermak let the Tartars go, except three of the most intelligent, whom he retained to act as guides.

They sailed farther. The farther they sailed, the bigger grew the river all the time, and the country grew better and better.

And they kept encountering more and more people. But the inhabitants were not powerful, and the Cossacks captured all the towns along the river.

In one town they made a great number of Tartars prisoners, and one person of authority, an old Tartar.

They began to ask the Tartar who he was. And he said: "I am Tauzik, and I am a servant of my Tsar Kuchum, and I am his head man in this city."

Yermak proceeded to ask Tauzik about his Tsar. "Was his city of Sibir far distant? Had Kuchum a large army? had he great wealth?"

Tauzik told him all about it.

"Kuchum is the very first Tsar in all the world. His city of Sibir is the biggest city in the world. In this city," said he, "there are as many men and cattle as there are stars in the sky. The Tsar Kuchum's army is beyond number; all the other tsars banded together could not vanquish him."

And Yermak said: —

"We Russians have come here to vanquish your Tsar Kuchum, and to take his city, and to bring him under the sway of the Russian Tsar. And we have a great army. Those who have come with me are only the vanguard, but those who follow us in bateaux are beyond number, and they all have guns. And our guns will shoot through a tree, and are not like your bows and arrows. Just look here!"

And Yermak shot at a tree and split it, and the Cossacks from all sides began to fire off their guns.

Tauzik fell on his knees with fright, and Yermak said to him: —

"Now do you hasten to your Tsar Kuchum and tell him what you have seen. Let him submit to us; but if he does not submit, then we will bring him to destruction."

And he let Tauzik go.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They entered into the great river Tobol, and all the time they were drawing nearer and nearer to the city of Sibir. They came to the mouth of the little river Babasan, and behold! on the bank stands a town, and around the town are many Tartars.

An interpreter was sent to the Tartars to inquire who those men were. The interpreter came back with the answer:—

"This army has been collected by Kuchum. And the general who commands the army is Kuchum's own son-in-law, Mametkul. He sent me, and commanded me to say to you, 'Go back, or else he will cut you in pieces.'"

Yermak collected his Cossacks, went on shore, and began to fire at the Tartars. As soon as the Tartars heard the noise of the firing they fled. The Cossacks set out in pursuit of them, and some they killed, and some they captured. Mametkul himself barely escaped.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They came out upon a broad, swift river, the Irtuish. They sailed down this river a whole day; and they arrived at a handsome town, and there they stopped.

The Cossacks marched against the town. As soon as they reached it, the Tartars began to shoot arrows at them, and they wounded three Cossacks.

Yermak sent his interpreter to say to the Tartars:—

"Give up your city, or else we will cut you in pieces."

The interpreter returned, saying:—

"Here lives Kuchum's servant, Atik Murza Kachara. He has a great army, and he declares that he will not surrender the town."

Yermak gathered his Cossacks, and said:—

"Now, boys, if we do not take this town, the Tartars will hold us back and will not let us pass. And, therefore, the more speedily we inspire them with fear, the

better it will be for us. All of you come on! Fling yourselves on them all at once!"

And thus they did.

There were many Tartars there, and brave fellows! As the Cossacks rushed forward, the Tartars began to shoot with their bows. They overwhelmed the Cossacks with their arrows. Some of them they killed, and others they wounded. And the Cossacks were filled with fury, and rushed against the Tartars, and all whom they fell upon they killed.

In this town the Cossacks found many treasures, cattle, rugs, many furs, and much mead. After they had buried the dead and rested, they took their plunder and went on.

They had not sailed very far when, behold! on the bank there stood something like a city, and there was an army that seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see; and the whole army was surrounded by a ditch, and the ditch was protected by a palisade.

The Cossacks came to a pause. They began to feel dubious. Yermak called a council.

"Well, boys, what shall be done?"

The Cossacks were disheartened. Some said:—

"We must sail by." Others said:—

"We must go back."

And they grew desperate, and blamed Yermak, saying:—

"Why did you bring us hither? Already they have killed so many of us, and wounded still more, and here we shall all perish."

And they began to shed tears.

And Yermak said to his sub-ataman, Ivan Koltso:—

"Well, now, Vanya, what do you think about it?"

And Koltso replied:—

"What do I think about it? If we are not killed to-day, then we shall be to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, then we shall die ingloriously in our beds. My advice is, leap on shore and make straight for the Tartars—and God will decide."

And Yermak exclaimed:—

"Ay! brave fellow, Vanya! That is what we must do! Ekh! you boys! You aren't Cossacks, but old women! Of course it was to catch sturgeon and to scare Tartar women; simply for that that I brought you hither. Don't you yourselves see? If we go back, we shall be killed! If we row by, we shall be killed! If we stay here, we shall be killed! Where, then, shall we betake ourselves? First labor, then rest! Boys, you are like a healthy mare that my father had. When she was going downhill she would draw, and on level ground she would draw; but when it came to going uphill, she would balk and back and try to find something easier. Then my father took a stake, beat her and beat her with the stake. And the mare jumped around, and kicked and tipped over the cart. Then father took her out of the thills and put her through the mill. Now, if she had pulled, she would not have got the thrashing. So it is with you, boys. There's only one thing left for us, — to go straight for the Tartars." ....

The Cossacks laughed, and said: —

"It is plain that you are wiser than we are, Timofeïtch. We fools have no right to give advice. Take us wherever you wish. We can't die twice, but we must die once."[1]

And Yermak said: —

"Now listen, boys. This is the way that we must do it. They haven't yet seen the whole of us. We will divide ourselves into three bands. Those in the middle will march straight at them, and the other two divisions will make a flank movement to the right and left. Now when the middle division begins to engage them, they will think that we are all there — they will come out. And then we will give it to them from the flanks. That's the way, boys. And if we beat these, there will be nothing left to fear. We shall be tsars ourselves."

That was the way that they did.

As soon as the middle division went forward under Yermak, the Tartars began to yell and rushed out

[1] Russian proverb.

Then the wings joined battle, the right under Ivan Koltso, the left under the ataman Meshcheryak.

The Tartars were panic-stricken, and took to their heels. The Cossacks slaughtered them. And no one at all dared to oppose Yermak any longer. And thus they made their entrance into the very city of Sibir. And there Yermak took up his abode exactly as if he had been Tsar.

The neighboring princes[1] began to come to Yermak with salutations, and the Tartars came back and began to settle down in Sibir. Kuchum and his son-in-law, however, dared not make a direct attack on Yermak, but wandered round and round, and laid their plans to capture him.

In the spring, at the time for the freshets, some Tartars came to Yermak, saying: —

"Mametkul is coming against you again, and he has collected a great army, and is now on the Vagaya River."

Yermak hastened over rivers, swamps, streams, and forests, crept up with his Cossacks, fell on Mametkul, and killed many of the Tartars, and took Mametkul himself prisoner and brought him back to Sibir. And now there remained few Tartars who were not subdued, and that summer Yermak marched against those that would not submit, and on the Irtuish and on the Obi rivers Yermak brought so much land under subjection that you could not go around it in two months.

After he had conquered all this land, he sent a messenger to the Strogonofs with a letter, in which he said: —

"I have taken Kuchum's city, and have Mametkul in captivity, and I have brought all the people round about under my sway. But it has cost me many Cossacks. Send us people, so that we may be more lively. And the wealth in this land is limitless in extent."

And he sent also costly furs, — foxskins and martens and sable.

After this two years passed. Yermak still held Sibir,

[1] *Tsar'ki*, petty tsar; it is a moot question whether the word *tsar* is derived from the Latin Cæsar, or whether Cæsar may not itself be an Oriental title of similar derivation. The spelling of "czar" is not Russian.

but no reinforcements arrived from Russia, and Yermak's Russian forces were growing small.

One time the Tartar Kachara sent a messenger to Yermak, saying: —

"We have submitted to your sway, but the Nogaï[1] are harassing us; let some of your braves come to our aid. We will conquer the Nogaï together. And we give you our oath that we will do no manner of harm to your braves."

Yermak had faith in their oath, and he sent to them Ivan Koltso with forty men. As soon as these forty men came to them, the Tartars fell on them and killed them; and this still further reduced the Cossacks.

Another time some Bukhara traders sent word to Yermak that they were on their way with merchandise which they wished to give him in his city of Sibir, but that Kuchum and his army were in their way, and would not let them pass.

Yermak took fifty men and went out to clear the road for the Bukharians. But when he reached the Irtuish River he did not find any merchants. So they prepared to bivouac there.

The night was dark and rainy. No sooner had the Cossacks lain down for the night, than the Tartars rushed in from every side, threw themselves on the sleeping Cossacks, and began to hew them down. Yermak leaped up and began to fight. He was wounded in the arm by a knife. Then he ran to the river and threw himself into it — the Tartars after him. He was already in the water. But he was never seen again, and his body was never found, and no one knows how he died.[2]

[1] A tribe of Tartars.

[2] One of the most brilliant scenes in Count Alekseï K. Tolstoï's great historical novel, "Prince Serebrannui," is devoted to the description of the embassy that brought to the Tsar Ivan the Terrible the news of the conquest of Siberia by the former rebel Yermak. — *Tr.*

DESIRE STRONGER THAN NECESSITY[1]

WE were on a bear hunt. My comrade had succeeded in shooting a bear; he had wounded him in some tender spot. There was a little blood on the snow, but the bear had escaped.

We went into the forest and began to plan what to do, — whether we should make a search then and there for the bear, or wait two or three days until he showed himself.

We began to ask the peasant bear-drivers whether it were possible now to get on the track of this bear. An old bear-driver said: —

"It is impossible! you must give the bear a chance to recover: in five days you can get round him; but now if you follow him it will only frighten him, and he won't go to his lair."

But a young bear-driver disagreed with the old peasant, and said that now was the time to get round the bear.

"In such deep snow as this the bear can't go a great distance — he is a fat bear. He won't go into his lair to-day. And if he does not go into his lair, I can track him on my snow-shoes."

My comrade also was disinclined to track the bear, and advised waiting till another time.

But said I: —

"What is the use of discussing it? You do as you

[1] *Okhota pushche nyevoli:* Russian proverb; but literally it might also mean, "Hunting more (or worse) than slavery."

please, but I am going with Demyan after the bear. If we track him, all right; if we don't track him, it 's all the same whether we do anything more to-day or not: it is still early."

That was what we did.

The others got into the sledge and returned to the village, while Demyan and I took some bread with us and remained in the woods.

As soon as the rest were gone from us, Demyan and I inspected our arms, belted our shubas, and started after the bear.

The weather was fine, — frosty and still. But it was laborious traveling on snow-shoes, for the snow was deep and mealy. The snow had not yet settled in the forest, and the evening before there had been a fresh fall, so that the snow-shoes sank over the edge, and in some places even deeper. The bear's tracks were visible for a long distance. We could see how the bear had made off; how in some places he had sunk up to his belly, and had scratched away the snow.

At first we followed the tracks over the deep snow through tall forest trees, but at last they turned into a fir thicket. Demyan halted.

"Now," said he, "we must abandon the trail. He must have his lair here. Here he stopped to rest; you can see by the snow. We will turn away from the trail, and make a circuit. Only we must go quietly, and not shout or cough, else we shall scare him."

We turned away from the trail abruptly to the left. After going five hundred paces, we discovered the bear's tracks again, right in front of us. Again we followed the trail, and this time the trail led us to the road. We stopped on the road and tried to decide what direction the bear had taken.

In one place on the road we could see where the bear's whole paw, with its toes, was imprinted; and here in another place a peasant had walked along the road in his bark shoes.[1] Apparently it had gone toward the village.

[1] *Lapti.*

We went along the road, and Demyan said:—

"We shan't find his trail on the road; but if he has turned off anywhere to the right or the left, then we shall see it in the snow. He will turn off somewhere; he won't go to the village."

Thus we walked along the road for a verst,[1] and then we discovered the trail turning from the road. We examined it, and wonder of wonders! the bear's tracks were not running from the road to the forest, but from the forest to the road, as we could see by the claws turned toward the road.

Said I, "This is another bear."

Demyan scrutinized it carefully, and thought for a moment.

"No," said he, "it is the same one, but he has been playing us a trick. He backed off the road."

We followed this trail, and it proved to be the case. The bear had evidently walked backward ten steps from the road, then gone behind a fir tree, turned about, and made straight off.

Demyan paused, saying:—

"Now we have really caught him. He probably would not make his lair anywhere else than in this marsh. We will encircle him."

We started on our circuit through thick fir forest. I was already weary, and the going became harder and harder. Sometimes I would stumble over a juniper bush or a young fir would get between my legs, or my snow-shoes would slide away from me without any reason, and sometimes I would trip over a stump or a log hidden under the snow. And I began to be tired out. I took off my shuba, for the sweat was pouring off from me. But Demyan glided along as if he were in a boat. His snow-shoes seemed of their own accord to bear him along. He never stumbled or slipped. He took my shuba also, and threw it over his shoulders, and kept encouraging me to come on.

We made a circuit of three versts, entirely inclosing the swamp. I had already begun to lag behind. I lost

[1] 3500 feet.

control of my snow-shoes; my legs gave way under me. Suddenly Demyan stopped in front of me and waved his arm. I caught up with him. Demyan bent over, and said in a whisper, pointing with his hand:—

"Hear the magpie screaming on yonder stump; the bird scents the bear from a long distance. He is there."

We set out again, and, after going another verst, we came upon our old track. Thus we had made a complete circuit around the bear, and the bear remained in the middle of our ring.

We paused.

I took off my cap also, and unbuttoned my coat. I was as hot as if I had been in a Russian bath, and my clothes were just as wet as a drowned rat. Demyan also was red with exertion, and wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well," says he, "barin, we have finished the job; now we must rest."

The twilight was already beginning to throw its purple glow across the trees. We squatted down on our snow-shoes to get breath.

We took out the bread and salt from our bag; first I ate a little snow, and then my bread. And that bread was more delicious than anything I had ever eaten before in my life.

Thus we rested, and the nightfall was already beginning. I asked Demyan if it was far to the village.

"It will be about a dozen versts. We can get there to-night; but now we must rest. Put on your shuba, barin, or you will get cold."

Demyan broke off some fir boughs, brushed away the snow, made a bed, and he and I lay down together, side by side, with our arms for pillows. I don't remember how I fell off to sleep. But I woke up about two hours later. Something snapped.

I had been so sound asleep that I had forgotten where I was. I looked about me — what a marvelous spectacle! Where was I? I was in a strange white palace; there were white columns, and above all span

gles were sparkling. I gazed up, and saw white arabesques, and beyond the arabesques an inky black vault, and variegated fires flashing.

As I gazed around I remembered that we were in the forest and that what had seemed to me a palace was the trees covered with snow and frost, and the fires were the stars beyond the branches, twinkling in the sky.

During the night the hoar-frost had fallen; there was frost on the branches, and frost on my shuba, and Demyan was all covered by frost, and the air was full of falling hoar-frost.

I awakened Demyan. We got up on our snow-shoes and started on our way. It was silent in the forest. The only sound was what we made gliding over the soft snow, and the occasional cracking of a tree under the frost, and the echo of it dying away through the aisles.

Once only some living creature rustled out from under our feet, and scurried away. I immediately thought it might be the bear. We went to the spot which the animal had left, and found the trail of a hare. The aspens were girdled. Hares had been nibbling there.

When we reached the road, we took off our snow-shoes and fastened them behind, and marched along the road. It was easy going. The snow-shoes behind us slipped along, clattering over the smooth road; the snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoar-frost clung to our faces like down. And the stars above the tree-tops ran along apparently racing with us, flashing and disappearing, just as if the whole heaven were in motion.

My comrade was asleep; I awakened him.

We told him how we had surrounded the bear, and we told the landlord to collect the peasant whippers-in early in the morning. We got something to eat and turned in.

I was so weary that I should have been glad to sleep till dinner-time, but my comrade roused me. I leaped

out of bed, and found him already dressed, and doing something to his gun.

"Where is Demyan?"

"He went long ago into the woods. He has already verified the circuit, and came running back, and now he has gone out to show the whippers-in the way."

After washing and dressing, I loaded my gun. We took our places in the sledge and set off.

The temperature still continued low; the air was motionless; the sun was not visible; heavy clouds had risen and the hoar-frost was falling.

We drove three versts along the road, and reached the forest. We could see in the valley columns of blue smoke, and people standing around -- peasant men and women,[1] with cudgels.

We leaped out, and joined the throng. The peasants were sitting around, roasting potatoes, and jesting with the women.

Demyan also was among them. The people got up. Demyan posted them on the circular trail that we had made the evening before. The men and women formed the line, — thirty of them in all, — buried in snow up to their waists, and made their way into the woods. Then my comrade and I followed after them.

Although the path was somewhat trodden, it was hard walking; still there was no possibility of falling; you walk as it were between two walls.

Thus we proceeded half a verst, and then we caught sight of Demyan on the other side, hurrying on snow-shoes to meet us, beckoning us to come to him.

We joined him; he showed us our places. As soon as I reached my station, I looked around me.

On my left there was a high fir tree; beyond it there was a wide view, and behind the trees stood a peasant whipper-in making a black spot. Opposite me there was a growth of young fir trees as tall as a man. The branches of the little firs were weighed down and stuck together by the snow. Through the clump led a foot-path trodden through the snow. This path led straight

[1] *Muzhiks* and *babas*.

to me. On my right was another clump of firs, and then began a clearing. And I saw that Demyan had posted my comrade on this clearing.

I examined my two muskets, cocking them, and tried to decide where would be the best place for me to take my position. Just behind me, three paces distant, was a tall pine tree.

"Let me stand by this pine and rest my second musket against it."

I made my way over to the pine, through snow that reached above my knees, and then under the pine I trampled down a little space of an arshin and a half,[1] and established myself in it. I held one musket across my arm; the other I leaned against the tree, ready cocked. I took out my dagger and put it in its sheath again, so as to see if in case of necessity it would come out easily.

I had just finished my preparations when I heard Demyan shouting in the woods:—

"He has started out![1] he has started! he has started!"

And in reply to Demyan's call, the peasants on all sides began to shout in various voices. "Pashol! u-u-u-u-u!" shouted the peasants. "Ay, i-i-ikh!" screamed the women, in their sharp voices.

The bear was inside the circle. Demyan was driving him. On all sides the people were shouting; only my comrade and I were standing silent and motionless, awaiting the bear. I stood and listened, and my heart within me was beating like a sledge-hammer. I had my musket in position; I trembled a little.

"Now, now," I thought to myself, "he will come leaping by; I will aim, I will fire my gun at him, and down he will go." ....

Suddenly, on my left, I heard something rushing through the snow; only it was at some distance. I gazed at the tall fir; fifty paces away, behind the trees, stood something black and big. I raised my gun and waited. I asked myself:—

[1] About five square feet. [2] *Paskol.*

"Won't it come any nearer?"

As I looked, it moved its ears and started to retreat. As it turned around and presented its side, I got a full view of it. The tremendous beast! I took aim in hot haste.

Bang! I could hear my bullet bury itself in a tree. I gazed through the smoke; my bear was galloping back under cover, and disappeared in the forest.

"Well," I said to myself, "I have spoiled my game; now there 's no hope of his coming back to me; either my comrade will hit him, or he will make his escape through the peasants; but I shall not have another chance at him."

Nevertheless I reloaded my musket, and stood there, listening. The peasants were shouting on all sides; but on my right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming at the top of her voice:—

"Here he is! here he is! here he is! This way! this way! oï! oï! aï! aï! aï!"

Evidently she saw the bear. I no longer had any expectations of its coming my way, so I fixed my eyes on my comrade. I saw Demyan, with a cudgel, and not wearing his snow-shoes, running along the trodden path toward my comrade, crouching down behind him, and calling his attention to something, as if he were urging him to fire. I saw my comrade lift his musket and aim in the direction indicated by Demyan with his stick.

Bang! The gun went off.

"Well," said I to myself, "he has killed him!"

But when I saw that my comrade was not hurrying to the bear, I said to myself:—

"Missed, evidently; he could not have got a good aim. Now the bear will retreat, and there 's no hope of his coming in my direction."

But what was this?

Suddenly I heard, directly in front of me, some one rushing along like a tornado, scattering the snow and puffing close to me. I looked up the path, and there he was, coming straight down upon me, over the little

path between the thick fir bushes, galloping along with head down, and evidently frightened out of his wits.

He was now only five paces away from me. I could see his black breast, and his huge head covered with red hair. He was rushing directly at me, scattering the snow in every direction. I could see by his eyes that he did not perceive me, but was so terrified that he was dashing off full tilt, no matter where. But his course was bringing him directly toward the tree near which I was standing. I raised my musket — I fired — he was directly upon me. I perceived that I missed; the bullet glanced off, but the bear did not notice; he dashed at me, and not even yet did he see me.

I aimed my gun, and almost touched him. Bang! I could see that I hit him, but that the shot had failed to kill him.

He lifted his head, put back his ears, and thrust his snout straight into my face.

I tried to snatch my second musket; but no sooner had I put out my hand, than he dashed at me, knocked me over into the snow, and sprang away.

"Well," said I to myself, "lucky for me that he left me."

I was just picking myself up, when I discovered that something was pressing me down, keeping me from rising. His momentum had carried him along, he had fallen beyond me; and then, coming back to me, he had fallen upon me with his full weight. I was conscious of something heavy resting upon me, I was conscious of something warm on my face, and I was conscious that he had taken my whole face into his jaws. My nose was already in his mouth, and I could smell the warm odor of his blood. He had planted his paws on my shoulders, and it was impossible for me to move.

I managed, however, to extricate my head from his jaws on to his breast, and I turned away my eyes and nose. But a second time he succeeded in setting his tusks into my face and eyes. I became conscious that he was setting the tusks of his upper jaw into my forehead, under the hair, and those of his lower jaw in the

flesh under my eyes; he shut his teeth together and began to crush me. Like knives they cut into my head. I struggled, I pulled myself out of his clutches; but he made haste, and, snapping like a dog, hugged me closer and closer.

I got away from him, and again he clutched me.

"Well," said I to myself, "my end has come."

Suddenly I perceived that his pressure on me became less. I looked, and he had gone! he had bounded away from me, and was making off.

When my comrade and Demyan saw that the bear had knocked me down into the snow, and was gnawing me, they rushed toward me. My comrade, in his eagerness to get to me as speedily as possible, made a mistake; instead of running along the beaten path, he tried to cut across and fell. While he was struggling out of the deep snow, the bear was all the time biting me. But Demyan, though he was not armed with a musket, and had only a dry branch, ran along the path, and kept shouting:—

"He is killing the barin! he is eating up the barin!"

And then, as he approached the bear, he cried:—

"Oh, you beast! what are you doing? Let go! Let go!"[1]

The bear heard, let go of me, and made off.

When I picked myself up, there was as much blood on the snow as if they had been killing a wild boar, and the flesh under my eyes hung in shreds; but I was so excited that I felt no pain.

My comrade came to me; the people gathered together; they examined my wounds; they wet them with snow. But as for me I forgot all about my wounds; I asked:—

"Where is the bear? Where has he gone?"

Suddenly we heard them shouting:—

"Here he is! here he is!"

And we saw the bear rushing back in our direction. We seized our muskets; but before any one had time to fire, he had already dashed by. The bear was mad-

[1] The one word, *bros*, in Russian.

dened; he wanted to finish devouring me; but when he saw that a crowd had collected, he was afraid. By the trail we could see that the blood came from the bear's head; they wanted to go in pursuit of him; but my head began to pain me, and we returned to the village, to the doctor.

The doctor sewed up my wounds with silk, and they began to heal.

At the end of a month we again went out in pursuit of this bear; but I did not have the chance of finishing him. The bear did not come out of his lair, but kept moving around and around, and roaring in a terrible voice.

Demyan put an end to him. The lower jaw of this bear had been broken by my shot, and a tooth knocked out.

This bear was huge, and he had a splendid black skin.

I had him stuffed, and he lies in my sleeping-room. The wounds in my face got well, so that there is scarcely any scar where they were made.

STORIES OF MY DOGS

CHAPTER I

BULKA

I HAD a bulldog, and his name was Bulka. He was perfectly black, except for the paws of his fore legs, which were white. All bulldogs have the lower jaw longer than the upper, and the upper teeth set into the lower; but in the case of Bulka the lower jaw was pushed so far forward that the finger could be inserted between the upper and lower teeth.

Bulka had a broad face and big, black, brilliant eyes. And his teeth and white tusks were always uncovered. He was like a negro.

Bulka had a gentle disposition and he would not bite; but he was very powerful and tenacious. Whenever he took hold of anything, he set his teeth together and hung on like a rag, and it was impossible to make him let go; he was like a pair of pincers.

One time he was set on a bear, and he seized the bear by the ear, and hung on like a bloodsucker. The bear pounded him with his paws, hugged him, shook him from side to side, but he could not get rid of him; then he stood on his head in his attempts to crush him, but Bulka hung on until they could dash cold water over him.

I took him when he was a puppy, and reared him myself. When I went to the Caucasus, I did not care to take him with me, and I went away noiselessly, and gave orders to keep him chained up.

At the first post-station I was just going to start off

with a fresh team, when suddenly I saw something black and bright dashing along the road.

It was Bulka in his brass collar. He flew with all his might toward the station. He leaped up on me, licked my hand, and then stretched himself out in the shadow of the telyega. His tongue lolled out at full length. He kept drawing it back, swallowing the spittle, and then thrusting it out again. He was all panting; he could not get his breath; his sides actually labored. He twisted from side to side, and pounded the ground with his tail.

I learned afterward that, when he found I had gone, he broke his chain, and jumped out of the window, and dashed over the road after my trail, and had thus run twenty versts in the heat of the day.

CHAPTER II

BULKA AND THE WILD BOAR

One time in the Caucasus we went boar hunting, and Bulka ran to go with me. As soon as the boar-hounds got to work, Bulka dashed off in the direction of their music and disappeared in the woods.

This was in the month of November; at that time the wild boars and pigs are usually very fat. In the forests of the Caucasus, frequented by wild boars, grow all manner of fruits, — wild grapes, cones, apples, pears, blackberries, acorns, and rose-apples. And when all these fruits get ripe, and the frost loosens them, the wild swine feed on them and fatten.

At this time of the year the wild boar becomes so fat that he cannot run far when pursued by the dogs. When they have chased him for two hours, he strikes into a thicket and comes to bay there.

Then the hunters run to the place where he is at bay and shoot him. By the barking of the dogs one can tell whether the boar has taken to cover or is still running. If he is running, then the dogs bark with a yelp,

as if some one were beating them; but if he has taken to cover, then they bay with a long howl, as if at a man.

In this expedition I had been running a long time through the forest, but without once coming across the track of a boar. At last I heard the protracted howl and whine of the hounds, and I turned my steps in that direction.

I was already near the boar. I could hear a crashing in the thicket. This was made by the boar, pursued by the dogs. But I could tell by their barking that they had not yet brought him to bay, but were only chasing around him.

Suddenly I heard something rushing behind me, and looking around, I saw Bulka. He had evidently lost track of the boar-hounds in the forest, and had become confused; but now he had heard their baying, and also, like myself, was in full tilt in their direction.

He was running across a clearing through the tall grass, and all I could see of him was his black head, and his tongue lolling out between his white teeth.

I called him, but he did not look around; he dashed by me, and was lost to sight in the thicket. I hurried after him, but the farther I went, the denser became the underbrush. The branches knocked off my hat and whipped my face; the thorns of the briers clutched my coat. By this time I was very near the barking dogs, but I could not see anything.

Suddenly I heard the dogs barking louder; there was a tremendous crash, and the boar, which was trying to break his way through, began to squeal. And this made me think that now Bulka had reached the scene and was attacking him.

I put forth all my strength, and made my way through the underbrush to the spot.

Here, in the very thickest of the woods, I caught a glimpse of a spotted boar-hound. He was barking and howling without stirring from one spot. Three paces from him I saw something black struggling.

When I came nearer I perceived that it was the boar,

and I heard Bulka whining piteously. The boar was grunting and charging the hound, which, with his tail between his legs, was backing away from him. I had a fair shot at the side and the head of the boar. I aimed at his side and fired; I could see that my shot took effect. The boar uttered a squeal, and turning from me dashed into the thicket. The dogs ran barking and yelping on his trail. I broke my way through the thicket after them.

Suddenly I heard and saw something under my very feet. It was Bulka. He was lying on his side and whining. Under him was a pool of blood. I said to myself, "My dog is ruined;" but now I had something else to attend to, and I rushed on.

Soon I saw the boar. The dogs were attacking him from behind, and he was snapping first to one side, then to the other. When the boar saw me, he made a dash at me. I fired for the second time, with the gun almost touching him, so that his bristles were singed. The boar gave one last grunt, stumbled, and fell with all his weight on the ground.

When I reached him, he was already dead; only here and there his body twitched, or puffed up a little.

But the dogs, with bristling hair, were tearing at his belly and his legs, and others were licking the blood from where he was wounded.

That reminded me of Bulka, and I hastened back to find him. He crawled to meet me, and groaned. I went to him, knelt down, and examined his wound. His belly was torn open, and a whole mass of his bowels protruded and lay upon the dry leaves.

When my comrades joined me, we replaced Bulka's intestines, and sewed up his belly. While we were sewing up his belly and puncturing the skin, he kept licking my hand.

They fastened the boar to a horse's tail, so as to bring it from the woods, and we put Bulka on a horse's back, and thus we brought him home. Bulka was an invalid for six weeks, but he got well at last.

CHAPTER III

PHEASANTS

In the Caucasus woodcock are called *fazanui*, or pheasants. They are so abundant that they are cheaper than domestic fowl. Pheasants are hunted with the *kobuilka*,[1] with the *podsada*, or by means of the dog.

This is the method of hunting with the kobuilka: You take canvas and stretch it over a frame; in the middle of the frame you put a joist, and make a hole in the canvas. This canvas-covered frame is called a kobuilka. With this kobuilka and a gun you go out into the forest just after sunrise. You carry the kobuilka in front of you, and through the hole you keep a lookout for pheasants. The pheasants in the early morning go out in search of food. Sometimes you come across a whole family; sometimes the hen with the chicks; sometimes the cock with his hen; sometimes several cocks together.

The pheasants see no man, and they are not afraid of the canvas, and they let any one approach very near. Then the hunter sets down his kobuilka, puts the muzzle of his musket out through the hole, and shoots at his leisure.

The following is the method of hunting with the podsada: You let loose in the woods a little common house-dog, and follow after him. When the dog starts up a pheasant, he chases it. The pheasant flies into a tree, and then the whelp begins to yelp. The huntsman goes in the direction of the barking, and shoots the pheasant in the tree.

This mode of hunting would be easy if the pheasant would fly into an isolated tree, or would sit on an exposed branch so as to be in full sight. But the pheasants always choose a tree in the densest part of the thicket, and when they see the huntsman they hide behind the branches.

It is not only hard to make your way through the

[1] Literally, little mare.

thicket to the tree where the pheasant is perched, but it is hard, also, to get sight of him. When it is only a dog barking under the tree, the pheasant is not afraid; he sits on the limb, and cocks[1] his head at him, and flaps his wings. But the instant he sees a man, he stretches himself out along the limb, so that only an experienced sportsman would be likely to perceive him, while an inexperienced man would stand underneath and see nothing.

When the Cossacks steal out against pheasants, they always hide their faces behind their caps, and don't look up, because the pheasant is afraid of a man with a musket, but is most of all afraid of his eyes.

Pheasants are hunted by means of the dog[2] in this manner: They take a setter and follow him into the woods. The setter catches the scent where early in the morning the pheasants have been out feeding, and he begins to follow the trail. No matter how many times the pheasants have crossed their tracks, a good setter will always pick out the last one, leading from the place where they had been feeding.

The farther the dog gets on the track, the stronger the scent becomes, and thus he reaches the very place where the pheasant has stopped for the day to rest or walk in the grass. When he comes near, his scent tells him that the pheasant is directly in front of him, and he now begins to go more cautiously, so as not to scare the bird, and then he stops to make the leap and seize it. When the dog is very near to the bird, then the pheasant flies up, and the sportsman shoots him.

CHAPTER IV

MILTON AND BULKA

I GOT a setter for pheasants. This dog's name was Milton. He was tall, thin, gray, with spots, and with long lips and ears, and very strong and intelligent.

[1] The same pun in the original. [2] *Iz pod sooka*.

He and Bulka never quarreled. Never did dog dare to pick a quarrel with Bulka. All he had to do was once to show his teeth, and other dogs would put their tails between their legs and flee.

One time I was going with Milton out after pheasants. Suddenly Bulka came bounding along to overtake me, after I had reached the woods. I tried to drive him back, but in vain. And it was a long way to go home for the sake of getting rid of him.

I came to the conclusion that he would not interfere, and went on my way; but as soon as Milton scented a pheasant in the grass and started on the trail, Bulka would dash ahead and begin to hunt about on all sides.

He was anxious to get the pheasant before Milton. If he heard anything in the grass, he would leap and jump about; but his scent was not keen, and he could not keep to the trail, and so he would watch Milton, and follow wherever Milton went. As soon as Milton found a trail, Bulka would dash ahead.

I tried to call Bulka back, I whipped him; but I could do nothing with him.

As soon as Milton found a trail, he would dash ahead and spoil all.

I began to think seriously of going home, because I felt that my hunting was spoiled; but Milton knew better than I did how to throw Bulka off the track. This was the way he did it: As soon as Bulka ran ahead of him, Milton would quit the scent, turn to one side, and pretend that he was hunting for it. Bulka would then run back where Milton was pointing, and Milton, glancing at me, would wag his tail, and again set out on the right track.

Then once more Bulka would dash ahead of Milton, and once more the setter Milton would purposely run ten feet aside from the right trail for the purpose of deceiving Bulka, and then lead me straight on again, so that throughout the whole hunt he kept deceiving Bulka and did not let him spoil my sport.

CHAPTER V

THE TURTLE

One time I went out hunting with Milton. Just as we reached the forest he began to get a scent. He stretched out his tail, pricked up his ears, and began to sniff.

I got my musket ready and started after him. I supposed that he was on the track of a partridge, or a pheasant, or a hare. But Milton did not turn off into the woods, but into a field. I followed him and looked ahead.

Suddenly I caught sight of what he was after. In front of him a little turtle was making its way — it was of the size of a hat. Its bald, dark gray head and long neck were thrust out like a pistil. The turtle was moving along by the aid of its bare feet, and its back was wholly covered by its shell.

As soon as it saw the dog, it drew in its legs and head and flattened itself down into the grass, so that only its shell was visible.

Milton grabbed it and tried to bite it; but he could not set his teeth through it, because the turtle has over its belly the same sort of crust as over its back, with mere openings in front, on the side, and at the back for putting out its head, legs, and tail.

I rescued the turtle from Milton, and examined how its back was marked, and how its shell was constructed, and how it managed to hide itself away. When you hold one in your hands and look under the shell, then, only, can you see something within, black and living.

I laid the turtle down on the grass and went on, but Milton was loath to leave it; he seized it in his teeth and followed me.

Suddenly Milton whined and dropped it. The turtle in his mouth had extended a claw and scratched his lips. He was so indignant against it on account of this that he began to bark, and again picked it up and trotted after me.

I told him to drop it again, but Milton would not

heed me. Then I took the turtle from him and threw it away.

But he would not give it up. He began in all haste to scratch up a hole with his paws, and then with his paws he pushed the turtle into the hole and covered it up with earth.

Turtles live both on land and in the water, like adders and frogs. They produce their young from eggs, and they lay the eggs in the ground; they do not sit on them, however, but the eggs themselves hatch out like fishes' spawn and become turtles.

Turtles are often small — not larger than a saucer; and then, again, they are big, reaching a length of seven feet and a weight of seven hundred and twenty pounds. The great turtles inhabit the sea.

One single female turtle in the spring will lay hundreds of eggs.

The shell of the turtle is its ribs. In men and other animals the ribs are each separate, but in the case of the turtle the ribs form the shell. It is also a peculiarity that in all animals the ribs are underneath the flesh, but in the case of the turtle, the ribs are outside, and the flesh is underneath them.

CHAPTER VI

BULKA AND THE WOLF

At the time when I was about to leave the Caucasus, war was still in progress, and it was hazardous traveling by night without an escort.

I was anxious to start as early as possible in the morning, and therefore I did not go to bed at all.

A friend of mine came to keep me company, and we spent the whole evening and night sitting in front of my *khata*, or hut, on the street of the *stanitsa*, or Cossack outpost.

It was a misty, moonlight night, and so light that one could see to read, though the moon itself was invisible.

At midnight we suddenly heard a little pig squealing in a yard on the other side of the street. One of us cried: —

"There 's a wolf throttling a young pig."

I ran into my khata, seized my loaded musket, and hastened out into the street. All were standing at the gates of the yard where the young pig was squealing, and they shouted to me, "Here! here!"

Milton came leaping after me, evidently thinking that as I had my gun I was going hunting; and Bulka pricked up his short ears and bounded from side to side, as if inquiring what it was that he should grip.

As I was running toward the wattled hedge, I saw a wild animal coming directly for me from the other side of the yard.

It was the wolf.

He was running toward the hedge, and gave a leap at it. I retreated before him and got my musket ready.

As soon as the wolf leaped down from the hedge on my side, I leveled the gun at him, almost touching him, and pulled the trigger; but the gun only gave a "chik" and missed fire.

The wolf did not stop, but darted down the street. Milton and Bulka set out in pursuit. Milton was near the wolf, but evidently did not dare to seize him; while Bulka, though he put forth all the strength of his short legs, could not catch up with him.

We ran as fast as we could after the wolf, but wolf and dogs were now out of sight.

But we soon heard near the ditch at the corner of the stanitsa a barking and whining, and we could make out through the moonlit mist that something was kicking up a dust, and that the dogs had tackled the wolf.

When we reached the ditch, the wolf was gone, and both the dogs returned to us with tails erect and excited faces. Bulka growled and rubbed his head against me; he evidently wanted to tell me about it, but was not able.

We examined the dogs and discovered that there was a small bite on Bulka's head. He had probably overtaken the wolf in front of the ditch, but had not dared

to tackle him, and the wolf had snapped at him and made off. The wound was small, so that we had no apprehension in regard to it.

We returned to the khata, sat down, and talked over what had happened. I was vexed enough that my musket had missed fire, and I could not help thinking that, if it had gone off, the wolf would have fallen on the spot. My friend was surprised that a wolf had ventured to make its way into the yard.

An old Cossack declared that there was nothing wonderful about it; that it was not a wolf, but a witch, and that she had cast a spell over my gun!

Thus we sat and talked.

Suddenly the dogs sprang up, and we saw in the middle of the street, right in front of us, the very same wolf; but this time he made off so swiftly at the sound of our voices that the dogs could not overtake him.

The old Cossack after this was entirely convinced that it was no wolf, but a witch; but it occurred to me whether it was not a mad wolf, because I had never heard or known of a wolf returning among men after once he had been chased.

At all events, I scattered gunpowder over Bulka's wound and set it on fire. The powder blazed up and cauterized the sore place.

I cauterized the wound with powder so as to consume the mad virus, in case it had not yet had time to reach the blood.

In case of the spittle being poisonous and reaching the blood, I knew that it would spread all over his body, and then there would be no means of curing him.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT HAPPENED TO BULKA AT PYETIGORSK

From the stanitsa, I did not return directly to Russia, but stopped at Pyetigorsk, and there I spent two months. I gave Milton to the old Cossack hunter, but Bulka I took with me to Pyetigorsk.

Pyetigorsk, or Five Mountain, is so called because it is built on Mount Besh-Tau. *Besh* in the Tartar language means five; and *Tau*, mountain.

From this mountain flows a sulphur hot spring. The water boils like a kettle, and over the spot where the waters spring from the mountain steam always rises, just as it does from a samovar.

The whole region where the city is built is very charming. The hot springs flow down from the mountains; at their feet flows the little river Podkumok. The hillsides are clothed with forests; in all directions are fields, and on the horizon rise the mighty mountains of the Caucasus. The snow on these mountains never melts, and they are always as white as sugar.

One mighty mountain is Elbrus, like a white sugar-loaf; and it can be seen from every point when the weather is clear.

People come to these hot springs for medical treatment, and over the springs summer-houses and canopies are built, and gardens and paths are laid out all around. In the morning the band plays, and the people drink the water, or take the baths, and promenade.

The city itself stands on the mountain, and below the city is the suburb.

I lodged in a little house in this suburb. The house stood in a yard,[1] and there was a little garden in front of the windows, and in the garden were arranged my landlord's bees, not in hollow tree-trunks as in Russia, but in round basket-hives. The bees there were so peaceable that always in the forenoon Bulka and I used to sit out in the garden, among the hives. Bulka used to run among the hives, and wonder at the bees, and smell, and listen to their buzzing; but he moved among them so carefully that the bees did not interfere with him and did not touch him.

One morning I came home from the waters and sat drinking my coffee in the latticed garden. Bulka began to scratch himself behind the ears and to rattle his collar. This noise disturbed the bees, and I removed the collar from Bulka's neck.

[1] *Dvor.*

After a little while I heard in the direction of the city on the mountain a strange and terrible uproar. Dogs were barking, yelping, and howling, men were yelling, and this tumult came down from the mountain and seemed to come nearer and nearer to our suburb.

Bulka had ceased scratching himself, and had laid his broad head between his white fore paws, and with his white teeth exposed and his tongue lolling out, as his habit was, was lying peaceably beside me. When he heard the uproar, he seemed to understand what it was all about; he pricked up his ears, showed his teeth, jumped up, and began to growl.

The tumult came nearer. It seemed as if all the dogs from the whole city were yelping, whining, and barking. I went out to the gate to look, and my landlady joined me there.

I asked: —

"What is that?"

She replied: —

"Prisoners from the jail coming to kill dogs. Many dogs are running loose, and the city authorities have ordered all dogs in the city to be killed."

"What! would they kill Bulka if they saw him?"

"No; they are ordered to kill only those without collars."

Just as I was speaking, the prisoners were already on their way toward our yard.

In front marched soldiers, followed by four convicts in chains. Two of the convicts had long iron hooks in their hands, and the other two had clubs. When they came in front of our gate, one of the prisoners with a hook caught a cur of low degree, dragged him into the middle of the street, and the other prisoner began to maul him with his club. The whelp yelped horribly, and the convicts shouted something and roared with laughter. The convict with the hook turned the little dog over, and when he saw that he was dead, he pulled back his crook and began to look about for other victims.

At this moment Bulka leaped headlong at the convict,

just as he had at the bear. I remembered that he was without a collar, and I cried, "Back, Bulka," and I shouted to the convicts not to kill my dog.

But the convict saw Bulka, guffawed, and skilfully speared at him with his hook, and caught him under the thigh.

Bulka tried to break away, but the convict pulled him toward him, and shouted to the other, "Kill him!"

The other was already swinging his club, and Bulka would have been surely killed, but he struggled, the skin on his haunch gave way, and, putting his tail between his legs, and with a frightful wound in his thigh, he dashed at full speed through the gate, into the house, and hid under my bed.

What saved him was the fact that the skin on the place where the hook seized him tore out entirely.

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF BULKA AND MILTON

Bulka and Milton met their death about the same time. The old Cossack did not understand how to treat Milton. Instead of taking him with him only when he went after birds, he tried to make a boar-hunter of him.

That same autumn a sekatch[1] boar gored him. No one knew how to sew up the wound, and Milton died.

Bulka also did not live long after his rescue from the convicts. Soon after his rescue from the convicts, he began to mope and to lick everything that came in his way. He would lick my hand, but not as in former days when he meant to caress me. He licked long, and energetically thrust out his tongue, and then he began to seize things with his teeth.

Evidently he felt the impulse to bite the hand, but tried to refrain. I did not like to let him have my hand.

[1] *Sekatch* is a two-year-old wild boar, with sharp, straight tusks. — Author's Note.

Then he began to lick my boot and the table leg, and then to bite the boot or the table leg.

This lasted two days, and on the third day he disappeared, and no one ever saw him or heard of him again.

It was impossible for him to have been stolen, and he could not have run away from me.

Now this happened to be about six weeks after the wolf had bitten him. It must have been that the wolf was quite rabid. Bulka also became rabid and went off. He was afflicted with what hunters call *stetchka* — the first stage of madness. It is said that madness is first shown by spasms in the throat. Rabid animals desire to drink, but are unable, because water makes the spasms more violent. Then they get beside themselves with pain and thirst, and begin to bite.

Probably these spasms were just beginning with Bulka, when he showed such a disposition to lick everything, and then to bite my boot and the table leg.

I traveled over the whole region and made inquiries about Bulka, but I could learn nothing about where he had gone or how he died.

If he had run mad and bitten any one as mad dogs usually do, I should have heard from him. But probably he went out somewhere into the thick woods, and died there alone.

Huntsmen declare that when an intelligent dog is attacked by madness, he runs off into the field or woods, and there finds the herb which he needs, rolls over in the dew, and cures himself.

Evidently Bulka did not get well. He never returned, and he disappeared forever.

EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER I

THE OLD HORSE

WE had an old, old man, Pimen Timofeïtch. He was ninety years of age. He lived at his grandson's house, but did no work. His back was bent; he walked with a stick, and found it hard to drag one leg after the other. All of his teeth were gone; his face was wrinkled; his lower lip trembled. When he walked and when he talked, he had no control over his lips, so that it was impossible to make out what he was saying.

There were four brothers of us, and we all liked to ride horseback; but we had no gentle horses fit for us to ride. We were permitted to ride only on one old horse whose name was Voronok.[1]

One time mother gave us permission to have a ride, and we all ran with our tutor to the stables. The coachman saddled Voronok for us, and the first to ride was our eldest brother.

He took a long ride; he rode over to the threshing-floor and around the park, and when he came back, we shouted: —

"Now start him up!"

Our eldest brother began to kick Voronok, and to strike him with his whip, and Voronok galloped past us.

After our eldest brother had ridden, the next oldest took his turn. He also had a long ride, and whipped Voronok till he galloped down the hill. He wanted to ride even longer, but the third brother begged him to give him a chance as soon as possible.

[1] Blackie.

The third brother also rode over to the threshing-floor and around the park, and then along through the village, and then he came galloping down the hill toward the stable.

When he rode up to us, Voronok was winded, and his neck and flanks were black with sweat.

When my turn came, I wanted to surprise my brothers, and show them how well I could ride, and I began to spur him on to his utmost speed; but Voronok would not stir from the stable.

In spite of my redoubled blows he would not gallop but only shied and backed. I grew angry with the horse, and pounded him with all my might with my whip and legs. I tried lashing him in the places where he was tenderest; I broke the whip, and with the broken handle I began to pound him on the head. But still Voronok would not budge.

Then I turned around, rode up to our tutor, and asked him for a heavier whip. But the tutor said to me:—

"You have ridden him enough, sir; come down. Why torture the horse?"

I was vexed, and said:—

"Why? I have not ridden him at all! Look how I will make him gallop! Please give me a stronger whip! I will warm him up!"

Then the tutor shook his head, and said:—

"Ah, sir! you have no mercy. Why warm him up? Just think! He is twenty years old. The horse is tired out; he is all winded; yes, and he is so old! Just think how old he is! It is just as if it were Pimen Timofeïtch. If you should mount on Timofeïtch, and should whip him with all your might, say, now, would not that be a pity?"

I knew well about Pimen, and I obeyed the tutor. I dismounted from the horse, and when I saw how he was laboring with his sweaty sides, and was puffing with his nostrils, and was switching his thin tail, then I realized how cruel we had been to the horse. But till that time I had supposed that the horse enjoyed it as much as I did.

I became so sorry for Voronok that I began to caress his sweaty neck, and to ask his forgiveness for the beating that I had given him.

Since that time I have grown older, and I still always pity horses, and I always remember Voronok and Pimen Timofeïtch when I see any one abusing a horse.

CHAPTER II

HOW I WAS TAUGHT TO RIDE HORSEBACK

When I was a little boy, we four brothers had our lessons every day except Sundays and holidays, when we were free and could play together.

One time father said: —

"You older children must learn to ride horseback; you must be sent to riding-school."

I was the youngest, and I asked: —

"Can't I learn, too?"

My father said: —

"You would tumble off."

I began to tease him to let me learn, too, and I almost cried.

My father said: —

"Very well, then, you shall take lessons, too. Only see here: don't you cry if you fall. One who never falls from a horse will never learn to ride."

When Wednesday came, three of us were taken to the riding-school. We went up a great staircase, and from the great staircase we went up a narrow staircase. And the narrow staircase opened into a very large room. In this room there was sand instead of a floor; and gentlemen and ladies, as well as lads like ourselves, were riding on horseback.

This was the riding-school.

It was rather dark, and there was an odor of horses, and we could hear people cracking whips, and shouting to horses, and the pounding of horses' hoofs against the

wooden partitions. At first I was afraid and could not make anything out distinctly. But afterward our tutor called the riding-master, and said: —

"Give these lads here some horses; they want to learn to ride."

"Very well," replied the riding-master.

Then he looked at me, and said: —

"This one is very small."

But our tutor said: —

"He has promised not to cry if he falls off."

The riding-master laughed and went away.

Then three saddled horses were brought; we took off our cloaks and descended the staircase into the riding-room. The riding-master held the horse by the thong,[1] and my brothers rode around him. At first they walked; then they trotted.

At last a little pony was brought out. He was a chestnut, and his tail had been cropped. His name was Chervonchik. The riding-master laughed, and said to me: —

"Well, cavalier, mount!"

I was both glad and sad, but I tried to hide it so that no one would notice it. I made several attempts to set my foot into the stirrup, but it was in vain, for I was too small. Then the riding-master lifted me in his arms and set me on, saying: —

"The barin is not heavy; he can't weigh more than a couple of pounds."

At first he held me by the arm; but when I saw that they did not hold my brothers, I asked him to let go of me. He asked me: —

"Are n't you afraid, then?"

I was very much afraid, but I said that I was not.

I was all the more afraid because Chervonchik kept pricking back his ears, and I made up my mind that he was angry with me. The riding-master said:

"Well, only mind that you don't fall off!"

And he let go of me.

[1] *Kord*, a rope for making the horse go in a circle. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

At first Chervonchik walked around, and I sat up straight. But the saddle was slippery, and I was afraid that I should slide off.

"Well, now," asked my riding-master, "are you on firm?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, then, now trot!" and the riding-master clucked with his tongue. Chervonchik started off in a gentle trot, and I began to slip. But still I said nothing, and tried not to tip over sidewise. The riding-master praised me, "Aï da, cavalier! Splendid!" and this made me very glad.

At this moment my riding-master was joined by one of his associates, and began to talk with him, and his attention was distracted from me.

Then suddenly I became conscious that I was slipping a little toward one side of the saddle. I tried to regain my seat, but all in vain. I wanted to cry to the riding-master to stop the horse, but I felt that it would be shameful to do that, and I kept quiet.

The riding-master was not looking at me. Chervonchik kept on the trot all the time, and I kept slipping and slipping to one side.

I looked at the riding-master and thought that he would help me; but he was busily talking with his associate, and, without looking at me, said something about his "brave young cavalier!" By this time I was far over on one side and very much frightened. I felt certain that I was going to tumble. But still I was ashamed to cry out.

Chervonchik gave me one more little shake, and down I went to the ground. Then Chervonchik stopped of his own accord; the riding-master looked around, and saw that I was no longer on Chervonchik's back. Saying, "Hullo there! my cavalier has fallen off," he hastened to me.

When I told him that I was not hurt, he laughed, and said: —

"A child's body is like a cushion!"

But I felt like crying.

I asked him to seat me again, and he did so. And this time I did not fall again.

In this way we went to the riding-school twice a week, and I soon learned to ride well, and was afraid of nothing.

SCENES FROM COMMON LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE WILLOW

ONE Easter a peasant went to see whether the frost was out of the ground.

He went to his vegetable garden and poked into the ground with a stake. The soil was soft.

The peasant went into the forest. In the woods the catkins on a young willow were already beginning to swell. And the peasant said to himself: —

"Let me plant young willows around my garden; they will grow and make a hedge."

He took his ax, cut down a dozen young sprouts, trimmed down the butts into points, and planted them in the ground.

All the willow sticks put forth sprouts and green foliage above; and below, underground, they sent out similar sprouts in place of roots, and some of them took hold of the earth and strengthened themselves; but others did not take hold of the earth with their roots, and these died and toppled over.

When autumn came, the peasant was delighted with his willows; six of them had taken root. The next spring some sheep girdled four of them, and thus only two were left.

The following spring, sheep girdled these also. One died away entirely, but the other took new lease of life, sent down deeper roots, and became a tree. Every spring the bees hummed on in the branches. Oftentimes they would swarm there, and the peasants would gather them into hives.

Peasants and their wives often came to lunch and nap

under the tree, and their children climbed up its trunk and broke off its twigs.

The peasant — the one who had set out the slip — had died long ago, and still the willow grew.

His eldest son twice trimmed off its branches and used them for fuel.

And still the willow grew. They cut the branches all round and made a cone of it, and when spring came, it still again put forth new branches, though they were small, but twice as many as before, like the mane of a colt.

And the eldest son ceased to be master of the house, and the village was removed to another place, but still the willow grew in the bare field.

Other peasants came and cut it down, and still it grew. The lightning struck the tree; it sent out fresh branches from the sides, and still it grew and bloomed.

One peasant wanted to cut it down to a block, and actually felled it; but it was badly rotted. The tree fell over and held only by one side, but still it kept growing, and every year the bees flew to it to gather pollen from its flowers.

Once, early in the spring, the children gathered together to tend the horses under the tree.

They thought that it was rather cold, and they began to make a fire, and they collected stubble, mugwort, and twigs. One boy climbed the willow and broke off branches. They piled all their tinder in the hollow of the willow and set it on fire.

The willow began to hiss; the sap in its wood boiled, the smoke poured forth, and then it began to blaze; all the inside turned black. The young sprouts crumpled up; the blossoms wilted.

The children drove their horses home. The burned willow remained alone in the field. A black crow flew up to it, perched on it, and cried: —

"So the old poker is dead; it was time long ago!"

CHAPTER II

THE GRAY HARE

A GRAY hare lived during the winter near a village. When night came, he would prick up one ear and listen, then he would prick up the other, jerk his whiskers, snuff, and sit up on his hind legs.

Then he would give one leap, two leaps, through the deep snow, and sit up again on his hind legs and look all around.

On all sides nothing was to be seen except snow. The snow lay in billows and glittered white as sugar. Above the hare was frosty vapor, and through this vapor glistened the big bright stars.

The hare was obliged to make a long circuit across the highway to reach his favorite granary. On the highway he could hear the creaking of sledges, the whinnying of horses, the groaning of the seats in the sledges.

Once more the hare paused near the road. The peasants were walking alongside of their sledges, with their kaftan collars turned up. Their faces were scarcely visible. Their beards, their mustaches, their eyebrows, were white. Steam came from their mouths and noses.

Their horses were covered with sweat, and the sweat grew white with hoar-frost. The horses strained on their collars, plunged into the hollows and came up out of them again. The peasants urged them along and lashed them with their knouts. Two old men were walking side by side, and one was telling the other how a horse had been stolen from him.

As soon as the teams had passed, the hare crossed the road, and leaped unconcernedly toward the threshing-floor. A little dog belonging to the teams caught sight of the hare. He began to bark, and darted after him.

The hare made for the threshing-floor, across the snowdrifts; but the depth of the snow impeded the

hare, and even the dog, after a dozen leaps, sank deep in the snow and gave up the chase.

The hare also stopped, sat up on his hind legs, and then proceeded at his leisure toward the threshing-floor.

On the way across the field he fell in with two other hares. They were nibbling and playing. The gray hare joined his mates, helped them clear away the icy snow, ate a few seeds of winter wheat, and then went on his way.

In the village it was all quiet; the fires were out; the only sound on the street was an infant crying in a cottage, and the framework of the houses creaking under the frost.

The hare hastened to the threshing-floor, and there he found some of his mates. He played with them on the well-swept floor, ate some oats from the tub on which they had already begun, mounted the snow-covered roof into the granary, and then went through the hedge back to his hole.

In the east the dawn was already beginning to redden, the stars dwindled, and the frosty vapor grew thicker over the face of the earth. In the neighboring village the women woke up and went out after water; the peasants began carrying fodder from the granaries; children were shouting and crying; along the highway more and more teams passed by, and the peasants talked in louder tones.

The hare leaped across the road, went to his old hole, selected a place a little higher up, dug away the snow, curled up in the depths of his new hole, stretched his ears along his back, and went to sleep with eyes wide open.

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDLING

A POOR woman had a daughter, Masha. Masha one morning, in going after water, saw something lying on the door-step, wrapped up in rags.

Masha set down her pail and undid the rags. When she had opened the bundle, there came forth a cry from out the rags, *ua! ua! ua!*

Masha bent over and saw that it was a pretty little baby. He was crying lustily, *ua! ua! ua!* Masha took him up in her arms and carried him into the house, and tried to give him some milk with a spoon.

The mother said: —

"What have you brought in?"

Masha said: —

"A baby; I found it at our door."

The mother said: —

"We are so poor, how can we get food for another child? I am going to the police and tell them to take it away."

Masha wept, and said: —

"Matushka, he will not eat much; do keep him! Just see what pretty little dimpled hands and fingers he has."

The mother looked, and she had compassion on the child. She decided to keep him. Masha fed him and swaddled him, and she sang cradle songs to him when she put him to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEASANT AND THE CUCUMBERS

Once upon a time a peasant went to steal some cucumbers of a gardener. He crept down among the cucumbers, and said to himself: —

"Let me just get away with a bag of cucumbers; then I will sell them. With the money I will buy me a hen. The hen will lay some eggs, and will hatch them out, and I shall have a lot of chickens. I will feed up the chickens, and sell them, and buy a shoat — a nice little pig. In time she will farrow, and I shall have a litter of pigs. I will sell the little pigs and buy a mare; the mare will foal, and I shall have a colt. I will raise the

colt and sell it; then I will buy a house and start a garden; I will have a garden and raise cucumbers; but I won't let them be stolen, I will keep a strict watch. I will hire watchmen, and will station them among the cucumbers, and often I, myself, will come unexpectedly among them, and I will shout, 'Hollo, there! keep a closer watch.'"

As these words came into his head he shouted them at the top of his voice. The guards heard him, ran out, and belabored him with their sticks.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRE

It was harvest-time, and the men and women[1] had gone out to work.

Only the very old and the very young stayed in the village.

A grandmother and three of her grandchildren were left in one cottage.[2] The grandmother kindled a fire in the oven, and lay down for a nap. The flies lighted on her and annoyed her with their biting. She covered up her head with a towel and went to sleep.

One of the grandchildren, Masha, — she was three years old, — opened the oven, shoveled out some of the coals into a dish, and ran out into the entry. Now in the entry lay some sheaves.[3] The women had been preparing these sheaves for bands.

Masha brought the coals, emptied them under the sheaves, and began to blow. When the straw took fire, she was delighted; she ran into the sitting-room, and seized her little brother, Kiriushka, — he was eighteen months old, and was only just beginning to walk, — and she said, "Look, Kiliuska! see what a nice fire I have started!"

[1] *Muzhiks* and *babas*.

[2] The Russian peasant's cottage is called an *isba*.

[3] *Svyasla*, straw twisted into bands to tie up the sheaves. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The sheaves were already flaming and cracking.

When Masha saw the entry full of smoke, she was frightened and hastened back into the hut. Kiriushka stumbled on the threshold and bumped his nose, and set up a cry. His sister dragged him into the room, and both of them hid under the bench. The grandmother heard nothing, as she was asleep.

The oldest brother, Vanya, — he was eight, — was in the street. When he saw that smoke was pouring from the entry, he ran indoors, bounded through the smoke into the hut, and tried to waken the grandmother; but the grandmother, who was only half awake, was dazed, and, forgetting all about the children, leaped up and ran about the village after help.

Meantime Masha was crouching under the bench; but the little one cried because he had hurt his nose so badly. Vanya heard him crying, looked under the bench, and called to Masha, "Run quick! you will be burnt up!"

Masha ran to the entry; but it was impossible for her to pass, on account of the smoke and fire.

She came back. Then Vanya opened the window and told her to crawl out. When she had crawled out, Vanya seized his little brother and tried to drag him along.

But the little fellow was heavy and would not let his brother help him. He screamed, and struck Vanya. Twice Vanya fell while he was dragging him to the window; and by this time the door of the hut was on fire.

Vanya thrust the baby boy's head up to the window, and tried to push him through, but the little fellow, who was very much frightened, clung with his hands, and would not let go. Then Vanya cried to Masha, "Pull him by the head!" and he himself pushed from behind. And thus they dragged him through the window out-of-doors.

CHAPTER VI

THE TREASURE TROVE

An old woman and her granddaughter lived in a village. They were very poor and had nothing to eat. Easter Sunday came. The people were full of rejoicing. All made their purchases for the great feast, but the old woman and her granddaughter had nothing to make merry with. They shed tears, and began to pray God to help them.

Then the old woman remembered that long ago, in the time of the *Frenchman*,[1] the peasants used to hide their money in the ground. And the old woman said to her granddaughter: —

"Granddaughter, take your shovel and go over to the site of the old village, ask God's help, and dig into the ground; perhaps God will send us something."

And the granddaughter said to herself: "It is impossible that I should find anything. Still, I will do as grandma[2] bade me."

She took the shovel and went. After she had dug a hole, she began to think: —

"I have dug long enough; I am going home now."

She was just going to take out the shovel when she heard it knock against something. She leaned over, and saw a large jug. She shook it; something jingled. She threw down her shovel, and ran to her grandma, crying, "Babushka, I have found a treasure!"

They opened the jug and found it full of silver coins. And the grandmother and granddaughter were able to have an Easter feast, and they bought a cow, and thanked God because He had heard their prayer.

[1] The French invasion of Russia, under Napoleon, 1812.
[2] *Babushka.*

CHAPTER VII

THE BIRD

It was Serozha's birthday, and he received many different gifts, — peg-tops and hobby-horses and pictures. But Serozha's uncle gave him a gift which he prized above all the rest: it was a trap for snaring birds. The trap was constructed in such a way that a board was fitted on the frame and shut down upon the top. If seed were scattered on the board, and it was put out in the yard, the little bird would fly down, hop upon the board, the board would give way, and the trap would shut with a clap.

Serozha was delighted and he ran to his mother to show her the trap.

His mother said :—

"It is not a good plaything. What do you want to do with birds? Why do you want to torture them?"

"I am going to put them in a cage. They will sing, and I will feed them."

Serozha got some seed, scattered it on the board, and set the trap in the garden. And he stood by and expected the birds to fly down. But the birds were afraid of him, and did not come near the cage. Serozha ran in to get something to eat, and left the cage.

After dinner he went to look at it; the cage had shut, and in it a little bird was beating against the bars.

Serozha was delighted, took up the bird, and carried it into the house.

"Mamma, I have caught a bird; I think it is a nightingale; and how its heart beats!"

His mother said it was a canary.

"Be careful! don't hurt it; you would better let it go."

"No; I am going to give it something to eat and drink."

Serozha put the canary in a cage, and for two days gave him seed and water and cleaned the cage. But on

the third day he forgot all about the canary, and did not change the water.

And his mother said: —

"See here: you have forgotten your bird; you would better let it go."

"No; I will not forget it again; I will immediately give it fresh water and clean its cage."

Serozha thrust his hand into the cage and began to clean it, but the little bird was frightened and fluttered. After Serozha had cleaned the cage, he went to get some water. His mother perceived that he had forgotten to shut the cage door, and she called after him: —

"Serozha, shut up your cage, else your bird will fly out and hurt itself."

She had hardly spoken these words, when the bird found the door, was delighted, spread its wings, and flew around the room toward the window. But it did not see the glass, and struck against it and fell back on the window-sill. Serozha came running in, picked up the bird, and put it back in the cage. The bird was still alive, but it lay on its breast, with its wings spread out, and breathed heavily. Serozha looked and looked, and began to cry: —

"Mamma, what can I do now?"

"You can do nothing now."

Serozha did not leave the cage all day, but gazed at the canary, and all the time the bird lay on its breast and breathed hard and fast.

When Serozha went to bed, the bird was dead. Serozha could not get to sleep for a long time; every time that he shut his eyes he seemed to see the bird still lying and sighing.

In the morning, when Serozha went to his cage, he saw the bird lying on his back, with his legs crossed, and all stiff.

After that Serozha never again tried to snare birds.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW UNCLE SEMYON TOLD ABOUT HIS ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS

One time in winter I had gone into the woods after timber. I had cut down three trees, and lopped off the limbs, and was hewing them, when I looked up and saw that it was getting late; that it was time to go home. But the weather was bad; it was snowing and blowing. I said to myself: —

"The night is coming on, and you don't know the way."

I whipped up the horse and drove on; still there was no sign of outlet. Forest all around.

I thought how thin my shuba was; I was in danger of freezing to death.

I still pushed on; it grew dark, and I was entirely off the road.

I was just going to unyoke the sled and protect myself under it, when I heard not far away the jingle of bells. I went in the direction of the bells, and saw a troïka of roan horses, their manes tied with ribbons! their bells were jingling, and two young men were in the sleigh.

"Good evening, brothers."

"Good evening, peasant."

"Where is the road, brothers?"

"Here we are right on the road."

I went to them, and I saw that strangely enough the road was unbroken, all drifted over.

"Follow us," said they, and they whipped up their horses.

My wretched mare could not keep up with them. I began to shout: —

"Hold on, brothers!"

They waited for me, laughing.

"Get in with us," said they; "it will be easier for your horse without a load."

"Thank you," said I.

I climbed into their sledge. It was handsome — well lined. As soon as I sat down, how they spurred on the horses! "*Now then, my darlings!*"

The roan horses dashed away, making the snow fly in clouds.

What a wonderful thing! It grew lighter and lighter, and the road became as glare as ice, and we flew so fast that it took away my breath, and the twigs lashed my face. It began to be painful.

I looked ahead; there was a steep mountain, a very steep mountain, and at the foot of the mountain a ravine. The roans were flying straight for the ravine.

I was frightened, and cried: —

"Heavens and earth! slow up, you, slow up; you will kill us!"

But the men only laughed, and urged on the horses the more. I saw there was no saving us; the ravine was under our very runners. But I saw a bough right over my head.

"Well," I said to myself, "you may go over alone."

I stood up and seized the bough, and there I hung!

As I caught it I shouted: —

"Hold on!" And then I heard women shouting: —

"Uncle Semyon! what is the matter? Start up the fire, you women! Something is wrong with Uncle Semyon! he is screaming! Stir up the fire!"

I woke up, and there I was in my cottage, clinging to the loft, and screaming at the top of my voice. And all that I had seen had been a dream!

CHAPTER IX

THE COW

The widow Marya lived with her mother and six children. Their means of life were small. But they used their last money in the purchase of a red cow, so as to have milk for the children. The eldest children

pastured Brownie[1] in the field, and gave her slops at home.

One time while the mother was away from home, the oldest son, Misha, in climbing on the shelf after bread, knocked over a tumbler and broke it.

Misha was afraid that his mother would chide him. So he gathered up the large pieces of broken glass, carried them into the yard, and buried them in the dung-heap, but the little pieces he threw into the basin. The mother missed the glass, and made inquiries; but Misha said nothing, and so the matter rested.

On the next day, after dinner, when the mother went to give Brownie the swill from the basin, she found that Brownie was ailing and would not eat her food. They tried to give her medicine, and they called the babka.[2] The babka said that the cow would not live; it was best to slaughter her for beef.

They called a peasant and proceeded to slaughter the cow. The children heard Brownie lowing in the yard; they all climbed upon the oven and began to weep.

After they had slaughtered Brownie, they took off the hide and cut the carcass in pieces, and there, in the throat, they found a piece of glass. And so they knew that her death was caused by her swallowing the glass in the slops.

When Misha heard this he began to weep bitterly, and confessed to his mother that he broke the glass. The mother said nothing, but also wept. Then she said: —

"We have killed our Brownie, and have nothing to get another cow with. How will the little ones live without milk?"

Misha kept howling louder and louder, and would not come down from the oven when they ate the jelly made from the cow's head. Every time when he went to sleep, he saw in his dreams how Uncle Vasili brought

[1] *Burenushka*, diminutive noun from adjective *burui*.
[2] Midwife, supposed to know something about ailments.

the red cow by the horns, — Brownie, with her wide eyes and beautiful neck.

From that time the children had no more milk. Only on holidays they had milk, for then Marya asked her neighbor for a mug of it.

It happened that the lady of that estate needed a child's nurse. And the grandmother said to the daughter: —

"Let me go; I will take the place as nurse, and maybe God will let you get along with the children alone. And if God spares me, I can earn enough in a year to buy a cow."

Thus they did. The grandmother went to the lady; but it grew still more hard for Marya and the children. The children lived a whole year without having milk. They had nothing but kisel jelly and tiuria [1] to eat and they grew thin and pale.

After the year was over, the grandmother came home, bringing twenty rubles.

"Well, daughter," says she, "now we will buy a cow."

Marya was delighted; all the children were delighted. Marya and the grandmother went to market to buy their cow. They asked a neighbor to stay with the children, and they asked another neighbor, Uncle Zakhar, to go with them and help them to select the cow.

After saying their prayers they went to town. In the afternoon the children kept running into the street to see if they could see the cow. They amused themselves guessing what kind of a cow she would be — red or black. They kept telling one another how they would feed her. All day long they waited and waited. They walked a verst to meet the cow, but as it was already growing dark, they turned back.

Suddenly they saw coming along the road a cart, and in it sat their grandmother, and beside the hind wheel walked a brindle cow tied by the horn, and their mother was walking behind urging her on with a dry stick.

The children ran to them and began to examine the cow. They brought bread and grass and tried to feed

[1] Bread soaked in kvas.

her. The mother went into the cottage, changed her clothes, and went out with her towel and milk-pail. She sat down under the cow and began to wipe the udder. The Lord be praised! The cow gave milk, and the children stood around and watched the milk straining into the pail, and listened to its sound under the mother's fingers. When the mother had milked the pail half full, she carried it down cellar, and each of the children had a mug for supper.

CHAPTER X

FILIPOK

Once there was a little boy whose name was Filipp. All the children were going to school. Filipp took his hat and wanted to go too.

But his mother said to him :—

"Where are you going, Filipok?"

"To school."

"You are too small; you can't go," and his mother kept him at home.

The children went off to school. Their father had gone early in the morning to the woods; the mother was engaged in her daily work.

Filipok and his grandmother were left in the cottage, on the oven. Filipok began to feel lonely; his grandmother was asleep, and he began to search for his hat. When he could not find his own, he took an old one, made of sheepskin, and started for school.

School was kept at the village church. When Filipp walked along his own street,[1] the dogs did not meddle with him, for they knew him; but when he reached the street in the next estate, a black dog[2] came bounding out and barking, and behind this dog came another still bigger, named Wolfie,[3] and Filipp started to run, the dogs after him.

[1] *Sloboda.* [2] Named *Zhutchka*, diminution of *zhuka*, a beetle.
[3] *Volchok*, diminutive of *volk*.

Filipok began to cry; then he stubbed his toe and fell. A peasant came out and called off the dogs, and asked:

"Where are you going all sole alone, you little rascal?"

Filipok made no answer, pulled up his skirt, and started to run with all his might. He ran to the school. There was no one on the steps, but in school the voices of the children could be heard in a confused murmur.

Filipp was now filled with fear: —

"Suppose the teacher should drive me away?"

And he began to consider what he should do. If he should go back, the dogs might bite him; but if he went into school, he was afraid of the teacher.

A peasant woman passed the school, with a pail, and she said: —

"All the rest are studying, and what are you standing there for?"

So Filipok went into school. In the entry he took off his cap and opened the door. The room was full of children. All were talking at once, and the teacher, in a red scarf, was walking up and down in the midst of them.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Filipok.

Filipok clutched his cap and said nothing.

"Who are you?"

Filipok said never a word.

"Are you dumb?"

Filipok was so scared that he could not speak.

"Well, then, go home if you can't speak."

Now Filipok would have been glad to say something, but his throat was all parched with terror.

He looked at the teacher and burst into tears.

Then the teacher felt sorry for him. He caressed his head, and inquired of the children who the little fellow was.

"This is Filipok, Kostiushka's[1] brother; he has been wanting for a long time to go to school, but his mother would not let him, and he must have run away to school."

"Well, sit down on the bench next your brother, and I will ask your mother to let you come to school."

[1] Diminutive of Konstantin.

The teacher began to teach Filipok his letters; but Filipok already knew them, and could even read a little.

"Very well; spell your name, then."

Filipok said, "*Khve-i*, khvi — *le-i*, li — *peok*, pok."

Everybody laughed.

"Bravo!" said the teacher; "who taught you to read?"

Filipok summoned courage, and said: —

"Kostiushka. I am mischievous. I learned them all at once. I am terribly smart!"

The teacher laughed, and asked: —

"And do you know your prayer?"

Filipok said yes, and began to repeat the *Ave Maria*; but he did not get every word quite correct.

The teacher interrupted him, and said: —

"You must not boast. I will teach you."

After this Filipok began to go to school regularly with the children.

STORIES FROM PHYSICS

CHAPTER I

THE MAGNET

1

IN days of old there was a shepherd whose name was Magnis. One of Magnis's sheep went astray. He went to the mountains to search for it.

He reached a spot where there were only bare rocks. As he walked over these rocks he began to be conscious that his boots were adhering to them. He felt of them with his hand; the rocks were dry, and did not stick to his hands. He started to walk on again; still his boots stuck fast.

He sat down, took off one of his boots, and holding it in his hands, began to touch the rocks with it.

When he touched them with the leather or the sole, it did not adhere; but when he touched them with the nails, then it adhered.

Magnis had a crook with an iron point. He touched the stones with the wood, it did not adhere; but when he touched it with the iron, it clung so powerfully that he had to pull it away by main force.

When Magnis examined the stone, he saw that it was like iron, and he carried some of the pieces of rock home with him. From that time they understood this stone, and called it lodestone, or magnet.

2

Magnets are found in the ground, together with iron ore. The best iron is found when the ore contains lodestone.

If a piece of iron is put on the magnet, then the iron also begins to attract other pieces of iron. And if a steel needle is laid on a magnet and kept there for some time, then the needle itself becomes a magnet, and is able to attract iron to itself.

If two magnets are laid side by side, two of the ends or poles will repel each other; the other two will attract each other. If a magnetic needle be broken in two, then again each half will attract at one pole and repel at the other. And if it be broken again, the same thing will happen; and no matter how many times it is broken, it will be always the same — like poles repelling one another, unlike poles attracting one another; just as if the magnet pushed with one end and pulled with the other.

And, however often you break it, one pole will always push and the other draw.

It is exactly like a pine cone: no matter where it is broken off, one end is always convex, the other hollow. And if they are put end to end, the convex fits into the hollow; but the convex will not fit the convex, nor the cup the cup.

3

If a needle is magnetized by being left some time in contact with a magnet, and is balanced on a point in such a way that it will move freely on the point, then no matter in which direction the magnetic needle is turned, as soon as it is set free, it will come to rest with one pole pointing to the south, the other pointing to the north.

Before the magnet was discovered men did not dare to sail very far out on the sea. Whenever they sailed out of sight of land, then they could judge only by the sun and the stars where they were going. But if it was stormy, and the sun and stars were hid, then they had no way of telling where their course lay; and the vessel would drift before the wind, and be dashed on the rocks and go to pieces.

Until the discovery of the magnet they did not sail on the ocean far from land; but after it was discovered, then they made use of the magnetic needle balanced on the point so as to turn freely. By means of this needle they could tell in which direction they were sailing. With the magnetic needle they began to make long voyages far from land, and afterward they discovered many new countries.

There is always on board ship a magnetic needle, called the compass, and they have a measuring-line with knots, at the stern of the ship. And the cord is so constructed that it uncoils and tells how fast the vessel is sailing.

Thus it is that, when they sail a ship, they always know where they are at any given time, and whether they are far from land, and in what direction they are going.

CHAPTER II

HUMIDITY

Why does the spider sometimes make a closely spun web and sit in the very center of its nest, and why does it sometimes come out of its nest and spin a new web?

The spider makes its web according as the weather is at the time, and as it is going to be. By examining its web one can predict what the weather will be; if the spider hides itself away deep down in its nest and does not come out, it means rain. If it emerges from its nest and spins new threads, it means that it will be fine.

How can the spider tell in advance what the weather will be?

Its sensibilities are so delicate that as soon as the atmosphere begins to have greater humidity, even though this humidity is not perceptible to us, and to us the weather is still clear, the spider perceives that rain is coming. Just as a man feels the dampness when he is undressed, but does not feel it when he is dressed,

so the rain is perceptible to the spider when for us it is only preparing to rain.

Why is it that in winter doors swell and refuse to shut, but in summer they dry up and shrink?

Because in autumn and winter the wood absorbs moisture like a sponge, and swells; but in summer the water evaporates and the wood shrinks.

Why does a soft wood like poplar swell more than oak, for example?

Because in the hard wood, in the oak, there are less empty spaces, and less room for the water to sink in; while in the soft wood, in the poplar, there are more empty spaces and more room for the water. In decaying wood there is still more room and therefore decayed wood swells more than any other kind and sinks sooner.

Beehives are made of the softest wood or of rotten wood; the best hives are made of rotten willow. Why? Because the air penetrates the rotten stump, and bees like the air in this kind of a hive.

Why do boards warp?

Because they dry unevenly. If you put a damp board into an oven, the water exudes from one side, and the board gets dry on that side and makes the other side yield to it. It is impossible to shrink the damp side because there is water in it and the whole board bends.

In order to keep floors from warping, they cut out pieces of dry wood and plunge them into boiling water. When the water has been wholly boiled away the pieces are glued together and will not warp, and this kind of inlaid floor is called a *parket.*

CHAPTER III

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF COHERENCE

Why is it that the bolsters under a wagon are made of oak while the naves of the wheels are turned out of birch?

It is necessary to have the bolsters and naves strong,

but oak is not more expensive than birch. It is because oak splits lengthwise, while birch is not easily split, but is made of tough filaments.

Accordingly, though oak has a closer texture than birch, it is so constituted that it splits, while birch is not easily split.

Why are the rims of the wheels and the bounds bent from oak or elm, but never out of birch or linden?

Because oak and elm, when soaked and softened, become elastic and do not break, while birch and linden splinter on all sides.

All this is due to the fact that the coherence of particles in oak and birch wood differs in degree.

CHAPTER IV

CRYSTALS

If salt is stirred up in water the particles of the salt are diffused through it and become invisible, but if more and more salt is added then at last the salt ceases to dissolve, and, however much you stir it, the salt remains like a white powder at the bottom. The water had dissolved the salt to the point of saturation and could take no more. But if the water be heated it will dissolve more; and the salt which refused to melt in the cold water will dissolve away. But if still more salt be added, then not even boiling water will dissolve it. Now, if you still continue to boil the water, the water itself will evaporate in the form of steam, and the salt will be left.

So it is of everything which water dissolves: the water has a limit beyond which it ceases to dissolve substances. Everything is more readily dissolved by hot water than by cold water; but, nevertheless, when the hot water is saturated, it ceases to dissolve any more. The substance remains unchanged but the water may pass off as steam.

If powdered saltpeter is dissolved in water and then

more saltpeter is added, and if the whole is heated and allowed to cool without being stirred, then the superfluous saltpeter will not settle on the bottom in the form of a powder, but will form in clustering hexagonal prisms on the bottom and on the sides. If powdered saltpeter is dissolved in water and then put in a warm place, then the water will evaporate and the residuum of saltpeter will be precipitated in the form of hexagonal crystals.

If common salt is dissolved in water and the water is heated and allowed to evaporate, then the residuum of salt is precipitated also, not in the form of a powder, but in cubes. If saltpeter and salt are dissolved together, the residuum of the two substances do not combine, but each is precipitated in its own form: the saltpeter in prisms, the salt in cubes.

If lime or any other salt or any other substance is dissolved in water and the water is evaporated, each substance is precipitated in its own peculiar way: one in triangular prisms, another in octagonal, another in brick-like forms, another in stars — each in its own way. These figures are different in all solid substances. Sometimes they are large and are found like stones in the ground; sometimes they are so small that they are invisible to the naked eye; but still each substance has its own form.

If, when water is saturated with saltpeter and the figures begin to form, the edges of the figure are broken with a needle, then again in the same place there will be deposited new atoms of the saltpeter, and the broken edge will be repaired just exactly in its own proper form — in hexagonal prisms. It is the same with salt and with everything else. All the infinitesimal atoms move and take their places where they are needed.

When water becomes ice, the same phenomenon takes place. A snowflake comes flying down; no figure can be seen in it. But as soon as it lights on anything moist and cold, on a pane of glass, or on fur, its form may be discerned. You can see a little star or a little plate. On the window-panes the vapor does not

freeze at haphazard, but as soon as it begins to freeze it instantly branches out into star shapes.

What is ice? It is cold solid water. When water turns from a liquid to a solid it forms figures and liberates heat. The same thing takes place with saltpeter when it changes from a liquid to a solid form: heat is liberated. The same with salt, the same with cast-iron, when it cools down from its melted to its solid form.

When anything turns from a liquid to a solid, it liberates heat and begins to form crystals. But when it changes from a solid to a liquid then it absorbs heat; its coldness disappears and its crystals melt.

Take melted iron and let it cool; take hot dough and let it cool; take slaked lime and let it cool — heat is produced. Take ice and melt it — cold is produced. Take saltpeter, salt, or anything else which is soluble, and put it into water — cold is produced. So that when you want to make ice-cream, you melt salt and water.

CHAPTER V

BAD AIR

I

One festive day, at the village of Nikolskoye, the people had gone to mass. On the estate[1] were left the cattle-woman, the village elder,[2] and the hostler.

The cattle-woman went to the well after water. The well was in the yard itself. She was drawing up the bucket, but failed to hold it. The bucket slipped from her, struck against the side of the well, and broke the rope.

The cattle-woman returned to her cottage, and said to the elder: —

[1] At the *barsky dvor;* that is, the establishment of a *barin*, nobleman or gentleman.

[2] The *starosta*, the elected head of the village *mir*, or commune.

"Aleksandr, come, little father, to the well; I have dropped the bucket."

Aleksandr replied: —

"You dropped it, and you must get it out."

The cattle-woman replied that she was going to climb down into the well, only she wanted him to hold her.

The elder said: —

"Very well, then; let us go; you have been fasting lately, so I can hold you; but if you had had dinner, it would be impossible."

The elder fastened a stake to the rope, and the woman sat astride of it, clinging to the rope, and she began to descend into the well, and the elder unwound the rope by means of the windlass. The well was about fourteen feet[1] deep, and there was a third of a fathom of water in it.

The elder kept turning back the windlass slowly, and shouting to the woman: —

"Is that enough?"

And the cattle-woman kept crying: —

"Just a little more."

Suddenly the elder felt the rope slacken; he shouted to the woman, but she gave no answer. The elder looked down into the well, and saw that the woman was lying with her head in the water and her feet in the air.

The elder began to shout and call the people, but there was no one to come. Only the hostler came running.

The elder bade him hold the windlass, and he himself pulled up the rope, got astride of the stake, and descended into the well.

As soon as the hostler let the elder down to the water's edge, the same thing happened. He let go of the rope, and fell head-first down on the cattle-woman.

The hostler began to cry for help; then he ran to the church for the people. Mass was over, and the people were returning from church. All the peasant men and women hastened to the well. They all stood around

[1] Six *arshin*, 13.98 feet.

the curb, and each offered advice, but no one knew what to do.

A young carpenter forced his way through the throng, up to the well, seized the rope, sat on the stake, and told them to let him down. But Ivan took the precaution to fasten the rope to his waist. Two men let him down, and all the rest looked into the well to see what would happen to Ivan.

As soon as he reached the level of the water, he let go of the rope with his hands, and would have fallen in head-first, but for the fact of the girdle holding him.

All cried: —

"Pull him back!"

And they lifted Ivan to the top.

He hung on the rope like a dead weight. His head hung down and thumped against the edge of the well.

His face was bluish purple. They seized him, unfastened the rope, and laid him on the ground. They thought that he was dead; but he suddenly drew a deep sigh, began to clear his throat, and came to.

Then still others proposed to go down; but an old peasant said that it was impossible to go down into the well, for there was bad air in it, and this bad air was death to men.

Then the men ran to get gaffs, and they attempted to hook up the elder and the woman. The elder's wife and mother were shrieking near the well; the others were trying to calm them.

Then the peasants brought the gaffs to the well, and began to grapple for the two victims. Twice they lifted the elder, by means of his clothes, halfway up the well, to the well-curb; but he was heavy, his clothes tore, and he fell back. At last they hooked him with two gaffs and brought him to the surface. Then they brought up the cattle-woman in the same way.

Both were stone dead, and could not be brought to life.

Then, when an investigation of the well was made, they found that the bottom of the well was full of bad air.

This sort of air is so heavy, that no man can live in it nor any living thing exist in it.

They let a cat down into the well, and as soon as it reached the place where the bad air was, it immediately died.

Not only can no living thing live in it, but a candle cannot burn in it.

They let down a candle, and as soon as it reached the same place, it was immediately extinguished.

2

There are places under the earth where this bad air accumulates; and if you should go into them, you would immediately perish. Hence in mines they have lamps, and before a man goes into such a place they let a lamp down first.

If the lamp goes out, then it is impossible for a man to enter. So they send down a supply of fresh air until the lamp will burn. Near the city of Naples there is such a grotto. In it the bad air always stands to a height of an arshin[1] above the ground, and above that the air is pure. A man can walk through this grotto and receive no harm; but as soon as a dog enters, he chokes to death.

Whence comes this bad air?

It is made out of the same good air which we breathe. If many people are collected in one room, and all the doors and windows are shut so that no fresh air can get in, then the atmosphere becomes the same as in the well, and the people perish.

A hundred years ago the Hindus shut one hundred and forty-six Englishmen into a dungeon, and locked them up in an underground hole, where the air could not get to them.

The imprisoned Englishmen, after they had been there a few hours, began to choke, and at the end of the night one hundred and twenty-three of them were dead, and the rest were taken out barely alive, and ill.

[1] 2.33 feet.

At first the air had been pure in the dungeon; but when the prisoners had breathed up all the good air, and it was impossible to get any fresh supply, it became bad, like that in the well, and they died.

How is it that bad air is made out of good air, when many people are together?

Because when people breathe, the good air is taken into the lungs, and breathed out as bad air.

CHAPTER VI

HOW AIR BALLOONS ARE MADE

If you take an inflated bladder and immerse it in water and then let go of it, the bladder rises to the top and begins to float. In exactly the same way if you boil water in a kettle, you will see on the bottom, over the fire, how the water becomes volatile, becomes a gas; and when a little of this aqueous gas collects it immediately rises to the top in the form of bubbles. First, one bubble flies up, then another, and when the water is thoroughly heated, then the bubbles rise unceasingly; then the water boils.

Just exactly as the bubbles filled with steam fly up to the top because they are lighter than water — so up through the atmosphere will rise a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas or with heated air, because heated air is lighter than cold air, and hydrogen is the lightest of all gases.

Air balloons are made of hydrogen or of heated air. This is the way they are made of hydrogen. A large bag is made and attached by ropes to stakes, and then it is filled with hydrogen gas. As soon as the ropes are cut, the balloon rises and floats until it escapes from the atmosphere that is heavier than hydrogen. But when it reaches a rarer part of the atmosphere, the balloon stops rising and then it floats along like a bubble on the top of the water.

Balloons are made of heated air in this manner: a

large empty bag is made with a wide mouth below like a pitcher upside down, and in the mouth is placed a bunch of cotton which is soaked with ether and then set on fire. The air in the balloon is heated by the fire and becomes lighter than the cold air outside, and the balloon rises like a bubble in water, and it floats up in the air until it reaches atmosphere so rare as to be lighter than the heated air.

Almost a century ago some Frenchmen — the Montgolfier brothers[1] invented the hot air balloon. They made a bag of cloth and paper and filled it with hot air; it floated. Then they made another still larger, attached a ram, a cock, and a duck to it and sent it up. The balloon ascended and returned successfully. Then they attached a small boat to it, and a man took his place in the boat. The balloon went up so high that it was lost to sight; it floated off and then came down without injury. Then they invented the method of inflating balloons with hydrogen, and they kept going higher and more rapidly.

In order to make a balloon ascension a basket is attached to the bag, and two, three, and even as many as eight men accommodate themselves in it, taking with them food and drink.

In order to regulate the movements of the balloon up and down at will, a valve is constructed in the balloon, and the aëronaut[2] can open it or shut it at his own pleasure. If the balloon rises too high, and the aëronaut wishes to descend, he opens the valve, the gas escapes, the balloon contracts, and begins to sink. Moreover, he always carries bags of sand. If a bag is thrown out, the balloon becomes lighter, and it rises. If the aëronaut wishes to come down, and sees that it is not a fit place for landing, — on account of a river or a forest, — then he empties out some sand, and the balloon becomes lighter and rises again.

[1] Jacques Étienne, 1745–1799; Joseph Michael, 1740–1810. — Ed.
[2] *Kto lyetit*, he who flies.

CHAPTER VII

GALVANISM

Once there was a learned Italian named Galvani. He had an electrical machine and he was showing his pupils what electricity was. He rubbed glass vigorously with oiled silk, and then he approached to the glass a copper knob with a glass handle, and instantly a spark leaped from the glass to the copper knob. He told them that a similar spark would be elicited by sealing-wax and amber. He showed how feathers and pieces of paper are sometimes attracted by electricity, sometimes repelled, and why this is. He performed many different experiments with electricity and showed them to his pupils.

Once it happened that his wife was taken ill. He summoned the doctor and asked him how to cure her. The doctor ordered him to have made for her a frog soup. Galvani sent out to get some edible frogs. They were caught, killed, and laid on the table.

The cook did not come to get the frogs, and Galvani went on to show his pupils his experiment with the electrical machine, and produced sparks.

Suddenly he noticed that the dead frogs lying on the table moved their legs. He began to study them and discovered that each time he elicited a spark from the electrical machine the frogs kicked.

Galvani procured some more frogs and began a series of experiments. Each time it proved that whenever he produced a spark the dead frogs acted as if they were alive. And so it occurred to Galvani that living frogs might move their legs from this cause, that electricity might pass through them.

But Galvani knew that electricity is in the atmosphere; that while it is more noticeable in sealing-wax, amber, and glass, still it is in the air, and that thunder and lightning are produced by atmospheric electricity.

So he began to make experiments whether dead frogs would move their legs under the influence of

atmospheric electricity. For this purpose he took some frogs, skinned them, cut off their heads and fore paws, and attached them by copper hooks to the roof, under an iron gutter. He thought that if a thunder-shower came up and the atmosphere was full of electricity, then the electricity would be brought to the frogs through the copper wire, and they would begin to kick.

But though several thunder-showers came up, the frogs did not move. Galvani proceeded to take them down, and while he was doing so, he touched the leg of one of the frogs to the gutter and the leg kicked! Galvani then took the frogs and began to make the following experiment: he attached iron wire to the copper hook and then touched the frog's leg with the wire — the leg kicked.

Here Galvani came to the conclusion that all animals are alive only because they have electricity in them, and that electricity leaps from the brain into the flesh and thus animals move.

No one had at that time gone very thoroughly into the study of this matter, and as nothing was known about it, every one put faith in Galvani's explanation.

But about this time another scientist, Volta, began to experiment for himself, and proved conclusively that Galvani was mistaken. He tried touching the frogs, not as Galvani had done with a copper hook and an iron wire, but first with a copper hook and a copper wire and then with an iron hook and an iron wire — and the frogs did not stir. They moved only when Volta touched them with an iron wire attached to copper.

So Volta came to the conclusion that the electricity was not in the dead frog, but in the iron and copper. He continued to make his tests, and this was the result: As soon as he placed iron and copper together, electricity was produced, and the electricity caused the dead frogs to kick. Then Volta began to try how to make electricity in a different way from what had been done before. He tried putting together various metals like the iron and copper, and he reached the conclusion that only from the contact of such metals as silver, platinum, zinc, tin, iron, he could produce electric sparks.

After Volta, new methods were invented for getting a stronger current of electricity by putting the metals into various liquids, water, and acids. By the use of these liquids electricity acquired so much more energy that it was no longer necessary to rub, as had been done before; all that was required was to place in a single dish pieces of different metals and pour on them the liquid, and electricity would be created and sparks would be elicited.

As soon as this kind of electricity was discovered, methods were invented for putting it to use; they could cover objects with gold and silver by means of electricity, and by means of electricity they could transmit signals from one distant place to another.

To do this, pieces of different metals are placed in glass jars, and liquids are poured over them. The electricity is produced in these jars, and this electricity is conveyed by means of a wire to any desired place, and from that place is led into the earth. The electricity in the earth runs back again to the jars and is conducted into them by means of another wire. Thus this electricity keeps going in a circuit, as in a ring — by the wire to the earth and back by the earth and again by the wire and again by the earth. Electricity can go in either direction, according as you may wish: it may go first by the wire and return by the earth, or go first by the earth and return by the wire. Over the wire, in the place where the signals are given, is placed a magnetic needle, and this needle points in *one* direction if the *electric* current comes by the wire and returns by the earth, and in *the other* if the electric current comes by the earth and returns by the wire. By this needle signals are given, and by means of these signals telegraphic messages are sent from one place to another.

CHAPTER VIII

SOLAR HEAT

On a clear, frosty day in winter, if you happen to be in a field or in the forest, and look around you and listen, you see the snow everywhere, the rivers are frozen across, the dry grass sticks out from the snow, the trees stand bare; there is not a sound.

Then look in the summer: the rivers are running and murmuring; in every little pond the frogs are calling and croaking;[1] the birds are flying about and singing and whistling; flies and gnats are humming and buzzing;[2] the trees and the grass are growing and waving. Freeze a kettle of water, it grows as hard as stone. Place the frozen kettle on the fire; the ice begins to crack, to melt, to move. The water begins to tremble and to send up bubbles; then when it begins to boil, it tosses and is agitated. The same phenomenon happens all over the world by the action of heat. When there is no heat, everything is dead. When there is heat, everything lives and moves. Little heat — little motion; more heat — more motion; much heat — much motion; great heat — great motion.

Whence comes the heat to the world?

It comes from the sun.

In winter the sun runs low, its rays do not warm the earth, and nothing stirs. The little sun begins to go higher above our heads; it begins to send its light down directly on the earth — everything grows warm, and life and motion increase.

The snow begins to melt, the ice on the rivers begins to break up, the brooks come leaping down from the hills, the vapor from the waters rises into the sky and becomes clouds, and the showers fall.

What does all this?

The sun.

Seeds are sown, the germs sprout, the roots catch

[1] *Bubulkat'*. [2] *Zhuzhzhat'*.

hold of the soil, from the old roots new runners strike out; the trees and grasses begin to grow.

What does all this?

The sun.

The moles and bears come out of their lairs, flies and bees grow lively, gnats abound, fishes come out from their eggs into the warmth.

What does all that?

The sun.

In one place the air grows warm, begins to rise, and into its place flows a colder air — there is a wind.

What does that?

The sun.

The clouds come up, they roll up and they separate, then there is lightning.

What makes those flashes?

The sun.

Herbs, grain, fruits, trees grow. Animals feed on them, human beings make their sustenance of them, and store them up for fodder and fuel against the winter; men build houses, railways, and cities.

What furnishes the material?

The sun.

A man builds himself a house. What does he make it out of? Of lumber. The lumber is sawed out of trees, the sun made the trees grow.

You heat a stove with fuel.

What produced the fuel?

The sun.

A man eats bread and potatoes.

What produced them?

The sun.

A man eats meat. What fed the animals, the birds? Grass, but the sun produced the grass. A man builds a stone house with brick and mortar. The brick and mortar were burnt with fuel. The sun produced the fuel.

Everything needed by man, everything that comes directly into use, is due to the sun, and much of the sun's heat goes into everything. Grain is necessary to

all men because the sun makes it grow and there is much solar heat stored away in it. Grain warms whoever eats it.

Fuel and lumber are useful because there is much heat in them. Whoever buys fuel for winter's use, buys solar heat. And in winter you can burn your fuel whenever you please and liberate the solar heat into your room.

And when there is heat there is also motion. Whatever motion there is, it all comes from heat either directly from the sun's heat or from heat stored away by the sun in coal, in firewood, in grain, and in grass. Horses and cattle draw loads, men work; what *moves* them? Heat. But whence comes the heat? From food. But the food was produced by the sun.

Water-mills and windmills are set in motion and grind. What moves them? Wind and water. But what drives the wind? Heat. And what drives the water? Heat, to be sure. It raises the water in the form of vapor into the sky, and if it were not for heat the water would not fall.

A machine does work. Steam moves it. What makes the steam? Fuel; and in the fuel is the sun's heat.

Out of heat comes motion, and out of motion comes heat. And both the heat and the motion are due to the sun.

TALES FROM ZOÖLOGY

CHAPTER I

THE OWL AND THE HARE

IT was growing dark. The owls began to fly in the forest, over the ravine, in search of their prey.

A big gray hare was bounding over the field, and began to smooth his fur.

An old owl, as she sat on the bough, was watching the gray hare; and a young owl said, "Why don't you pounce down on the hare?"

The old one replied: —

"I am not strong enough. The hare is large. If you should clutch him, he would carry you off into the thicket."

But the young owl said: —

"Why, I could hold him with one claw, and with the other I could cling to the tree."

And the young owl swooped down on the hare, clutched his back with his claw in such a way that all the nails sank into the fur, and he was going to cling to the tree with the other claw; and he said to himself: —

"He will not escape."

But the hare darted himself away, and pulled the owl in two. One claw remained in the tree; the other in the hare's back.

The next year a sportsman killed this hare, and was surprised to find on his back the talons of a full-grown owl.

CHAPTER II

HOW WOLVES TEACH THEIR CUBS

I WAS riding along the road, when I heard some one shouting behind me. It was a young shepherd. He was running across a field, and pointing at something.

I looked, and saw two wolves running across the field. One was full grown; the other was a cub. The cub had on his back a lamb which had just been killed, and he had the leg in his mouth.

The old wolf was running behind.

As soon as I saw the wolves, I joined the shepherd, and we started in pursuit, setting up a shout.

When they heard our shout, some peasants started out also in pursuit, with their dogs.

As soon as the old wolf caught sight of the dogs and the men, he ran to the young one, snatched the lamb from him, jerked it over his own back, and both wolves increased their pace and were soon lost from view.

Then the lad began to relate how it had happened. The big wolf had sprung out from the ravine, seized the lamb, killed it, and carried it off. The cub came to meet him, and threw himself on the lamb. The old wolf allowed the young wolf to carry the lamb, but kept running a short distance behind.

But as soon as there was danger, the old one ceased giving the lesson, and seized the lamb for himself.

CHAPTER III

HARES AND WOLVES

HARES feed at night on the bark of trees; field-hares, on seeds and grass; barn-hares, on grains of wheat on the threshing-floors.

In the night-time hares leave on the snow a deep, noticeable trail. Men and dogs and foxes and crows and eagles delight in hunting hares.

If a hare went in a straight line without doubling, then in the morning there would be no trouble in following his trail and catching him; but God has endowed the hare with timidity, and this timidity is his salvation.

At night the hare runs over the fields and woods without fear and leaves a straight track; but as soon as morning comes, and his foes awake, then the hare begins to listen, now for the barking of dogs, now for the creaking of sledges, now for the voices of peasants, now for the noise of wolves in the woods, and so he leaps first to one side and then to the other.

He darts ahead, and something frightens him, and so he doubles on his track. Then he hears something else, and with all his might he leaps to one side and makes away from his former track. Again something startles him, and the hare turns back and again jumps to one side. When it is daylight, he is in his hole.

In the morning, when the sportsmen begin to track the hare, they become confused in this maze of double tracks and long leaps, and they marvel at the hare's shrewdness.

But the hare had no thought of being shrewd: he was merely afraid of everything.

CHAPTER IV

SCENT

A MAN sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, smells with his nose, tastes with his tongue, and feels with his fingers. Some men have more serviceable eyes. Some men have less serviceable eyes than others. One man has keen sense of hearing, another is deaf. One man has a more delicate sense of smell than another, and he perceives an odor from a long distance, while another will not notice the stench from a bad egg. One person recognizes an object by touching it, while another can do nothing of the sort, and is unable to distinguish wood from paper by the touch. One no sooner puts a

substance into his mouth than he tells it is sweet, while another swallows it and cannot make out whether it is sweet or bitter.

In the same way wild animals have various senses in various degrees of power. But all wild animals have a keener scent than man has. When a man wants to tell what an object is, he examines it, he listens when it makes a noise, sometimes he smells of it and tastes it; but more than all, if a man wants to be sure what an object is, he must feel of it.

But in the case of almost all wild animals, their chief dependence is on smelling the object. The horse, the wolf, the dog, the cow, the bear, do not recognize substances until they test them by smelling.

When a horse is afraid of anything, it snorts; in other words, it clears its nose so as to smell better, and its fear does not disappear until it has scented the object. A dog will often follow its master by its scent, and when it sees its master it is afraid, it does not recognize him, and it keeps on barking until it smells him, and recognizes that what seemed terrible to his eyes is really his master. Cattle see other cattle killed, they hear other cattle bellow in the abattoir, and yet they have no comprehension of what is taking place. But if the cow or the ox happens to find a place where the blood of cattle has been shed and catches the scent of it, then the creature understands, begins to low, kicks, and resists being driven from the place.

An old man had a sick wife; he himself went to milk the cow. The cow lowed; she knew it was not her mistress, and she would not give any milk. The man's wife[1] told him to wear her cloak and put her kerchief on his head; and when he did so the cow let herself be milked. But when the old man threw off these garments, the cow smelt him and again held back her milk.

Hounds when they track a wild animal often run, not on the trail itself, but at one side, even as far as twenty paces. When an inexperienced huntsman wants to set his dog on the trail of an animal, and touches the dog's

[1] The *khozyaïka*.

nose to the trail itself, the dog always goes to one side. The trail smells so strong to the dog that it cannot make the proper distinctions by the trail itself, and cannot tell whether the animal was running one way or the other. It goes to one side and then only it tells by its sense of smell in which direction the scent increases, and so runs after the animal.

It does what we do when any one speaks too loudly in our ear: we move away, and then at a proper distance we distinguish what is said. Or when we are looking at any object which is too near us, we hold it farther from our eyes, and then we look at it.

Dogs recognize one another and communicate with one another by means of smells.

Still more delicate is the sense of smell in insects. The bee flies straight to the flower which it needs. The worm crawls to its leaf. The bug, the flea, the gnat, smell a man distant a hundred thousand times its own length away.

If the atoms emanating from substances and penetrating our nostrils are minute, how infinitesimal must be the particles which affect the smellers of insects!

CHAPTER V

TOUCH AND SIGHT

Twist the index finger with the middle finger and place between these fingers intertwined a small ball in such a way that it touches both, and then shut your eyes. It will seem to you that you are holding two balls. Open your eyes and you will see that it is only one. Your fingers have deceived you, and your eyes have corrected the impression.

Look — best of all a little sidewise — at a good, clear mirror, it will seem to you that it is a window or a door, and that there is something behind it. Touch it with your fingers and you will assure yourself that it is a mirror. Your eyes deceived you, but your fingers corrected the impression.

CHAPTER VI

THE SILKWORM

In my garden there were some old mulberry trees. They had been set out long ago by my grandfather.

One autumn I was given a quantity[1] of silkworm eggs, and advised to raise the worms and make silk.

These eggs were dark gray and so small that in my zolotnik I counted five thousand eight hundred and thirty-five of them. They were smaller than the heads of the smallest pins. They were perfectly inert; only, when they were crushed, they made a crackling sound.

I heaped them up on my table and had forgotten all about them.

But when spring came, I went one day out into my garden and noticed that the mulberry buds were swelling, and were even in leaf where the sun got to them. Then I remembered about my silkworm eggs, and as soon as I went into the house I began to examine them and scatter them over a wider surface.

The larger part of them were no longer of a dark gray as before, but some had turned into a light gray color, while others were still brighter, with milky shades. The next morning I went early to look at the eggs, and saw that the worms had already crept out of some of them, and that others were swollen and filled up. They had evidently become conscious in their shells that their nutriment was ready for them.

The little worms were black and hairy, and so small that it was difficult to see them. I examined them with a magnifying glass, and could see that in the egg they lay curled up in little rings, and when they emerged they straightened themselves out.

I went out into the garden to my mulberry tree, gathered three handfuls of leaves, and laid them by them-

[1] A *zolotnik*, equal to two and forty-hundredths drams, one ninety-sixth of the Russian pound, which is nine-tenths of ours.

selves on the table, and went to make a place for them, as I had been told to do.

While I was getting ready the paper, the worms perceived the presence of the leaves on the table, and crawled over to them. I moved the leaves away and tried to attract the worms along, and they, just like dogs attracted by a piece of meat, crept in pursuit of the leaves over the table-cloth, across the pencils, penknives, and papers.

Then I cut out a sheet of paper and riddled it with holes made with a knife. I spread the leaves on the paper and laid the paper with the leaves over the worms. The worms crept through the holes; they all mounted on the leaves and immediately set to work feeding.

In the same way I laid a paper covered with leaves over the other worms, and they likewise, as soon as they were hatched, immediately crept through the holes and began to feed.

All the worms on each sheet of paper gathered together and ate the leaves, beginning at the edge. Then, when they had stripped them clean, they began to crawl over the paper in search of new food. Then I would spread over them fresh sheets of perforated paper covered with mulberry leaves, and they would crawl through to the new food.

They lay in my room on a shelf, and when there were no leaves, they would crawl over the shelf, reaching the very edge; but they never fell to the floor, although they were blind.

As soon as a worm would come to the abyss, before letting himself down, he would put out of his mouth a little thread and fasten it to the edge, then let himself down, hang suspended, make investigations, and if it pleased him to let himself down, he would let himself down; but if he wanted to return, then he would pull himself back by means of his web.

During all the twenty-four hours of the day the worms did nothing else but feed; and it was necessary to give them mulberry leaves in greater and greater

quantities. When fresh leaves were brought, and they were crawling over them, then there would be a rustling sound, like the noise of rain on foliage. This was made by them as they began to eat.

In this way the old worms lived five days. By this time they had grown enormously, and would eat ten times as much as at first.

I knew that on the fifth day it was time for them to roll themselves up, and I was on the watch for this to begin. In the evening of the fifth day one of the old worms stretched himself out on the paper and ceased to eat or to move.

During the next twenty-four hours I watched him for a long time. I knew that the worms shed their skins a number of times, when they have grown so large that their shells are too small for them, and then they put on new ones.

One of my companions took turns with me in watching the process. In the evening he cried: —

"Come; he is beginning to undress!"

I went over to the shelf, and was just in time to see that this worm had fastened his old shell to the paper and had made a rent near his mouth, was thrusting out his head, and was struggling and twisting so as to get out; but his old shirt would not let him go.

I looked at him for a long time struggling there and unable to extricate himself, and I felt a desire to help him.

I tried to pick him out by means of my finger-nail, but instantly saw that I had done a foolish thing. A sort of liquid gushed over my finger-nail, and the worm died.

I thought that it was his blood; but then I saw that the worm had under his skin a watery juice for the purpose of facilitating the process of slipping out of the shirt. My finger-nail had evidently disturbed the formation of the new shirt, for the worm, though he was loosened, speedily perished.

I did not touch any of the others, and in the same way they all came out of their shirts. A few of them,

however, died; but all of them, after a long and painful struggle, at last emerged from their old shirts.

After they had moulted, the worms began to eat more voraciously than ever, and I had to bring them still more mulberry leaves. In the course of four days they went to sleep again, and again went through the change of skin.

Then they ate still more leaves, and they measured as much as an eighth of a vershok[1] in length.

Then at the end of six days they again went to sleep, and once more the transformation from old shells into new ones took place, and they began to be very large and fat, and we had really considerable trouble to keep them supplied with leaves.

On the ninth day the old worms entirely ceased to feed, and they went crawling up on the shelf and the supports. I caught some of them and gave them fresh leaves, but they turned their heads away from the leaves and crawled off again.

I then recollected that the silkworms, when they are about to spin their cocoons,[2] absolutely cease to feed, and go to climbing.

I put them back, and began to watch what they would do.

Some of the old ones crawled up on the ceiling, took up positions apart, each by himself, crawled around a little, and then began to fasten a web in various directions.

I watched one in particular. He went into a corner, extended a half-dozen threads at a distance of a vershok from him in every direction; then he hung himself to them, doubled himself almost in two, like a horseshoe, and began to move his head round and round, and to send out a silken web in such a way that the web began to whip itself around him.

By evening he was, as it were, in a mist of his own weaving. He could be scarcely seen, and on the next day he was entirely invisible in his cocoon. He was

[1] A *vershok* is 1.75 inch. There are sixteen vershoks in an arshin.
[2] In Russian the word *kukla* means both doll and chrysalis.

entirely enwrapped in silk, and yet he still kept spinning. At the end of three days he ceased to spin, and died.

Afterward I learned how long a thread he had spun in those three days. If the whole cocoon be unwound, it will sometimes give a thread more than a verst[1] in length, and rarely less; and it is easy to reckon how many times the worm has to turn his head during these three days to spin such a thread; it will be not less than three hundred thousand times. In other words, he turns his head round without ceasing once every second for seventy-two hours. We noticed also after this labor was finished, when we took a few of the cocoons and cut them open, that the worms were perfectly dry and white as wax.

I was aware that from these cocoons, with their dry, white, wax-like insides, butterflies would come forth; but as I looked at them, I could not believe it. Still, on the twentieth day, I began to watch what would happen to those that I had left.

I knew that on the twentieth day the change would take place. As yet nothing was to be seen, and I even began to think that there was some mistake about it, when suddenly I noticed that the end of one of the cocoons had grown dark and moist. I was even inclined to believe that it was spoiled, and was inclined to throw it away.

But then I thought, "May it not be the beginning of the change?" And so I kept watching it to see what would happen.

And, in fact, from the moist spot something moved. For a long time I could not make out what it was. But then something appeared like a head with feelers.

The feelers moved. Then I perceived that a leg was thrust through the hole, then another, and the leg was clinging hold and trying to get loose from the cocoon. Something came out farther and farther, and at last I perceived a moist butterfly.

When all its six legs were freed, the tail followed;

[1] 3500 feet.

when it was entirely out, it sat there. When the butterfly became dry, it was white; it spread its wings, flew up, circled around, and lighted on the window-pane.

At the end of two days the butterfly laid its eggs on the window-sill, and fastened them together. The eggs were yellowish in color. Twenty-five butterflies laid their eggs: I collected five thousand of them.

The next year I raised still more silkworms, and spun off still more silk.

STORIES FROM BOTANY

CHAPTER I

MY APPLE TREES

I SET out two hundred young apple trees, and for three years, in the spring and autumn, I dug around them, and when winter came, I wrapped them around with straw as a protection against rabbits.

On the fourth year, when the snow had gone, I went out to examine my apple trees. They had grown during the winter, their bark was smooth and full of sap, the branches were all perfect, and on all the extremities of the twigs were the buds of flowers, as round as little peas.

Here and there, where the buds had already burst, the edges of the petals could be seen.

I knew that all the buds would become flowers and fruit, and I was full of gladness as I watched my apple trees.

But when I came to strip off the straw from the first tree, I noticed that at its foot, just below the level of the soil, the bark of the tree had been nibbled around, down to the rind, — just like a white ring.

The mice had done it.

I stripped the next tree, and on the next tree it was just the same. Out of two hundred apple trees not one was untouched. I smeared the injured places with pitch and wax; but as soon as the apple trees bloomed, the flowers immediately fell to the ground. Little leaves came out, but they faded and dried up. The bark grew rough and black.

Out of my two hundred trees only nine were saved.

The bark of these nine apple trees had not been entirely girdled, but in the white rings there was left a band of bark. At the juncture of these bands with the bark warts grew; but though the trees were badly injured, still they survived. All the rest were lost, save that below the girdled place little sprouts came up; but they were wild.

The bark on trees is the same as the veins in man; the blood flows through a man's veins, and through the bark the sap flows over the tree and provides it with branches, leaves, and flowers. The whole inside of a tree may be removed, as often happens with old willows, and if only the bark is alive, the tree will live; but if the bark is destroyed, the tree is destroyed. If a man's veins are cut, the man dies: in the first place, because the blood runs out of them; and in the second place, because then the blood cannot be distributed over the body.

And in the same way the birch tree perishes when children make a hole in it to drink the sap; all the sap runs out.

And in the same way my apple trees perished because the mice entirely girdled the bark so that there was no way for the sap from the roots to reach the branches, the leaves, and the blossoms.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD POPLAR

Our park had been neglected for five years. I engaged workmen with axes and shovels, and I myself began to work with them in my park. We cut down and lopped off dead and wild growths and superfluous thickets and trees.

More abundantly and luxuriantly than anything else had grown the poplar and bird cherry. The poplar starts from roots, and it is impossible to pull it up; but you have to cut the roots out of the ground.

Behind the pond stood a monstrous poplar, two spans in circumference. On all sides of it was a field, and this field was overgrown with young poplar shoots. I ordered the men to cut them down: I wanted to make the place more cheerful; but, above all, I wanted to make it easier for the old poplar, because I thought that all these young trees came from it and robbed it of sap.

As we were cutting down the young poplars, I sometimes felt a pang of regret to see the roots full of sap hacked in pieces underground. Sometimes four of us tried to pull up the roots of some young poplar that had been cut down, and found it impossible. It would resist with all its might, and would not die. I said to myself: —

"Evidently it ought to live, if it clings so stoutly to life."

But it was essential to cut them down; and I persisted in having them destroyed. But afterward, when it was too late, I learned that I ought not to have destroyed them.

I supposed that the saplings drew the sap from the old poplar, but it proved to be quite the reverse. By the time I had cut them down, the old poplar was also beginning to die. When it put forth leaves, I saw that one of its halves — it grew in two great branches — was bare, and that same summer it dried up. It had been long dying, and was conscious of it, and had been giving its life to its shoots.

That was the reason that they had grown so rapidly, and I, who had wished to help it, had killed all its children.

CHAPTER III

THE BIRD CHERRY TREE

A BIRD cherry[1] had taken root on the path through the hazelnut grove, and was beginning to choke off the hazel bushes.

[1] *Cheryomukha* (*Prunus padus*).

For some time I queried whether to cut it or not to cut it; I felt sorry to do so. This bird cherry did not grow in a clump, but in a tree more than five inches[1] in diameter, and twenty-eight feet high, full of branches, bushy, and wholly covered with bright, white, fragrant blossoms. The perfume from it was wafted a long distance.

I certainly should not have cut it down, but one of the workmen — I had given him orders before to cut down every bird cherry — began to fell it in my absence. When I came he had already cut halfway into it, and the sap was dripping down under the ax as he let it fall into the gash.

"There 's no help for it," I said to myself; "evidently it is its fate."

So I myself took the ax, and began to help the peasant cut it down.

It is delightful to work at all sorts of work; it is delightful even to cut wood. It is delightful to sink the ax deep in the wood, with a slanting stroke, and then to cut it in straight, and thus to advance deeper and deeper into the tree.

I entirely forgot about the bird cherry tree, and thought only about getting it cut down as quickly as possible.

When I got out of breath, I laid down the ax, and the peasant and I leaned against the tree, and tried to push it over. We pushed hard; the tree shook its foliage and sprinkled us with drops of dew, and strewed all around the white, fragrant petals of its blossoms.

At this instant something shrieked; there was a sharp, crackling sound in the center of the tree, and the tree began to fall.

It broke off near the gash, and, slowly wavering, toppled over on the grass, with all its leaves and blossoms. The branches and blossoms trembled for a moment after it fell, and then grew motionless.

"Ekh! what a splendid piece!" said the peasant; "it 's a real shame!"

As for me, I felt so sorry that I hastened off to look after other work.

[1] Three vershoks, 5.25 inches.

CHAPTER IV

HOW TREES WALK

Once we were clearing an overgrown path on the hillside, near the pond. We had cut down many briers, willows, and poplars, and at last we came to a bird cherry.

It was growing on the path itself, and it was so old and thick that it seemed as if it must have been there at least ten years. And yet I knew that only five years before the park had been cleared.

I could not understand how such a mature cherry tree could have sprung up there.

We cut it down and went on. A little farther away, in another thicket, there was another bird cherry tree like the first, only even more dense.

I examined its root, and found that it sprang from under an old linden. The linden had been smothering it with its shade, and the cherry had run under the ground for a distance of a dozen feet,[1] with a straight stem; and when it came out into the light, it had raised its head and begun to flourish.

I cut it up by the root, and was amazed to see how light-colored and rotten the root was. After I had cut it off, the peasants and I tried to pull up the tree; but in spite of all our best efforts we could not stir it; it seemed to be fastened to the ground.

I said:—

"Look and see if we have not failed to cut it entirely off."

One of the workmen crawled down under it, and cried:—

"Yes, there's another root; there it is under the path."

I went to him, and found that this was the case.

The cherry tree, in order not to be choked off by the linden, had crept from under the linden to the path, seven feet from its original root. Then the root which

[1] Five arshin, 11.65 feet.

I had cut off was rotten and dried up, but the new one was alive. It had evidently felt that it would not live under the linden, had stretched itself out, had taken hold of the soil with its branch, had made a root out of the branch, and then abandoned the old root.

Then I began to understand how the first bird cherry had grown up in the path. It had evidently done the same thing, but had succeeded in so thoroughly ridding itself of its old root that I could not find it.

FABLES:

PARAPHRASED FROM THE INDIAN, AND IMITATIONS

I

THE HEAD AND TAIL OF THE SERPENT

THE serpent's Tail was disputing with the serpent's Head as to which should go first.

The Head said:—

"You cannot go first; you have no eyes or ears."

The Tail replied:—

"But at all events I have the strength to make you go. If I wanted, I could twine around a tree, and you could not stir."

The Head said:—

"Let us part company."

And the Tail tore itself away from the Head, and crawled away in its own direction.

But as soon as it had left the Head, it came upon a cranny and fell into it.

II

FINE THREADS

A MAN bade a spinner spin fine threads. The spinner spun fine threads; but the man declared that the threads were not good, and that he wished the *very finest* of fine threads.

The spinner said: —

"If these are not fine enough for you, then here are some others that will suit you."

And she pointed to a bare spot. The man declared that he could not see them.

The spinner replied: —

"The fact that you cannot see them proves that they are very fine; I can't see them myself."

The fool was rejoiced, and ordered some more of the same thread, and paid down the money for it.

III

THE DIVISION OF THE INHERITANCE

A FATHER had two sons. He said to them: —

"I am dying; divide everything equally."

When the father was dead, the sons could not make the division without quarreling.

They went to a neighbor to help them decide.

The neighbor asked them what their father had commanded them to do.

They replied: —

"He commanded us to make equal shares of everything."

Then said the neighbor: —

"Tear all the raiment in two; break all the utensils in two; cut all the live stock in two."

The brothers took the neighbor's advice, and at the end neither had anything.

IV

THE MONKEY

A MAN went into the woods. He felled a tree, and began to cut it in pieces. He lifted the end of the tree on the stump, sat astride upon it, and began to saw. Then he drove a wedge into the cleft, and began to saw

farther along; then he removed the wedge, and put it in the new place.

A monkey was sitting on a tree, watching him.

When the man lay down to sleep, the monkey got astride of the tree and began to saw; but when he took out the wedge, the tree closed together again, and nipped his tail.

He began to struggle and squeal.

The man awoke, knocked the monkey down, and tied him with a rope.

V

THE MONKEY AND THE PEAS

A MONKEY was carrying two handfuls of peas. One little pea dropped out. He tried to pick it up, and spilt twenty. He tried to pick up the twenty, and spilt them all. Then he lost his temper, scattered the peas in all directions, and ran away.

VI

THE MILCH COW

A MAN had a Cow; every day she gave a pail of milk. The man invited some guests. In order to get more milk he did not milk the Cow for ten days.

He thought that on the tenth day the Cow would give him ten pails of milk.

But the Cow's milk had dried up, and she gave less milk than ever before.

VII

THE DUCK AND THE MOON

A DUCK was floating down the river; she had been hunting for a fish, and all day long she had not found one.

When night came, she saw the Moon in the water, and thought that it was a fish, and she dived down to catch the Moon.

The other ducks saw this, and began to make sport of her.

From that time forth the Duck began to be ashamed and lose courage, so that whenever she saw a fish under the water she would not seize it, and so she died of starvation.

VIII

THE WOLF IN THE DUST

A Wolf was anxious to steal a sheep from the flock, and went to the leeward, so that the dust from the flock might cover him. The Shepherd Dog saw him and said: —

"It 's no use, Wolf, for you to go in the dust; it will spoil your eyes."

But the Wolf replied: —

"It is very unfortunate, Doggy,[1] my eyes were spoiled long ago, but they say that the dust from a flock of sheep is an excellent remedy for the eyes."

IX

THE MOUSE UNDER THE GRANARY

A Mouse lived under a granary. In the granary floor was a little hole and the grain slipped down through the hole. The Mouse's life was happy, but the desire came over her to make a show of her life.

She gnawed a larger hole, and invited other Mice.

"Come," said she, "and have a feast; there will be food enough for all."

But after she had brought the Mice, she discovered that there was no hole at all. The farmer had noticed the big hole in the floor, and closed it up.

[1] *Sobachenka*, diminutive of *Sobaka*.

X

THE VERY BEST PEAR

A GENTLEMAN sent his servant to buy the very best pears.

The servant went to the shop, and asked for pears.

The merchant gave them to him; but the servant said: —

"No; give me your very best pears."

The merchant said: —

"Taste one; you will find that they are delicious."

"How can I know," exclaimed the servant, "that they are all delicious, if I taste only one?"

So he bit a little out of each pear, and took them to his master.

Then his master dismissed him.

XI

THE FALCON AND THE COCK

A FALCON became tame, and would fly to his master's hand whenever he called. The Cock was afraid of the master, and screamed when he came near him.

And the Falcon said to the Cock: —

"You Cocks have no sense of gratitude! What a race of slaves you are! As soon as you are hungry, you go to your master. It is a very different thing with us wild birds; we are strong and we can fly faster than all others, and we are not afraid of men; but we go of our own accord and perch on their hands when they call us. We remember that they have given us food."

And the Cock said: —

"You do not run away from men, because you never saw a Falcon roasted; but many a time have we seen Cocks roasted!"

XII

THE JACKALS AND THE ELEPHANT

The Jackals had eaten all the carrion in the forest, and there was nothing left for them to devour. Now there was an aged Jackal, and he devised a plan to get food. He went to the Elephant, and said: —

"We used to have a tsar, but he became spoiled; he would lay such tasks on us that it was impossible to do them; we wish to elect another tsar; and my people have sent me to beg you to become our tsar. We live well; whatever you wish, that we will do, and we will honor you in all respects. Come, let us go to our empire."

The Elephant consented, and followed the Jackal. The Jackal led him into a bog. When the Elephant began to sink, the Jackal said: —

"Now order whatever you desire, and we will do it."

The Elephant said: —

"I command you to pull me out of here."

The Jackal laughed, and said: —

"Seize my tail with your proboscis, and I will instantly pull you out."

The Elephant replied: —

"Can you pull me out with your tail?"

But the Jackal demanded: —

"Why, then, did you order anything that was impossible to do? We drove away our first tsar for the very reason that he laid impossible commands on us!"

When the Elephant had perished in the swamp, the Jackals came and ate him up.

XIII

THE HERON, THE FISHES, AND THE CRAB

A Heron lived by a pond, and was beginning to grow old. She was no longer strong enough to catch fish. So she began to plan how she might contrive to get a living. And she said to the Fishes: —

"Fishes, you have not the least idea what a misfortune is threatening you. I have heard some men say that they are going to drain the pond, and catch all of you. I happen to know that beyond this mountain is a nice little pond. I would help you to get there; but I am now in years; it is hard for me to fly."

The Fishes began to beseech the Heron to help them.

The Heron replied: —

"I will do my best for you, I will carry you over; but I cannot do it all at once, only one at a time."

And so the Fishes were delighted; they all said: —

"Carry me! carry me!"

And the Heron began to carry them; she would take up one at a time, carry him off to a field, and feast on him. In this way she ate up many fishes.

Now there lived in the pond an aged Crab. When the Heron began to carry off the Fishes, he suspected the true state of affairs; and he said: —

"Well, now, Heron, take me also to your new settlement."

The Heron seized the Crab, and flew off with him. As soon as she reached the field, she was going to drop the Crab. But the Crab, seeing the bones of the Fishes on the field, clasped his claws around the Heron's neck, and strangled her; and then he crawled back to the pond and told the Fishes.

XIV

THE WATER-SPRITE AND THE PEARL

A MAN was sailing in a boat, and dropped a precious pearl into the sea. The man returned to land, and took a pail, and began to scoop up the water and pour it on the shore.

For three days unweariedly he scooped and poured.

On the fourth day a Water-sprite came up out of the water, and asked: —

"Why art thou scooping?"

The man replied: —
"I am scooping because I have lost a pearl."
The Water-sprite asked: —
"Are you going to stop before long?"
The man replied: —
"When I have scooped the sea dry, then I shall stop."

Then the Water-sprite returned into the depths, and brought up the very same pearl, and gave it to the man.

XV

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

One blind from birth asked a man who could see: —
"What color is milk?"
The man who could see replied: —
"The color of milk is like white paper."
The blind man asked: —
"This color, then, rustles in the hands like paper?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; it is white, like white flour."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is soft and friable like flour, is it?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; it is simply white, like a rabbit."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is downy and soft like a rabbit, is it?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; white is a color exactly like snow."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is cold like snow, is it?"

And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made, still the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the color of milk really was

XVI

THE WOLF AND THE BOW

A HUNTSMAN with his bow and arrows went out to hunt; he killed a goat, flung it over his shoulders, and was carrying it home.

On the way he saw a wild boar.

The Huntsman dropped the goat, shot the boar, and wounded him.

The boar rushed upon the Huntsman, gored him to death with his tusks, and then himself died.

A Wolf smelled the blood, and came to the place where were lying the goat, the boar, the man and his bow.

The Wolf was overjoyed, and said to himself, "Now I shall have enough to eat for a long time; but I am not going to eat it all up at once; I will eat a little at a time, so that none of it may be wasted. First I will eat the hardest part, and then I will feast on the softest and daintiest."

The Wolf sniffed the goat, the boar, and the man, and he said:—

"This food is soft, I will eat this afterward; but first of all I will eat the tendon on this bow."

And he began to gnaw at the tendon on the bow. When he had bitten through the bowstring, the bow sprang and hit the Wolf in the belly. And the Wolf also perished, and the other wolves came and ate up the man, and the goat, and the boar, and the Wolf.

XVII

THE BIRDS IN THE SNARE

A HUNTSMAN set a snare by a lake. Many birds were caught in it. The birds were large; they seized the snare, and flew off with it.

The Huntsman began to run after the birds. A peasant saw him running after them, and he said:—

"Where are you going? Can you catch birds on foot?"

The Huntsman replied: —

"If there were only one bird, I should not catch him; but as it is, I shall bag my game."

And so it proved.

When evening came, the birds each tried to fly off in his own direction; one to the forest, another to the swamp, a third to the field, and all fell with the net to the ground, and the Huntsman captured them.

XVIII

THE TSAR AND THE FALCON

A Tsar, while out hunting, unleashed his favorite Falcon at a hare, and galloped after it.

The Falcon caught the hare. The Tsar took away the hare, and started to seek for some water to quench his thirst. The Tsar found the water on a hillside. But it trickled out, a drop at a time. So the Tsar drew his cup from the holster, and placed it under the water.

The water trickled into the cup, and when the cup was full, the Tsar put it to his mouth, and was about to drink. Suddenly the Falcon fluttered down upon the Tsar's hand, flapped his wings, and spilled the water.

Again the Tsar placed the cup under the spring. He waited long, until it was filled brimming full, and again, when he lifted it to his lips, the Falcon flew upon his wrist and spilled the water.

When for the third time the Tsar managed to get his cup filled, and was lifting it to his lips, the Falcon again spilled it.

The Tsar grew wroth, and struck the Falcon with all his might with a stone, and killed him.

Then came the Tsar's servants, and one of them ran up to the spring in order to find a more plentiful supply of water and come back quickly with a full cup.

But the servant brought no water back; he returned with an empty cup, and said: —

"The water is not fit to drink; there is a serpent in the spring, and it has poisoned all the water. It is a good thing that the Falcon spilt it. If you had drunk of the water, you would have perished.

The Tsar said: —

"Foully have I recompensed the Falcon; he saved my life, and I killed him for it."

XIX

THE TSAR AND THE ELEPHANTS

An Indian Tsar commanded to gather together all the blind men, and when they were collected, he commanded to show them his Elephants. The blind men went to the stables, and began to feel of the Elephants.

One felt of the leg; another, of the tail; a third, of the rump; a fourth, of the belly; a fifth, of the back; a sixth, of the ears; a seventh, of the tusks; an eighth, of the proboscis.

Then the Tsar called the blind men to him, and asked them: —

"What are my Elephants like?"

And one blind man said: —

"Thy Elephants are like pillars."

This blind man had felt of the legs.

The second blind man said: —

"They are like brooms."

This one had felt of the tail.

The third said: —

"They are like wood."

This one had felt of the rump.

The one who had felt of the belly said: —

"Elephants are like lumps of earth."

The one who had felt of the side said: —

"They are a wall."

The one who had felt of the back said: —

"They are like a hill."
The one who had felt of the ears said: —
"They are like a handkerchief."
The one who had felt of the head said: —
"They are like a mortar."
The one who had felt of the tusks said: —
"They are like horns."
The one who had felt of the proboscis said: —
"They are like a stout rope."
And all the blind men began to dispute and quarrel.

XX

WHY THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD

A HERMIT lived in the forest, and the animals were not afraid of him. He and the wild animals used to talk together, and they understood one another.

Once the Hermit lay down under a tree, and a Raven, a Dove, a Stag, and a Snake came to the same place to sleep.

The animals began to reason why evil should exist in the world.

The Raven said: —

"It is all owing to hunger that there is evil in the world. When we have as much as we wish to eat, we sit by ourselves on the bough and caw, and everything is good and gay, and we are in every respect well off; but some other day we are famished, and everything is quite the opposite, so that we can see no brightness in God's world, and we feel full of unrest; we fly about from place to place, and there is no rest for us. And even if we see some meat afar off, then it becomes still worse; for if we fly down to get it, either sticks and stones are thrown at us, or wolves and dogs chase us, and we are absolutely destroyed. How much trouble comes upon us from hunger! All evil is caused by it."

The Dove said: —

"In my opinion, evil does not arise from hunger, but

it all comes from love. If we only lived alone, we should have little trouble. Wretchedness shared makes one doubly wretched. And so we always live in pairs. And if we love our mates there is no peace for us at all. We are always thinking, 'Has she had enough to eat? is she warm?' And when our mate is away from us anywhere, then we are wholly lost; we cannot help worrying all the time, 'If only the hawk does not carry her off, or men make way with her;' and we ourselves fly off in pursuit of her, and perhaps find the poor thing either in the hawk's claws or in the snare. And if our mate is lost, then there is no more comfort for us. We cannot eat, we cannot drink; we can only fly about and mourn. How many of us have perished in this way! No; evil comes not from hunger, but from love."

The Snake said: —

"No; evil arises neither from hunger nor from love, but from ill-temper. If we lived peacefully, we should not do so much harm; everything would be delightful for us. But now if anything is done to us, we fall into a rage, and then there is nothing gentle about us; we only think how we can avenge the wrong on some one. We lose control of ourselves and hiss, and try to bite some one. We would not have pity on any one, we would bite our own father and mother! It seems as if we could eat our own selves. The moment we begin to lose our temper we are undone. All the evil in the world arises from ill-temper."

The Stag said: —

"No; not from ill-temper, and not from love, and not from hunger arises all the evil that is in the world, but evil arises from fear. If it were possible for us to live without fear, all would be well with us. We are swift-footed, and have great strength. With our antlers we can defend ourselves from little animals; and we can run from the large ones. But it is impossible to escape fear. If it is only the twigs creaking in the forest, or the leaves rustling, we are all of a tremble with fear, our heart beats, we instinctively start to run, and

fly with all our might. Another time a hare runs by or a bird flutters, or a dry twig crackles, and we think it is a wild beast, and in running away we really run into danger. And again we are running from a dog, and we come upon a man. Oftentimes we are frightened and start to flee, we don't know whither, and we roll over a precipice and perish. And we have to sleep with one eye open, with one ear alert, and we are always in alarm. There is no peace. All evil comes from fear."

Then the Hermit said: —

"Not from hunger, nor from love, nor from ill-temper, nor from fear come all our troubles; but all the evil that is in the world is due to our different natures. Hence come hunger and love, ill-temper and fear."

XXI

THE WOLF AND THE HUNTSMEN

A Wolf was eating up a sheep. The Huntsmen discovered him, and began to beat him.

The Wolf said: —

"It is not right for you to beat me. It is not my fault that I am a wild beast; God made me so."

But the Huntsmen replied: —

"We do not beat wolves because they are wild beasts, but because they eat the sheep."

XXII

TWO PEASANTS

Once upon a time two peasants attempted to pass each other, and their sledges became entangled. One cried: —

"Give me room; I must get to town as quickly as possible;" and the other said: —

"You give me room; I must get home as quickly as possible."

Thus for a long time they disputed. A third peasant saw it, and said: —

"If you are in such a hurry, then each of you give way a little."[1]

XXIII

THE PEASANT AND THE HORSE

A PEASANT went to town to get oats for his Horse. As soon as he got out of the village, the Horse wanted to return home. The Peasant lashed the Horse with his whip.

The horse started up, but in regard to the Peasant it thought: —

"The fool! Where is he driving me? We should be better off at home."

Before they reached the city the Peasant noticed that the mud made the going hard for the Horse, so he turned him upon the wood-block pavement; but the Horse refused to go upon the pavement.

The Peasant lashed the Horse again, and twitched at the reins. The animal turned off upon the pavement, and said to himself: —

"Why did he turn me off upon the pavement; it only breaks my hoofs. It is hard here under my feet."

The Peasant drove up to the shop, bought his oats, and went home. When he reached home he gave the Horse the oats. The Horse began to eat, and said to himself: —

"What stupid things men are! They only love to show their mastery over us, but their intelligence is less than ours. Why did he take so much trouble to-day? Where did he go and drive me? We had no sooner got there than we returned home. It would have been bet-

[1] This appears in a slightly different form in Count Tolstoï's "Novaya Azbuka." There the one who is in the greatest haste is advised to give in.

ter for both of us if we had stayed at home in the first place. He would have sat on the oven,[1] and I should have been eating oats."

XXIV

THE TWO HORSES

Two Horses were carrying two loads. The front Horse went well, but the rear Horse was lazy. The men began to pile the rear Horse's load on the front Horse; when they had transferred it all, the rear Horse found it easy going, and he said to the front Horse: —

"Toil and sweat! The more you try, the more you have to suffer."

When they reached the tavern, the owner said: —

"Why should I fodder two horses when I carry all on one? I had better give the one all the food it wants, and cut the throat of the other; at least I shall have the hide."

And so he did.

XXV

THE AX AND THE SAW

Two peasants were going to the forest after wood. One had an ax and the other had a saw. After they had selected a tree they began to dispute.

One said it was better to chop down the tree, and the other said it ought to be sawed.

A third peasant said: —

"I will settle the question for you in a moment: if the ax is sharp, then it is better to chop; but if the saw is sharper, then it is better to saw."

He took the ax and began to chop the tree. But the ax was dull, so that it was impossible for him to cut.

[1] In Russian huts the oven is made of earth; and, as it is never very hot, the peasants use it for a bed and lounge.

He took the saw; the saw was wretched, and would not cut at all. Then he said: —

"Don't be in haste to quarrel; the ax does not chop, and the saw does not cut. Sharpen your ax and file your saw, and then quarrel as much as you wish."

The two peasants, however, became even more angry with each other than before, because the one had a blunted ax, the other had an ill-set saw; and they fell to blows.

XXVI

THE DOGS AND THE COOK

A cook was preparing dinner; some dogs were lying at the kitchen door. The cook killed a calf, and threw the insides into the yard.

The dogs seized them, ate them up, and said: —

"The cook is good; he knows how to cook well."

After a little while the cook began to clean turnips and onions, and he threw away the outsides. The dogs ran up to them, turned up their noses, and said: —

"Our cook is spoiled; he used to make good things, but now he is worthless."

But the cook did not hear the dogs, and cooked the dinner in his usual way. The people of the house, however, ate up the dinner and praised it, if the dogs did not.

XXVII

THE HARE AND THE HOUND

A Hare once asked a Hound: —

"Why do you bark when you chase us? You would be much more likely to catch us, if you ran without barking. But when you bark, you only drive us into the huntsman's hands; he hears where we are running.

and he hastens up, shoots us with his gun, kills us, and does not give you anything."

The Dog replied: —

"That is not the reason that I bark; I bark simply because I get scent of you; I become excited, or else glad because I am going to catch you immediately; and I myself know not why, but I cannot help barking."

XXVIII

THE OAK AND THE HAZEL BUSH

An ancient Oak let drop an acorn on a Hazel Bush. The Hazel Bush said to the Oak: —

"Have you, then, so little room under your branches? You might drop your acorns on a clear space. Here I myself have scarcely room for my branches; I don't throw my nuts away, though, but I give them to men."

"I live two hundred years," replied the Oak; "and the little oak that will come up from the acorn will live as many more."

Then the Hazel Bush grew angry, and said: —

"Then I will choke off your little oak, and it will not live three days."

The Oak made no reply to this, but told his little son to come forth from the acorn.

The acorn grew moist, burst open, and the rootlet caught hold of the earth with its little hooks, and another sprout was sent up above.

The Hazel Bush tried to choke it, and would not give it the sun. But the little Oak stretched up into the air, and waxed strong in the Hazel Bush's shadow.

A hundred years passed away. The Hazel Bush had long ago died away; and the Oak had grown from the acorn as high as heaven, and spread its tent on every side.

XXIX

THE SETTING HEN AND THE CHICKENS

A Brood Hen hatched out some Chickens, and did not know how to take care of them. And so she said to them: —

"Creep into the shell again; when you are in the shell, I will sit on you, as I used to sit on you, and I will take care of you."

The Chickens obeyed their mother, tried to creep into the shell; but they found it perfectly impossible to get into it again, and they only broke their wings.

Then one of the Chickens said to his mother: —

"If we were to remain always in the shell, it would have been better if you had not let us out of it."

XXX

THE QUAIL AND HIS MATE

A Quail had been late in building his nest in a meadow; and when haying-time came, his Mate was still sitting on her eggs.

Early in the morning the peasants came to the meadow, took off their kaftans, whetted their scythes, and went, one after the other, cutting the grass and laying it in windrows.

The Quail flew up to see what the mowers were doing. When he saw that one peasant was swinging his scythe and had just cut a snake in two, he was rejoiced, flew back to his Mate, and said: —

"Don't be afraid of the peasants; they have come out to kill our snakes; for a long time there has been no living on account of them."

But his Mate said: —

"The peasants are cutting grass; and with the grass they cut everything that comes in their way, — either a

snake or a quail's nest. I am sick at heart, for I cannot either carry away my eggs, or leave my nest lest they get cold."

When the mowers reached the quail's nest, one peasant swung his scythe and cut off the mother-bird's head; but he put the eggs in his pocket, and gave them to his children to play with.

XXXI

THE COW AND THE GOAT

An old woman had a Cow and a Goat. The Cow and the Goat went to pasture together. The Cow always turned around when they came after her. The old woman brought bread and salt, gave it to the Cow, and said: —

"Now stand still, little mother,[1] na, na, I will bring you some more; only stand still."

On the next evening the Goat returned from the pasture before the Cow, spread his legs, and stood before the old woman. The old woman waved her handkerchief at him, but the Goat stood without moving.

He thought that the old woman gave bread to the Cow because she stood still.

The old woman perceived that the Goat did not move away; she took her stick and beat him.

When the Goat went away, the old woman began to feed the Cow again with grain, and to coax her.

"There is no justice in men," thought the Goat; "I stood stiller than the Cow does, but she beat me."

He ran to one side, hurried back, kicked over the milk-pail, spilled the milk, and knocked over the old woman.

[1] *Matushka.*

XXXII

THE FOX'S BRUSH

A MAN met a Fox, and asked her: —

"Who taught you Foxes to deceive dogs with your tails?"

The Fox asked: —

"How do you mean *deceive?* We do not deceive the dogs, but merely run from them with all our might."

The man said: —

"No; you deceive them with your brushes. When the dogs chase you, and are about to seize you, you throw your brushes to one side; the dog makes a sharp turn after it, and then you dash off in another direction."

The Fox laughed, and said: —

"We do this, not to deceive the dogs, but we only do it so as to dodge; when the dogs chase us, and we see that we cannot run straight, we dodge to one side; and in order that we may dodge to that side, we have to fling our brushes to the other, just as you do the same thing with your hands when you try to turn round when you are running. This is not reason on our part. God Himself thought it out when He made us — for this reason, that the dogs might not catch all the foxes."

FROM THE NEW SPELLER[1]

I

THE WOLF AND THE KIDS

A GOAT was going to the field after provender, and she shut up her Kids in the barn, with injunctions not to let any one in. Said she: —

"But when you hear my voice then open the door."

A Wolf overheard, crept up to the barn, and sang after the manner of the Goat: —

"Little children, open the door; your mother has come with some food for you."

The Kids peered out of the window, and said: —

"The voice is our mamma's, but the legs are those of a wolf. We cannot let you in."

II

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE CAT

A FARMER'S wife was annoyed by mice eating up the tallow in her cellar. She shut the cat into the cellar, so that the cat might catch the mice.

But the cat ate up, not only the tallow, but the milk and the meat also.

III

THE CROW AND THE EAGLE

THE sheep went out to pasture.

Suddenly an Eagle appeared, swooped down from

[1] *Novaya Azbuka.*

the sky, caught a little lamb with its claws, and bore him away.

A Crow saw it, and felt also an inclination to dine on meat. She said: —

"That was not a very bright performance. Now I am going to do it, but in better style. The Eagle was stupid; he carried off a little lamb, but I am going to take that fat ram yonder."

The Crow buried her claws deep in the ram's fleece, and tried to fly off with him; but all in vain. And she was not able to extricate her claws from the wool.

The shepherd came along, freed the ram from the Crow's claws, and killed the Crow, and flung it away.

IV

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG

A Mouse went to visit a Frog. The Frog met the Mouse on the bank, and urged him to visit his chamber under the water.

The Mouse climbed down to the water's edge, took a taste of it, and then climbed back again.

"Never," said he, "will I make visits to people of alien race."

V

THE VAINGLORIOUS COCKEREL

Two Cockerels fought on a dungheap.

One Cockerel was the stronger: he vanquished the other and drove him from the dungheap.

All the Hens gathered around the Cockerel, and began to laud him. The Cockerel wanted his strength and glory to be known in the next yard. He flew on top of the barn, flapped his wings, and crowed in a loud voice: —

"Look at me, all of you. I am a victorious Cockerel. No other Cockerel in the world has such strength as I."

The Cockerel had not finished his pæan, when an Eagle killed him, seized him in his claws, and carried him to his nest.

VI

THE ASS AND THE LION

ONCE upon a time a Lion went out to hunt, and he took with him an Ass. And he said to him: —

"Ass, now you go into the woods, and roar as loud as you can; you have a capacious throat. The prey that run away from your roaring will fall into my clutches."

And so he did. The Ass brayed, and the timid creatures of the wood fled in all directions, and the Lion caught them.

After the hunting was over, the Lion said to the Ass: —

"Now I will praise you. You roared splendidly."

And since that time the Ass is always braying, and always expects to be praised.

VII

THE FOOL AND HIS KNIFE

A FOOL had an excellent knife.

With this knife the fool tried to cut a nail. The knife would not cut the nail.

Then the fool said: —

"My knife is mean," and he tried to cut some soft kisel jelly with his knife. Wherever the knife went through the jelly the liquid closed together again.

The fool said, "Miserable knife! it won't cut kisel, either," and he threw away his good knife.

VIII

THE BOY DRIVER

A PEASANT was returning from market with his son Vanka.[1] The peasant went to sleep in his cart, and Vanka held the reins and cracked the whip. They happened to meet another team. Vanka shouted: —

"Turn out to the right! I shall run over you!"

And the peasant with the team said: —

"It is not a big cricket, but it chirps so as to be heard!"

IX

LIFE DULL WITHOUT SONG

IN the upper part of a house lived a rich barin, and on the floor below lived a poor tailor. The tailor was always singing songs at his work, and prevented the barin from sleeping.

The barin gave the tailor a purse full of money not to sing. The tailor became rich, and took good care of his money, and refrained from singing.

But it grew tiresome to him; he took the money and returned it to the barin, saying: —

"Take back your money and let me sing my songs again, or I shall die of melancholy."

X

THE SQUIRREL AND THE WOLF

A SQUIRREL was leaping from limb to limb, and fell directly upon a sleeping Wolf. The Wolf jumped up, and was going to devour him. But the Squirrel begged the Wolf to let him go.

[1] Diminutive of Ivan.

The Wolf said: —

"All right; I will let you go on condition that you tell me why it is that you squirrels are always so happy. I am always melancholy; but I see you playing and leaping all the time in the trees."

The Squirrel said: —

"Let me go first, and then I will tell you; but now I am afraid of you."

The Wolf let him go, and the Squirrel leaped up into a tree, and from there it said: —

"You are melancholy because you are bad. Wickedness consumes your heart. But we are happy because we are good, and do no one any harm."

XI

UNCLE MITYA'S HORSE

Uncle Mitya had a very fine bay horse.

Some thieves heard about the bay horse, and laid their plans to steal it. They came after it was dark, and crept into the yard.

Now it happened that a peasant who had a bear with him came to spend the night at Uncle Mitya's. Uncle Mitya took the peasant into the cottage, let out the bay horse into the yard, and put the bear into the inclosure where the bay horse was.

The thieves came in the dark into the inclosure, and began to grope around. The bear got on his hind legs, and seized one of the thieves, who was so frightened that he bawled with all his might.

Uncle Mitya came out and caught the thieves.

XII

THE BOOK

Two men together found a book in the street, and began to dispute as to the ownership of it.

A third happened along, and asked: —

"Which of you can read?"

"Neither of us."

"Then why do you want the book? Your quarrel reminds me of two bald men who fought for possession of a comb, when neither had any hair on his head."

XIII

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

A Wolf was running from the dogs, and wanted to hide in a cleft. But a Fox was lying in the cleft; she showed her teeth at the Wolf, and said: —

"You cannot come in here; this is my place."

The Wolf did not stop to dispute the matter, but merely said: —

"If the dogs were not so near, I would teach you whose place it is; but now the right is on your side."

XIV

THE PEASANT AND HIS HORSE

Some soldiers made a foray into hostile territory. A peasant ran out into the field where his horse was, and tried to catch it. But the horse would not come to the peasant.

And the peasant said to him: —

"Stupid, if you don't let me catch you, the enemy will carry you off."

The Horse asked: —

"What would the enemy do with me?"

The peasant replied: —

"Of course they would make you carry burdens."

And the Horse rejoined: —

"Well, don't I carry burdens for you? So then it is all the same to me whether I work for you or your enemies."

XV

THE EAGLE AND THE SOW

An Eagle built a nest on a tree, and hatched out some eaglets. And a wild Sow brought her litter under the tree.

The Eagle used to fly off after her prey, and bring it back to her young. And the Sow rooted around the tree and hunted in the woods, and when night came she would bring her young something to eat.

And the Eagle and the Sow lived in neighborly fashion.

And a Grimalkin laid his plans to destroy the eaglets and the little sucking pigs. He went to the Eagle, and said: —

"Eagle, you had better not fly very far away. Beware of the Sow; she is planning an evil design. She is going to undermine the roots of the tree. You see she is rooting all the time."

Then the Grimalkin went to the Sow and said: —

"Sow, you have not a good neighbor. Last evening I heard the Eagle saying to her eaglets: 'My dear little eaglets, I am going to treat you to a nice little pig. Just as soon as the Sow is gone, I will bring you a little young sucking pig.'"

From that time the Eagle ceased to fly out after prey, and the Sow did not go any more into the forest. The eaglets and the young pigs perished of starvation, and Grimalkin feasted on them.

XVI

THE LOAD

After the French had left Moscow, two peasants went out to search for treasures. One was wise, the other stupid.

They went together to the burnt part of the city, and found some scorched wool. They said, "That will be useful at home."

They gathered up as much as they could carry, and started home with it.

On the way they saw lying in the street a lot of cloth. The wise peasant threw down the wool, seized as much of the cloth as he could carry, and put it on his shoulders. The stupid one said: —

"Why throw away the wool? It is nicely tied up, and nicely fastened on." And so he did not take any of the cloth.

They went farther, and saw lying in the street some ready-made clothes that had been thrown away. The wise peasant unloaded the cloth, picked up the clothes, and put them on his shoulders. The stupid one said: —

"Why should I throw away the wool? It is nicely tied up and securely fastened on my back."

They went on their way, and saw silver plate scattered about. The wise peasant threw down the clothes, and gathered up as much of the silver as he could, and started off with it; but the stupid one did not give up his wool, because it was nicely tied up and securely tied on.

Going still farther, they saw gold lying on the road. The wise peasant threw down his silver and picked up the gold; but the stupid one said: —

"What is the good of taking off the wool? It is nicely tied up and securely fastened to my back."

And they went home. On the way a rain set in, and the wool became water-soaked, so that the stupid man had to throw it away, and thus reached home empty-handed; but the wise peasant kept his gold and became rich.

XVII

THE BIG OVEN

Once upon a time a man had a big house, and in the house there was a big oven; but this man's family was small — only himself and his wife.

When winter came, the man tried to keep his oven going; and in one month he burnt up all his firewood. He had nothing to feed the fire, and it was cold.

Then the man began to break up his fences, and use the boards for fuel. When he had burnt up all of his fences, the house, now without any protection against the wind, was colder than ever, and still they had no firewood.

Then the man began to tear down the ceiling of his house, and burn that in the oven.

A neighbor noticed that he was tearing down his ceiling, and said to him:—

"Why, neighbor, have you lost your mind?—pulling down your ceiling in winter. You and your wife will freeze to death!"

But the man said:—

"No, brother; you see I am pulling down my ceiling so as to have something to heat my oven with. We have such a curious one; the more I heat it up, the colder we are!"

The neighbor laughed, and said:—

"Well, then, after you have burnt up your ceiling, then you will be tearing down your house. You won't have anywhere to live; only the oven will be left, and even that will be cold!"

"Well, that is my misfortune," said the man. "All my neighbors have firewood enough for all winter; but I have already burnt up my fences and the ceiling of my house, and have nothing left."

The neighbor replied:—

"All you need is to have your oven rebuilt."

But the man said:—

"I know well that you are jealous of my house and my oven because they are larger than yours, and so you advise me to rebuild it."

And he turned a deaf ear to his neighbor's advice, and burnt up his ceiling, and burnt up his whole house, and had to go and live with strangers.

YASNAYA POLYANA SCHOOL[1]

(NOVEMBER and DECEMBER, 1862)

CHAPTER I

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE SCHOOL

WE have no beginners. The children of the youngest class read, write, and solve problems in the first three rules of arithmetic, and repeat sacred history, so that our order of exercises is arranged according to the following roster: —

Mechanical and Graded Reading.
Compositions.
Penmanship.
Grammar.
Sacred History.
Russian History.
Drawing.
Sketching.
Singing.
Mathematics.
Conversations about the Natural Sciences.
Religious Instruction.

Before I speak of the methods of instruction, I must give a short description of the Yasnaya Polyana school and its present condition.

[1] Yasnaya Polyana, or Fairfield, is the name of the count's estate a few miles out from the city of Tula. It is also the name of a journal of education published at his own expense. A complete file of this journal is in the library of Cornell University, the gift of the late Mr. Eugene Schuyler to whom Count Tolstoï presented it.

Like every living body the school not only changes every year, day, and hour, but also has been subjected to temporary crises, misfortunes, ailments, and ill chances.

The Yasno-Polyanskaya school passed through one such painful crisis this very summer. There were many reasons for this: in the first place, as is always the case in the summer, all the best scholars were away; only occasionally we would meet them in the fields at their work or tending the cattle. In the second place, there were some new teachers present, and new influences began to be brought upon it. In the third place, each day teachers from other places, taking advantage of their summer vacation, came to visit the school. And nothing is more demoralizing to the regular conduct of a school than to have visitors, even though the visitor be a teacher himself.

We have four instructors. Two are veterans, having already taught two years in the school; they are accustomed to the pupils, to their work, and to the freedom and apparent lawlessness of the school.

Two of the teachers are new; both of them are recent graduates and lovers of outward propriety, of rules and bells and regulations and programs and the like, and are not wonted to the life of the school, as the first two are. What to the first seems reasonable, necessary, impossible to be otherwise, like the features on the face of a beloved though homely child, who has grown up under your very eyes, sometimes seems to the new teachers sheer disorder.

The school is established in a two-storied stone house. Two rooms are devoted to the school; the library has one, the teachers have two. On the porch, under the eaves, hangs the little bell with a cord tied to its tongue; in the entry down-stairs are bars and other gymnastic apparatus; in the upper entry is a work-bench.

The stairs and entries are generally tracked over with snow or mud; there also hangs the roster.

The order of exercises is as follows:—

At eight o'clock, the resident teacher, who is a lover of

outward order, and is the director of the school, sends one of the lads who almost always spends the night with him to ring the bell.

In the village the people get up by lamplight. Already in the schoolhouse window lights have long been visible, and within half an hour after the bell-ringing, whether it be misty or rainy, or under the slanting rays of the autumn sun, there will be seen crossing the rolling country — the village is separated from the school by a ravine — dark little figures in twos or threes, or separately. The sense of gregariousness has long ago disappeared from among the pupils. There is now no longer need of any one waiting and crying: —

"Hey, boys! to school!"

The boy has already learned that school — *uchilishche* — is a neuter gender; he knows many other things besides; and curiously enough in consequence of this he does not need the support of a crowd any more. When it is time for him to go he goes.

Every day, it seems to me, they grow more and more independent and individual, and their characters more sharply defined. I have almost never seen them playing on the way, unless in the case of some of the smaller pupils, or of the newcomers who had begun in other schools.

They bring nothing with them — no books and no copy-books. They are not required to study their lessons at home. Not only do they bring nothing in their hands, but nothing in their heads either. The scholar is not obliged to remember to-day anything he may have learned the evening before. The thought about his approaching lesson does not disturb him. He brings only himself, his receptive nature, and the conviction that school to-day will be just as jolly as it was the day before.

He does not think about his class until his class begins. No one is ever held to account for being tardy, and hence they are not tardy, unless indeed one of the older ones may be occasionally detained by his parents on account of some work. And then this big lad comes

running to school at breakneck speed and all out of breath.

If it happens that the teacher has not yet come, they gather around the entrance, pounding their heels upon the steps, or sliding on the icy path, or some of them wait in the school-rooms.

If it be cold they spend their time while waiting for the teacher in reading, writing, or romping.

The girls do not mingle with the boys. When the boys have any scheme which they wish to propose to the girls, they never select any particular girl, but always address the whole crowd : —

" Hey, girls, why are n't you sliding ? " or, " See, the girls are freezing," or " Now, girls, all of you chase me ! "

Only one of the little girls, a ten-year-old domestic peasant [1] of great many-sided talents, perhaps ventures to leave the herd of damsels. And with her the boys comport themselves as with an equal — as with a boy, only showing a delicate shade of politeness, modesty, and self-restraint.

CHAPTER II

THE OPENING OF SCHOOL

Let us suppose that, according to the roster, we begin with mechanical reading in the first or the youngest class; in the second, with graded reading; and in the third, with mathematics.

The teacher goes into the room, and finds the children rolling or scuffling on the floor, and crying at the top of their voices: " You 're choking me ! " " You stop pulling my hair ! " or " Let up ; that 'll do ! "

" Piotr Mikhaïlovitch," cries a voice from under the heap, as the teacher comes in, " make them stop."

" Good-morning, Piotr Mikhaïlovitch," shout still others, adding their share to the tumult.

[1] *Dvorovaya dyevka*, the daughter of a serf attached to the *barsky dvor* or mansion-house.

The teacher takes the books and distributes them to those who have come to the cupboard. First those on top of the heap on the floor, then those lying underneath, want a book.

The pile gradually diminishes. As soon as the majority have their books, all the rest run to the cupboard, and cry, "Me one! me one!"

"Give me the one I had yesterday!"

"Give me the Koltsof[1] book!"

And so on.

If there happen to be any two scufflers left struggling on the floor, then those who have taken their places with their books shout: —

"Why do you make so much noise? we can't hear anything! Hush!"

The impulsive fellows come to order and, all out of breath, get their books, and only for the first moment or two after they sit down does the dying excitement betray itself in an occasional motion of a leg.

The spirit of war takes its flight, and the spirit of learning holds sway in the room. With the same zeal as the lad had shown in pulling Mitka's hair, he now reads his Koltsof book, — thus the works of Koltsof are called among us, — with teeth almost shut together, with shining eyes, and total oblivion of all around him except his book. To tear him from his reading requires fully as much strength as it required before to get him away from his wrestling.

CHAPTER III

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROOM

The pupils sit wherever they please, — on benches, chairs, on the window-sill, on the floor, or in the armchair.

The girls always sit by themselves. Friends, those

[1] Alekseĭ Vasilyevitch Koltsof (1809–1842), a distinguished poet, by some called the Burns of Russia.

from the same village, and especially the little ones — for there is more comradeship among them — are always together.

As soon as one of them decides to sit in a certain corner, all his playmates, pushing and diving under the benches, manage to get to the same place, sit in a row, and as they glance around they show such an expression of perfect bliss and satisfaction in their faces, as if nothing in all the rest of their lives could ever give them so much happiness as to sit in those places.

The moment they come into the room, the big arm-chair presents itself as an object of envy for the more independent personalities — for the little house-girl and others. As soon as one makes a motion to occupy the arm-chair, another recognizes by the expression of his face that such a plan is developing, and the two make for it, race for it.

One gets it away from the other, and, having ensconced himself in it, stretches himself out with his head much below the back of the chair; but he reads like all the rest, wholly carried away by his work.

During class time I have never seen any whispering, any pinching, any giggling, any uncouth sounds, any bearing of tales to the teacher. When a pupil educated by a church official,[1] or at the district school, goes with any such complaint, he will be asked: —

"Are you sure that you did not pinch yourself?"

CHAPTER IV

THE CLASSES

The two smaller classes are put by themselves in one room; the older scholars are in another. When the teacher goes to the first class, all gather around him at the blackboard, or on the benches, or they climb on the table, or sit down around him or one of those that are reading.

[1] The *ponomar*, or *paramonar*, a word derived from modern Greek and signifying doorkeeper, sacristan.

If it happen to be for writing, they take more comfortable positions, but they keep getting up, so as to look at each other's copy-books and show their own to the teacher. It is calculated that the time till dinner will be occupied by four lessons; but often only three or two are introduced, and sometimes the roster is entirely changed. If the teacher begins with arithmetic, he may go over to geometry; or if he begins with sacred history, he may end with grammar.

Sometimes the teacher and the pupils get carried away, and instead of one hour the class lasts three hours. There have been cases where the pupils themselves cried, "More! more!" and they exclaim against those things which bore them: "That is stupid! Go to the little ones," they cry contemptuously.

In the class for religious instruction, which is the only one that is held with any approach to regularity, because the teacher lives two versts away, and comes only twice a week, and in the drawing class, all the pupils are gathered together. Before these classes begin, liveliness, racket, and external disorder are the rule of the day; one drags benches from one room into the other, another scuffles, another goes home — to the mansion — after bread, another heats that bread in the oven, another borrows something, another goes through gymnastic exercises; but just the same as in the tumult of the morning, it is far more easy to bring order out of chaos by leaving them to their natural impulses than by setting them down by main force.

In the present spirit of the school, to restrain them physically is impossible. The louder the teacher shouts, — this has been tried, — the louder shout the scholars; his voice only excites them. If you succeed in calming them, or start them in another direction, this sea of youths will begin to rage less and less violently, then come to rest. But for the most part, it is not necessary to say anything.

The class in design, which is the most popular with all the school, takes place at noon, after lunch; and when they have been sitting three hours, — and here

again it is necessary to lug benches and tables from one room into another, and the racket is terrible! But still, as soon as the teacher is ready, the scholars are ready also, and any one who delays the beginning of the class is disciplined by the scholars themselves.

CHAPTER V

THE FREE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCHOOL

HERE I must defend myself. In giving this description of the Y. P. school, I have no intention of presenting a model of what is requisite and necessary for a school, but simply a description of the actual state of the school. I take it such descriptions have their utility. If I succeed in the following pages in clearly presenting a history of the development of the school, then the reader will clearly comprehend why the character of the school was formed as it was, why I consider such an order of things advantageous, and why it would have been an utter impossibility for me to have changed it, even if I had wished to do so.

The school had a free development from principles established in it by teacher and pupils. Notwithstanding all the weight of the master's authority, the pupil always had the right not to attend the school and not to obey the teacher. The teacher had the prerogative not to admit a pupil, and the power of exerting all the force of his influence on the majority of the pupils, on the society which was always forming among the scholars.

The farther the students advanced, the wider grew the scope of the instruction, and the more imperative became the demand for order. In consequence of this, in the normal and unconstrained development of a school, the more cultivated the pupils are, the more capable of order they will become, the more strongly they themselves will feel the necessity of order, and the more powerfully the teacher's influence on them in this respect will be felt. In the Y. P. school from its

very foundation this rule was found true. At first it was impossible to classify either recitations or the subjects or the recreations or their tasks; everything was in confusion, and all attempts at classification were in vain. At the present time there are students in the first class who themselves insist on following a regular order of exercises, and are indignant when you call them from their lessons, and these scholars are all the time driving away the little ones who disturb them.

In my opinion this external disorder is useful and indispensable, strange as it may seem and inconvenient to the teacher. I shall frequently have occasion to speak of the advantages of this condition of things; of the imaginary inconveniences I will say this: In the first place, this disorder or free order is trying to us, simply because we are accustomed to something entirely different, in which we were educated. In the second place, in this, as in many similar circumstances, the employment of force is due to haste and lack of reverence for human nature. It seems to us that disorder is increasing, becoming more and more violent each instant, that there are no limits to it; it seems to us that there is no other way of putting an end to it than by employing main force, — but really all it requires is to wait a little, and the disorder, or flow of animal spirits, would naturally diminish of itself, and would grow into a far better and more stable order than that which we imagine.

The scholars — though they are little folk — are nevertheless human beings, having the same requirements as we ourselves, and their thoughts run in the same groove. They all want to learn, and that is the only reason they go to school, and therefore it is perfectly easy for them to reach the conclusion that it is necessary to submit to certain conditions if they would learn anything.

Besides being human beings, they form a society of human beings united by one impulse. *And where two or three are gathered together in My name there will I be also.*

CHAPTER VI

A SCHOOL-BOY FIGHT

As they are subjected to laws that are simply derived from their own nature, the scholars do not rebel or grumble; if they were subjected to our old system of interference, they would have no faith in the legality of our ringing bells, regulations, and ordinances.

How many times when children were fighting, have I chanced to see the teacher hasten to separate them; and the disparted foes would glare at each other, and even in the presence of a stern teacher would not fail to look even more fiercely than before, or even fall to blows; how many times every day do I see some Kiriushka set his teeth together, and fly at Taraska, and pull his hair, and throw him to the ground, and apparently try to maim his enemy or to annihilate him; and then, in a moment's time, this same Taraska would be laughing at Kiriushka, — for always one manages to turn the tables on the other, — and then in the course of five minutes they would have made friends and gone off to sit down together.

Not long ago, between classes, two lads grappled in a corner. One was a remarkable mathematician nine years old, a member of the second class; the other a shingled dvorovui,[1] clever but quick-tempered, very small in stature, a black-eyed lad named Kuiska.

Kuiska had caught the mathematician's long hair, and was holding him with his head against the wall. The mathematician was vainly clutching at Kuiska's shorn bristles. Kuiska's black eyes were full of triumph. The mathematician could barely refrain from tears, and he cried, "Well! well! what! what!" but he was evidently having a hard time of it, and only his pride kept his courage up. This had been going on for some time, and I was undecided what to do.

"A fight! a fight!" cried the boys, and they crowded

[1] One of the domestic servants, formerly serfs, like the little girl mentioned.

round the corner. The little ones laughed; but the big boys, though they did not attempt to separate the contestants, looked at them rather seriously, and their looks and silence did not fail to have an effect upon Kuiska. He was conscious that he was doing wrong, and a smile began gradually to creep over his face, and by degrees he let go of the mathematician's hair. The mathematician suddenly twitched himself away, and gave Kuiska such a push as to knock his head against the wall, and then, being entirely quit of him, he ran away.

Kuiska burst into tears, darted in pursuit of his enemy, and hit him with all his might and main on the shuba, but did not hurt him. The mathematician was going to pay him back, but at that instant various dissuasive voices were heard:—

"See, he strikes a smaller boy!" cried the lookers-on; "off with you, Kuiska!"

And so the affair ended, as if it had not been at all, except, I may add, for the vague consciousness that each had of having fought disagreeably, because both had been hurt. And here I cannot refrain from calling attention to the sentiment of justice which prevailed in the crowd. How many times these affairs are settled in such a way that you cannot make out the principles on which the settlement is made, and yet satisfaction is given to both sides! How arbitrary and unjust in comparison with this are all "educational efforts" in such circumstances!

"You are both to blame! down on your knees!" says the disciplinarian; and the disciplinarian is wrong, because one is to blame, and this one is triumphant there on his knees chewing the cud of his not wholly evaporated passion, and the innocent is doubly punished.

Or, "You are to blame for doing such and such or such and such a thing, and you shall be punished," says the disciplinarian; and the one punished hates his enemy more than ever, because he has arrayed on his side despotic power, the fairness of which is beyond his comprehension.

Or, "Forgive him as God commands you, and be better than he," says the disciplinarian. You say to him, "Be better than he!" but all that he wants is to be stronger, and he does not comprehend, and cannot comprehend, the idea of being better.

Or, "You both are to blame; ask each other's pardon and kiss each other, children."

This is worse than anything, both on account of the insincerity of the kiss, and because the evil passion once calmed in this way is sure to burst forth again. But leave them alone, unless you are either father or mother, who would feel some pitiful sympathy with your children, and therefore have a certain right always, — leave them alone, I say, and watch how everything explains itself and comes out all right as simply and naturally, and at the same time with just as much variety and complication as all the unconscious relations of life.

But perhaps the teachers who have not had experience of such disorder or free order, will think that without disciplinary interference this disorder may take on physically injurious consequences; that they will break each other's limbs or kill each other.

In the Yasnaya Polyana school last spring, there were only two cases of serious damage being done. One boy was pushed down from the steps, and cut his leg to the bone, — the wound was healed in two weeks; the other had his cheek burned with blazing pitch, and he carried a scar for a fortnight.

Nothing ever happened, unless perhaps once a week some one cried, and that not from pain, but from vexation or shame. Of blows, bruises, bumps, except in the case of the two boys just mentioned, we cannot recall a single one during all the summer among thirty or forty pupils, though they were left entirely to their own guidance.

CHAPTER VII

DISCIPLINE

I AM convinced that a school ought not to interfere in affairs of discipline that belong only to the family: that a school ought not to have, and does not have, the right to grant rewards and punishments; that the best police and discipline of a school is gained by intrusting the pupils with full powers to learn and to behave as they please. I am convinced of this, notwithstanding the fact that the old customs of disciplinary schools are so strong that even in the Yasnaya Polyana school we occasionally departed from this principle. During the last term, in November, there were two instances of punishments.

During the drawing class, a teacher who had not been long with us noticed that a small boy was crying without heeding the teacher, and was angrily hitting his neighbors without any reason.

Not realizing the possibility of soothing him with words, the teacher dragged him from his seat, and took him to his table. That was a punishment for him. The little lad sobbed during all the time of the lesson.

This was the very lad whom, at the beginning of the school, I refused to take, because I considered him to be a hopeless idiot.

His principal characteristics were dullness and sweetness of disposition. His comrades would never let him join their games; they made sport of him, turned him into ridicule, and at the same time they would be surprised, and say: —

"What a strange fellow Petka is! If you strike him, — and even the little fellows sometimes pick on him, — he shakes himself loose and runs away!"

"He has no courage at all," one boy said to me, in regard to him. If this boy had been brought to such a state of passion that the teacher felt it necessary to punish him for it, it was evident that some one not punished was to blame.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THIEF

I

THE other case. In the summer, while repairs were making in the building, a Leyden jar was taken from the physical laboratory, pencils several times were missing, and books also were missing at a time when no carpenter or painter was at work in the building.

We questioned the boys. The best scholars, the first scholars at that time, old friends of ours, reddened and grew so confused that any magistrate would have been convinced that their confusion was proof positive of their guilt. But I knew them, and could depend on them as on myself.

I comprehended that the mere thought of suspicion deeply and painfully wounded them. One lad, whom I will call Feodor, a gifted and opulent nature, turned quite white and burst into tears. They declared that they would tell if they knew, but they refused to search.

After a few days the thief was detected — a lad [1] belonging to a distant village. He made an accomplice of a peasant lad who came with him from the same village, and they together had secreted the stolen articles in a box.

This discovery brought a strange feeling of relief and even pleasure among the scholars, and at the same time contempt and pity for the thieves. We imposed on the boys the task of naming the punishment. Some wanted to have the thieves whipped, but, of course, by themselves; others proposed that they should wear a placard ticketed THIEF.

This punishment, I am ashamed to say, had been proposed by ourselves once before, and the very lad who a year before had worn a placard inscribed LIAR, now of all others was the one to propose the placards for the thieves.

[1] *Dvorovui*, or domestic servant.

2

We decided on the placards, and when one of the girls had embroidered them, all the scholars looked on with angry pleasure, and ridiculed the offenders. They proposed a still more severe punishment: "To take them to the village, and make an exhibition of them with the placards on during the holiday," was their proposal.

The offenders wept.

The peasant lad who had been led away by the other was a talented story-teller and humorist, a fat, white-haired little snipper-snapper, and he cried as if his heart would break, — as hard as a child could cry. The other, the principal criminal, a boy with a hawk nose, with dry features, and an intelligent face, grew pale, his lips trembled, his eyes glared wildly and angrily at his gay companions, and he occasionally hid his face on account of tears that were unnatural to him. His cap, with torn vizor, was pulled down to the nape of his neck; his hair was in disorder; his clothes were soiled with chalk. His whole appearance struck me and all of us with the same surprise, as if we had seen it for the first time.

The contemptuous looks of all rested on him. And this stung him to the quick. When, without looking round, but hanging his head, and with that mien peculiar to criminals, as it seemed to me, he went off home, with the pack of boys chasing him, and nagging him in an unnatural and strangely pitiless fashion, as if some evil spirit influenced them against their will, something told me that it was all wrong.

But things went on as before, and the thief came for several days with his placard. But it seemed to me that from that time he began to degenerate in his studies, and he was no longer seen to take part in the games and converse of his companions outside the class-room.

3

When, one day, I went into class, all the scholars told me with horror that he had been stealing again.

He had stolen twenty copper kopeks from the teacher's room, and they had caught him as he was hiding the money under the stairs.

Again we decorated him with the placard; again began the same ugly scene. I gave him a lecture, as all disciplinarians are accustomed to do. Now there happened to be present a grown-up boy, a chatterer, and he began to lecture him, repeating words such as he had unquestionably heard from his father, who was a farmer.[1]

"He has stolen once, he has stolen twice," he said in a clear and deliberate voice. "It has become a habit; it won't do any good."

I began to grow vexed. I felt almost angry against the thief.

But as I looked into the culprit's face, which was more pale, wretched, passionate, and hard than ever, I seemed to see the face of a convict, and it suddenly appeared to me so wrong and odious, that I took off the stupid placard; I told him to go wherever he pleased, and I suddenly felt the conviction — felt it, not through my intellect, but in my whole being — that I had no right to punish this unhappy lad, and that it was not in my power to make of him what I and the dvornik's son might like to make of him. I felt a conviction that there are soul-secrets hidden from us on which life, but not regulations and punishments, may act.

And what nonsense! A boy had stolen a book, — by what a long, complicated process of feelings, thoughts, mistaken judgments he was induced to take a book that did not belong to him! — and hid it in his box, and I fasten to him a tag with the word "THIEF" on it, which means something entirely different.

Why?

To punish him by making him ashamed, some one will say.

Why? What is shame? And have I any proof that that shame will put an end to his inclination to steal?

[1] *Dvornik*, generally one who serves in a *dvor*; also house-porter. Here, one who occupies a *dvor*, including house and land.

Perhaps it will strengthen it. What was expressed in his face was very likely not shame at all. Indeed, I may be very certain that it was not shame, but something entirely different which might have been always latent in his face, and would better not have been brought out.

Here in this world which is called practical, in the world of Palmerstons and Cains, in the world where not that which is reasonable, but which is practical, is regarded as reasonable, here in this world, I say, we have men, themselves under sentence, arrogating to themselves the right and duty of punishing others! Our world of children — simple, independent beings — must remain free from self-deceptions and from the criminal belief in the legality of punishments, from the belief and delusion that the feeling of vengeance becomes just as soon as we call it punishment. ....

Let us proceed with the daily order of our description of exercises.

CHAPTER IX

MARKS

At two o'clock the hungry children run home. But notwithstanding their hunger, they always wait a few moments to learn what their marks are. Marks, though at the present time they give no rank, are still regarded by them with the keenest interest.

"I have five, with the cross, and they have given Olgushka[1] such a healthy cipher!" — "And I have four," they cry.

The child takes the marks as a gauge of his work, and discontent at marks is shown only when there is any unfairness in making the returns. Too bad if he has been trying, and the teacher, through an error, has given less than his deserts! He will give the teacher no peace, and will weep bitter tears unless he can have the record changed. Bad marks, if they have been deserved, go without protest.

[1] Little Olga.

Marks, however, remain only as a relic of a past system, and are beginning, of their own accord, to go out of use.

CHAPTER X

AFTERNOON SESSION

THE scholars after dinner gather for the first lesson of the second session, just as they did for the morning, and wait for the teacher in the same way.

As a general rule this lesson is devoted to sacred or Russian history, and all the classes take part in it. By the time this lesson begins, generally the twilight is coming on. The teacher stands or sits in the middle of the room, and the scholars gather around him as in an amphitheater; some on benches, some on chairs, some on the window-seats.

All these evening lessons, and especially this first one, have an absolutely different character from those of the morning, a character of calm dreaminess and poetry.

Come into the school at dusk; no lights are visible at the windows, it is almost quiet; only the snow newly tracked in on the stairs, a subdued murmur, and a slight motion behind the door, and perhaps some little lad seizing the balustrade and running up-stairs two steps at a time, give proof that school is in session.

Come into the room.

It is almost dark behind the frosted windows; the older and better scholars pressing together, crowding close to the teacher, and lifting their pretty heads, look him straight in the face. The independent little housemaid, with preoccupied face, always sits in a high chair and seems to swallow every word. The more mischievous and younger the children are, the farther away they manage to get. But they all listen attentively, even seriously; they behave themselves as well as the older ones; but, notwithstanding their attention, we cannot help being conscious that they will not be able to repeat anything of what they hear, although they remember

much of it. One leans on another's shoulder; another stands by the table. Occasionally one of them, stretching over to the very middle of the throng across the back of some one else, scratches some figure with his finger-nail on some boy's back. Rarely will any one look at you.

When a new story begins, all sit still as death and listen. If it happen to be one they have heard before then, here and there conceited voices are heard from those who cannot refrain from reminding the teacher. However, if the old story is one they like, they will urge the teacher to repeat it in full, and they will not let him be interrupted.

"Can't you be patient! hush!" they will cry to the mischievous urchin.

It hurts them to have the character and artistic quality of the teacher's tale interrupted. During the last weeks it has been the story of the life of Christ. Each time they have insisted on hearing the whole of it. If any part were omitted, then they themselves added their favorite ending — the story of Peter's denial and the Saviour's sufferings.

It would seem as if there were no one alive in the room, not a motion — can it be that they are asleep?

If you should go round in the twilight and look into the face of any youngster whatever, you would find him sitting with his eyes fastened on his teacher's face, his brow drawn into a frown of attention, and ten times he will shake off his mate's hand thrown over his shoulder. If you should tickle him in the neck, he would not even smile, but would shake his head as if to drive away a fly, and again give all his attention to the mysterious and poetic tale, — how the veil of the temple was rent, and darkness covered the face of the earth, — and it seems to him both painful and delightful.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF THE HOUR

THE teacher brings his story to a close, and all arise from their places, and, gathering around the teacher, trying to outshout each other, they begin to tell all that they can remember.

The noise of their voices becomes terrible. The teacher does his best to bring them to quiet. Those who are forbidden to tell what they know so perfectly, are not to be restrained in that way; they hasten to another teacher, or if one is not present, to one of their mates, or to any stranger, even to the stove-tender; they go in twos and threes, rushing from one room to another, in search of some one to hear them. Sometimes one will tell it all by himself. Others form groups of various numbers, and rehearse it, prompting, making additions, and correcting one another.

"Now let me say it to you!" says one to another; but the one addressed knows that the other has not the ability, and sends him on to some one else. As soon as they have all said it, they gradually come to order; the candles are lighted, and by this time the boys have come into a different mood.

In the evening, as a general rule, and in the succeeding classes, there is less disturbance, less shouting, more amenity and obedience to the teacher.

There is noticeable a general distaste for mathematics and analysis, and a taste for singing and reading, and especially for stories. — "What is the good of mathematics and writing? tell us about geography, or even history, and we will listen!" they say.

By eight o'clock eyes begin to grow weary; yawns become frequent; the lights burn more dimly; they snuff the candles less frequently than before; the older scholars hold out, but the younger ones, leaning their elbows on the table, fall asleep lulled by the pleasant sound of the teacher's voice.

Sometimes, when the classes have been interesting, and there have been many of them, — for oftentimes the school lasts seven long hours, — and the children have become tired, or it is just before a holiday, when at home the oven has been heated for the bath, suddenly, without saying a word, two or three boys, during the second or third class after dinner, will come running into the room, and hastily remove their hats.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"But how about lessons? — there 's the singing."

"But the boys say it 's time to go home," says the lad, twisting his cap.

"But who says so?"

"The children have gone."

"How is that! how is that!" exclaims the teacher, dumfounded, for he is always ready for his other lessons. "Hold on!"

But into the room rushes another lad, with eager, important face.

"What are you waiting for?" he asks angrily of the one who has been detained, and is irresolutely picking the wool from his sheepskin cap. "The bo-oys have all started on! they are as far as the blacksmith's."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone!" and both start off on the run, shouting as they reach the door, "Good-by, Ivan Ivanovitch."

And who are those boys who have decided to go home as they have?

God only knows. You would never find out who advised the step. They held no consultation, made no harangue, but still these children decided to go home.

"The boys are going!" and they pound their heels on the steps; another leaps like a cat down the porch, and, sliding and tumbling through the snow, and chasing each other along the narrow path, the children run home with merry shouts. Such things happen once or twice a week.

This is mortifying and unpleasant for the teacher, who does not approve of this, but who also does not

take into consideration that in consequence of just this one incident how much greater significance attaches to the five, six, and even seven lessons a day, which are assigned to each class, and which the pupils freely and of their own accord attend.

Only by the repetition of such incidents can it be decided that the instruction, though it be insufficient and one-sided, is not absolutely bad and injurious. Suppose the question be thus propounded: Which is better, that in the course of a year there should be no such incident, or that these incidents should cover half of the lessons? We should choose the latter alternative.

I, at least, in the Y. P. school, have been delighted when these incidents have recurred several times a month. Notwithstanding the fact that the children were frequently assured that they might go wherever they pleased, the influence of the teacher is so powerful that I have feared, of late, lest the discipline of the classes, of the roster, and the marks might imperceptibly curb their freedom so that they would wholly subject themselves to the craftiness of our cunningly baited net of order, and thus lose the possibility of choice and protest.

If they continue to come willingly, in spite of the freedom allowed them, I should never think that this pointed to any peculiar qualities of the Y. P. school, for I think that the same results would be obtained in any school, and that the desire for learning is so strong in children generally, that in order to gratify this desire they will submit themselves to many trying conditions, and will pardon many faults.

The latitude granted them for such escapades is useful and indispensable as a means of assuring the teacher from very great and serious mistakes and abuses.

CHAPTER XII

THE EVENING SESSION

In the evening we have singing, graded reading, dialogues, physical experiments, and the writing of compositions. The most popular of these subjects are reading and the experiments.

During the reading the older ones collect in a star around the great center-table, with their heads together, their legs at every angle; one reads, and the others all repeat what has been read. The younger ones have a book for each two; and, if they understand it, they read it just as we grown people do; holding the book to the light, and supporting themselves on their elbows so as to make it easier, and evidently they take great comfort in it. Some try to enjoy two comforts at once, and stand by the heated stove warming themselves and reading at the same time.

Not all the scholars are allowed to see the experiments in physics, — only the oldest and best scholars, selected from the second class. This class, by the character which it has acquired among us, is in a disposition well suited for the evening, is very fanciful, and perfectly keyed up to the mood induced by the reading of tales.

Here all that has been said is transformed into reality; everything is personified for them: the juniper pith-balls, repelled by the sealing-wax, the varying magnetic needle, the iron filings which run about on a sheet of paper under which a magnet is moved, — all these things are to them alive. Even the most intellectual of the lads who understand the meaning of these phenomena are fascinated, and begin to exclaim at the needle, or the pith-ball, or the filings: —

"Just look! — where is it going? — Hold on! ukh! — go ahead!" and the like.

Generally the classes are over by eight or nine o'clock, — though often the carpenter's bench will detain

some of the older boys a little longer, — and the whole crowd, with a shout, rush together out-of-doors, and then divide into groups, crying to each other as their paths diverge toward different parts of the village. Sometimes they arrange to slide on big sleds, from the very door down into the valley where the village lies; they fasten up the thills, have some one in the middle to steer, and then, raising a snowy dust, they disappear from sight with a rush, leaving here and there black specks on the road where children have tumbled off.

Outside the institution, in spite of all its freedom in the open air, new relations are formed between the teachers and pupils, there is greater freedom, greater simplicity, and greater confidence — the very relations which present themselves to us as the ideal of what a school should strive to be!

CHAPTER XIII

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS

I

Not long ago the first class were reading Gogol's "Vii"; [1] the last scene had a powerful effect on them, and excited their imaginations; some of them acted the witch, and kept reminding one another of the last night.

Out-of-doors it was not cold; a moonless winter's night, with clouds floating across the sky. We stopped at the cross-roads; the older scholars, who had been with me three years, stood near me, begging me to accompany them a little farther; the younger ones cast sheep's-eyes at me, and then started down the hill.

The younger ones had begun their studies with a new teacher, and between me and them there was not as

[1] The fantastic story of a beautiful and wealthy maiden who is in reality a witch, and causes the destruction of the groom who falls in love with her.

yet that confidence which existed between the older ones and me.

"Well," said one of them, "then we will go into the *zakas*."

The *zakas*, or "prohibition," was a small grove about two hundred paces from the house.

More eager in his pleadings than all the rest was Fedka,[1] a lad of ten years old, an affectionate, impressible, poetic, and spirited nature. Danger constituted for him apparently the chief condition of pleasure. In summer it was always terrible to see how he and two other boys would swim out into the very middle of the pond, which was three hundred and fifty feet[2] wide, and occasionally disappear in the hot reflection of the summer sun, and then dive into the depths, and float on their backs, and squirt up streams of water, and shout in clear, shrill voices to their comrades on the shore to see how courageous they were.

Now he knew that there were wolves in the forest, and so he wanted to go into the zakas. All took up with the idea, and we went, four of us, into the woods.

Another lad, — I will call him Semka, — healthy both in body and soul, and another small lad of twelve, named Vavilo, went on ahead, and kept shouting and howling in their abundant voices.

Pronka, a sickly, sweet-tempered, and very gifted lad, the son of a poor family, — sickly he was apparently more for want of food than any other cause, — walked by my side. Fedka was between me and Semka, and kept talking all the time in his peculiarly soft voice, now telling how when summer came he should bring the horses here to watch them, then declaring that he was not afraid of anything, then asking, "Suppose some one should spring out at us," and all the time urging me to tell them some story.

We did not go quite to the middle of the forest, for that would have been too terrifying, but even at the edge of the woods it kept growing darker and darker;

[1] Diminutive of Feodor, Theodore; as Semka is of Semyon.
[2] Fifty sazhen.

the path was scarcely visible; the lights in the village were hidden from view.

Semka stopped, and began to listen.

"Hold on, boys! what is that?" he cried suddenly.

We held our breath, but there was nothing to be heard; nevertheless a sort of terror seized us.

"Now what shall we do," asked Fedka, "supposing he leaps out at us?"

We had been talking about brigands in the Caucasus. They remembered a story of the Caucasus which I had told them some time before, and I began to relate again about the Abreks, about the Cossacks, about the Hadji-Murat.

Semka still went in advance of us, taking long strides in his big boots, and rhythmically swinging his strong back. Pronka was trying to keep up with me, but Fedka pushed him from the path, and Pronka, who, probably owing to his weakness, was always giving in to every one else, managed only in the most interesting places to keep alongside of us, although he was wading through snow which reached to his knees.

2

Every one who knows peasant children at all must have observed that they are not accustomed to any sort of caresses, and cannot endure them — affectionate words, kisses, touching of hands, and other such things. I happened once to see how a lady in a peasant school wanted to caress a lad, and saying, "Now I am going to kiss you, darling,"[1] kissed him; and how the lad who received the kiss was covered with shame, felt insulted, and was perfectly at a loss to know why he was so treated. A lad of five years feels himself above such things as caresses; he is already grown up!

Therefore I was astonished beyond measure when Fedka, who was walking at my side, suddenly, in the most moving part of my story, touched me gently by the sleeve, and then grasped with his whole hand two of my fingers, and did not let go of them.

[1] *Milashka.*

As soon as I stopped talking, Fedka began to urge me to tell some more, and in such a beseeching and excited voice that it was impossible not to yield to his request.

"Now keep out from under my feet, you," said he, sternly, to Pronka, who was trying to run ahead. He was carried even to cruelty — it was so unusual and so pleasant to hold my finger, and no one should presume to dare to disturb his content!

"Now, more, more!" he said; "here is a good place!"

We had passed through the woods, and had entered the village at the other end.

"Let us go back," said they all as soon as the lights began to appear. "Let us go back once more!"

We walked without speaking, occasionally slumping through the soft, ill-trodden path; the white darkness was so dense as to seem to shake before the eyes; the clouds hung low as if something dragged them down upon us; there was no end to that peculiar *whiteness* in which we alone crunched over the snow; the wind soughed in the bare tops of the poplars, and silence reigned in the woods. I finished telling how the Abrek, when he had been surrounded, sang his songs, and then threw himself on his dagger.

All were silent.

"Why did he sing his song when he was surrounded?" asked Semka.

"Have n't you just been told?" exclaimed Fedka, scornfully. "So as to get courage to die!"

"I should think that he would sing a prayer, then," added Pronka.

The rest agreed with him.

Fedka suddenly stopped.

"But how did you say that your aunt was killed?" he asked, — he still felt a little afraid. "Tell us! tell us!"

And I told them again that terrible story of the murder of the Countess Tolstoï; and they silently stood around me looking into my face.

"And so the galliard was captured," exclaimed Fedka.

"It must have been terrible to go by night when she lay there murdered! I should have run away!"

And he took a firmer grip of my two fingers. We had halted in the thicket, back of the threshing-floors, at the very end of the village. Semka picked up a dry branch from out of the snow, and began to strike the frost-covered bole of a linden. The hoar-frost fell from the branches, on his cap, and the echo rang through the forest.

"Lyof Nikolayevitch," said Fedka (I supposed that he was going to speak of the countess again), "what is the good of learning to sing? I often wonder, I really do, why we sing."

CHAPTER XIV

UTILITY AND BEAUTY

Why he leaped from the terrible murder of the countess to that question, God only knows; but everything — the sound of his voice, the seriousness with which he asked the question, the silent interest of the other two — made it evident that there was a legitimate and vital connection between this question and the conversation that had preceded. Whether this connection lay in the fact that he responded to my explanation that the crime was rendered possible by lack of education, — I had spoken to them of that, — or because he verified it in himself, as he transported himself into the mind of the murderer, and remembered his favorite occupation (he had a wonderful voice, and a great talent for music), or whether the connection consisted in the fact that he felt that now was the time for perfect honesty of expression, and all the questions that demanded elucidation arose in his mind; at all events, his question did not surprise any of us.

"But why have drawing? why learn to write well?" I asked, for I really did not know how to explain to him the advantage of art.

"Yes, why have drawing?" he repeated thoughtfully.

He had actually brought up the question, "What is the good of art?"

I dared not, I could not answer.

"What is the good of drawing?" exclaimed Semka. "You learn to make sketches, you can do anything with it!"

"No, that is sketching; but why draw figures?"

Semka's healthy nature had no difficulty in replying.

"Why this stick? Why a linden?" he asked, still thrusting at the linden.

"Well, then, why the linden?" I asked.

"To make rafters of!" exclaimed Semka.

"Well, then, why don't we have it cut down next summer?"

"Yes; why not?"

"No: but in reality," continued Fedka, obstinately, "why do we let the linden grow?"

And we proceeded to talk about the fact that not everything is for use, but that there is such a thing as beauty, and that art is beauty, and we understood each other; and Fedka understood perfectly why the linden is allowed to grow, and why we sing.

Pronka agreed with us, but he understood better what moral beauty was, — goodness, in other words. Semka understood by means of his quick intellect, but he could not see how there could be beauty without use; he doubted, as often is the case with people of large intellect, who feel that beauty is strength, but who do not feel in their soul the need of this strength; like them, he wanted to get at art by means of the intellect, and he was striving to kindle in himself this fire.

"To-morrow we shall sing the Cherubim Song," said he; "I remember my part."

He has the correct ear, but no taste, no feeling for music.

Fedka, however, perfectly understood that the linden was beautiful for its foliage in summer, and good to look at, and that was all that was needed.

Pronka understood that it was a shame to cut it down, because it was also a live thing: "You see it is just the same as blood when we drink the sap from a birch!"

Semka, though he did not say anything, was apparently thinking that there was not much use in it when it was rotten. It seems strange to me to be repeating what we said then, but I remember that we talked over everything, as it seems to me, that could be said about use and about beauty, both plastic and moral.

CHAPTER XV

PROSHCHAÏ AND PROSCHAÏTE

We returned to the village. Fedka had not once let go of my hand. It seemed to me that he held it now out of gratefulness. We were all brought so close together that night! — as we had not been for a long time. Pronka walked abreast with us, along the wide village street.

"See, there 's a light at the Mazanofs' yet!" said he. "As I was going to school to-day, Gavriukha[1] was coming out of the tavern — dr-u-u-unk!" he added, — "blind drunk; his horse was all of a lather, and he was beating her like everything. I feel sorry even now! Indeed, I do! Why should he beat her? And lately, father,"[2] said Semka, "he drove his horse from Tula, and she ran him into a snowdrift, but he was asleep, he was so drunk!"

"But Gavriukha was beating his horse right across the eyes, and I was so sorry to see him," said Pronka, for the second time. "Why did he beat her? and even when he got down he beat her!"

Semka suddenly stopped.

"Our folks are all asleep," said he, looking at the windows of his crooked black cottage. "Won't you come in?"

[1] Contemptuous diminutive of Gavriil, Gabriel.
[2] *Batya*, shortened form of *batenka*, little father.

"No."

"Goo-oo-d-by,[1] Lyof Nikolayevitch," he cried suddenly; and, as if using all the force of his will, he tore himself away from us, and trotted off to the house, lifted the latch, and disappeared.

"Will you take us all home this way; first one, and then the other?" suggested Fedka.

We went farther.

At Pronka's there was a light; we peered through the window; his mother, a tall, handsome, but careworn woman, with black brows and eyes, was sitting at the table peeling potatoes; in the middle a cradle was hung; the mathematician of the second class, Pronka's other brother, was standing by the table, eating potato and salt. The cottage was black, narrow, and dirty.

"There is n't much for you!" cried Pronka's mother. "Where have you been?"

Pronka smiled a sweet and sickly smile, as he glanced at the window. His mother discovered that he was not alone, and immediately her expression changed and became unbeautiful and hypocritical.

Fedka was now the only one left.

"The tailors are at our house, so we have a light," said he, in his gentle voice of the evening. "Good-by,[2] Lyof Nikolayevitch," he added gently and affectionately, as he began to rap with the knocker on the closed door. "Let me in!" rang his clear voice through the wintry quiet of the village street. It was long before there was any answer.

I looked through the window; the cottage was large; legs were seen hanging down from the oven and benches; the father was playing cards with the tailors; a few copper coins were lying on the table. A peasant woman, Fedka's stepmother, was sitting by the cresset and looking eagerly at the money. One tailor, a dissipated-looking young peasant,[3] was holding the cards on the table, and was looking triumphantly at his

[1] *Pra-a-a-shchaïte.*

[2] *Proshchaï*, a more familiar form than *proshchaïte.*

[3] *Prozhzhonnui yeruiga*, a "burnt-out debauchee."

partner. Fedka's father, with his collar thrown open, his face screwed into a scowl of mental excitement and vexation, was shuffling his cards, and irresolutely waving his toil-hardened hand above them.

"Let me in!"

The woman got up and opened the door.

"Good-by!" said Fedka, once more; "let us always walk that way!"

CHAPTER XVI

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED

I SEE honorable, worthy, liberal men, members of charitable societies, who are ready to give and do give a part of their substance to the poor, who have founded and are founding schools, and who on reading this will shake their heads and say:—

"It is not good! Why spend so much energy in developing them? Why cultivate in them sensibilities and capacities which will place them in a false and dangerous position toward their own class? Why educate them out of their sphere?"

I am not speaking now of those who betray themselves by saying:—

"It will be a fine state of affairs when all want to be thinkers and artists, and no one will be willing to labor."

These men say up and down that they don't like to work, and therefore it is necessary that there be people unfitted for any form of employment, and that they work like slaves for others. Who knows whether it is good or bad or necessary to educate them out of their sphere? And who can take them out of their sphere? That is precisely like a mechanical action. Is it good or is it bad to add sugar to flour, or put pepper into beer?

Fedka is not constrained by his torn kaftan, but he is tormented by moral questions and doubts, and you want to give him three rubles, the catechism, and a little story of how labor and humility, which you yourself can

not endure, are useful for a man. He does not need the three rubles, he will get them and have them as soon as he does need them, and he will learn to work without you just as he learned to breathe. He needs what you have been brought to by your life and that of ten generations of your ancestors, uncrushed by work. You have leisure to investigate, to think, to suffer — give to him the results of your sufferings — that is the only thing he needs.

And you, like the Egyptian priest, hide from him under a mantle of mystery, you bury in the earth, the talent given you by history. Do not be afraid! nothing human is injurious to man. Do you doubt it? Give way to your feeling, and it will not disappoint you. Trust your lad to nature, and you may be sure that he will take only what history commanded you to give him, what has grown in you through sufferings.

CHAPTER XVII

THE QUALITY OF THE SCHOLARS

The school is free, and at first the pupils came only from the village of Yasnaya Polyana. Many of these scholars left school because their parents did not consider the teaching good; many after they had learned to read and write ceased coming, and took service at the post-station, for that was the chief industry of our village.

Some came at first from the poor villages of the neighborhood, but on account of the inconvenience of getting back and forth, or the expense of meals which cost at the very least not less than two silver rubles a month, they were soon withdrawn.

Well-to-do muzhiks from more distant villages were attracted by the gratuitous instruction afforded, and by the report spread abroad among the people that there was good teaching at the Y. P. school, and sent us their children; but this winter with the opening of the village

schools they withdrew them again and placed them in the village schools, where a price was charged.

There remained in the Y. P. school the children of the Yasnopolyansky peasants, who go in the winter time, and in summer from April to the middle of October work in the fields, and the children of peasant farmers, overseers, soldiers, domestic servants, tavern-keepers, sacristans, and rich muzhiks, who come from a radius of thirty or fifty versts around.

The total number of pupils reaches forty, but rarely more than thirty are present together. Of girls there are three or five — from six to ten per cent. The ages of the boys are generally between seven and thirteen when the school is of normal size.

Moreover, every year there are three or four adults who come for a month or even for all winter, and then leave entirely. For these adults who come to school individually the school method is very trying, for by reason of their age and their sense of dignity they are prevented from taking part in the life of the school, and they cannot help feeling scorn for the children, and so they remain perfectly isolated. The animation of the school only confuses them. They come for the most to finish their studies, having already had some little instruction, and persuaded in their own minds that study is merely the perusal of some book about which they have heard, or which they have in times past had some little experience of.

In order to come to school the adult must surmount his timidity and shyness, and endure the family storm and the ridicule of his comrades: —

"Oh, would you see, the old nag has come to school!"

And then, besides, he has the constant feeling that every day wasted in school is a day lost for his work, which constitutes his only capital, and therefore all the time he is in school he finds himself in a state of nervous excitement and haste which is most injurious for his studies.

At the time which I am writing about there were

three such adults in the school, and one of them still continues to come.

The adults act in school just as if they were at a fire; the instant one has finished writing he instantly lays the pen down, and while he is doing so, he grasps a book with his other hand, and begins to read standing; as soon as you take a book from him he grabs his slate; and when you take that from him he is entirely lost.

We had this autumn a laboring man who took care of the stoves and studied at the same time. In two weeks he learned to read and write, but this was not study: it was an illness, a fit of intoxication! As he would go carrying a load of wood through the class-room, he would stop, and with the wood in his arms would bend down over a lad's head, and, spelling *s-k-a, ska,* would go to his place.

When he failed to do that, then he would look at the children with envy, almost with anger. When he was at liberty, then there was no restraining him; he would devour his book, repeating *b-a, ba, r-i, ri,* and so on, and when he was in this condition he was deprived of all power of comprehending anything else.

When the adults had to sing or draw or hear a story from history or watch experiments, then it was evident that they yielded to a cruel necessity, and, like the famished when torn from their food, they only waited eagerly the moment when they could betake themselves to their a b c book. Remaining faithful to my principle, I never compelled the boy to learn the alphabet when he did not want to, or the adult to learn physics or drawing when he preferred the alphabet. Each selected what he wanted.

As a rule such adults as had studied before have not as yet found their place in the Y. P. school, and their learning goes hard; there is something unnatural and painful in their relations to the school. The Sunday-schools which I have seen present the same phenomena as regards adults, and therefore all data about the successful voluntary instruction of adults would be for us most useful and valuable.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW PARENTS REGARD THE SCHOOL

THE views of the people have changed since the first in regard to the school. Of their former ideas of it we shall have occasion to speak in the history of the Y. P. school; even now it is said among the people "that everything — all the sciences — are taught there, and the teachers are so extraordinary there — why! they even make thunder and lightning! In other respects the boys learn well, and know how to read and write!" Some rich householders[1] send their children, out of vanity, to go through the whole course, so that they may learn "division" — division being for them the highest concept of scholastic wisdom. Other fathers consider that learning is very advantageous; but the majority send their children without reasoning about it, yielding merely to the spirit of the times. Of these children, who form the larger number, the most gratifying result to us is shown in the fact that these thus sent have come to be so fond of study that their fathers yield to their children's desires, and begin themselves unconsciously to feel that something good is doing for their children, and so cannot make up their minds to take them away.

One father was telling me how he once burned out a whole candle, holding it above his son's book, and he was loud in his praises both of his son and of the book. It was the Testament.

"My pa,[2] also," said one of the boys to me, "the other day listened as I was reading one of my stories; he laughed at first, but when he found that it was religious, he sat up till midnight to listen, and he himself held the light!"

I went with one of the new teachers to a pupil's house, and in order to have the boy make a good showing

[1] *Dvorniki.*

[2] *Batya*, familiar for *batenka*, diminutive of *atyets*, father.

before the teacher, I made him do an algebra example. The mother climbed up on the oven, and we forgot all about her as her son carefully and boldly formed his equation, and said: —

"2 *ab* minus *c*, equals *d* divided by three."

She all the time was covering her mouth with her hand, and trying to restrain herself, but at last she burst out laughing, and could not explain to us what she was laughing at.

Another father, a soldier, who came to fetch his son, found him in the drawing class; and when he saw his son's skill, he began to address him with the respectful *you* instead of *thou*, and could not make up his mind during the class to give him the present which he had brought him.

The general impression, it seems to me, is this: "It is superfluous and idle to teach everything, as in the case of the children of the nobility, but here reading and writing are taught with despatch — therefore we can send our children."

Injurious rumors about us circulate, but they are beginning to find less credence. Two fine boys lately left school on the ground that writing was not properly taught.

Another soldier was on the point of sending his son, but, after questioning the best of our boys, and finding that he stumbled in reading the Psalter, he made up his mind that learning was poor business, and only glory was good.

Some of the Yasnopolyansky peasants still have some apprehension lest the rumors that were once in circulation may have some foundation; they imagine we are teaching for some ulterior end, and that before they know it they will be bundled into carts and carried off to Moscow.

There is now scarcely any dissatisfaction because we do not punish by whipping, and because we have no rank-list; and I have often had occasion to notice the perplexity of some parent who came to school after his son, and found the running, confusion, and scuffling going

on before his very eyes. He is persuaded that such indulgence is harmful, and he believes that education is a good thing, but how the two are united he cannot comprehend.

Gymnastic exercises even now occasionally give rise to comment, and the conviction that they tear the viscera is not to be overcome. At the end of their fasting, or in the autumn when vegetables are ripe, gymnastic exercises seem to do most harm; and old grandmothers,[1] as they put on the pots, will explain that over-indulgence and breaking is the cause of all the trouble.

For some of the parents, though the number is small, the spirit of equality that obtains serves as a cause for dissatisfaction. In November there were two girls, daughters of a rich householder, who came in cloaks and caps, who at first held themselves quite aloof from the others; but afterward, becoming accustomed to things, began to study excellently, and did not mind the tea and the cleaning of their teeth with tobacco. Their father, who drove up in his Crimean tulup tightly buttoned, came into school, and surprised them in the midst of a throng of dirty, clog-wearing children, who, leaning their elbows on the girls' caps, were listening to the teacher. The father was affronted, and took his girls from school, though he did not confess the cause of his grievance.

Finally, there are pupils who have left the school because their parents, who have entered them there in order to please some one, have withdrawn them when this sense of obligation was past.

Thus we have twelve subjects, three classes, forty pupils all told, four teachers, and from five to seven recitations in the course of the day. The teachers keep a diary of their occupations, which they communicate to one another on Sundays, and in accordance with this they make their plans for the teaching during the next week. These plans are not always carried out, but are often modified in accordance with the demands of the pupils.

[1] *Babushki.*

CHAPTER XIX

MECHANICAL READING

Reading constitutes a part of the instruction in language.

The problem of instruction in language consists, in our opinion, in directing the pupils in the comprehension of the contents of books written in the literary language. The knowledge of the literary language is indispensable because all good books are written in it.

Formerly, from the very foundation of the school, there was no division between mechanical and graded reading; the pupils read only what they could comprehend — special works, words and phrases, written in chalk on the walls, then the tales of Khudyakof and Afanasief.

I supposed that for children to learn to read they had to have a love for reading, but that to acquire a love for reading it was necessary that what they read should be comprehensible and interesting. This seemed so rational and clear, but this notion is fallacious.

In the first place, in order to pass from the reading on the walls to the reading in books, each pupil had to have a special training in mechanical reading for every book. As the number of pupils happened to be small, and there was no classification of topics, this was possible, and I succeeded without great difficulty in getting the first pupils from reading on the walls, to reading in books; but when new pupils appeared this became impossible. The younger ones had not the ability to read and comprehend stories; the labor of spelling out words and gathering the meaning, taken together, was too great for them.

Another obstacle consisted in the fact that graded reading was interrupted by these stories, and whatever book we chose, — popular, military, Pushkin, Gogol, Karamzin, — it proved that the older scholars in reading Pushkin, just as the younger ones in the reading of

stories, could not coördinate the labor of reading and that of comprehending what they read, though they understood perfectly well when we read it to them.

We thought at first that the difficulty consisted only in the faulty mechanism of the pupils' reading, and we invented mechanical reading — reading for the process of reading — where the teacher read in alternation with the pupils — but this did not help matters; even in the reading of "Robinson" the same unreadiness manifested itself.

In summer, when the school is in a state of transition, we thought we had overcome this difficulty by the simplest and most practical method. Why not confess it, we submitted to the false shame of having visitors observe us. Our pupils read much worse than the pupils that had been taught the same length of time by the sacristan! A new teacher proposed to introduce reading aloud from the same books, and we consented. Having once adopted the false notion that pupils ought to learn to read fluently in the course of a year, we added mechanical and graded reading to the curriculum, and obliged them to read two hours a day, all using the same books, and this proved very convenient to us.

But one infraction of the law of freedom for the students brought falsehood, and a whole series of mistakes in its train.

The books were purchased — the short stories of Pushkin and Yershof; the children were seated on benches, and one was called on to read aloud while the others followed his reading; in order to be sure that all were paying attention, the teacher would call on first one, then another.

At first this seemed to us a very good plan. Any one visiting the school would find the scholars sitting in good order on their benches; one would be reading, the rest following.

The reader would pronounce, "*Smilúïsa, Gosudáruinya Ruibka,* Have pity, Mistress Fish;" the others or the teacher would correct the accent, *smíluïsa,* and all would follow suit.

"Ivanof read!"

Ivanof will hunt around for the place and begin to read. All are attention; watchful of the teacher, every word is accurately pronounced, and the reading goes with considerable smoothness. It seems admirable, but probe it a little; the one who is reading is reading the same thing for the thirtieth or the fortieth time.

A printed leaf suffices for at least a week, for to purchase new books every time would be terribly expensive, and books comprehensible to the children of peasants are not more than two: the tales of Khudyakof and Afanasief. Moreover, the books used once by one class become so familiar that some know them by heart, and all get tired of them, and they are a bore even to the families of the scholars.

The one that reads is bashful, hearing his own voice ringing through the silence of the room; all his energies are concentrated on the observation of signs and accents; and he contracts the habit of reading without trying to make out the sense, for he is burdened with other distractions. Those who listen do the same, and in their efforts to keep the place when they may be called on, they run their fingers regularly along the lines, and this bores them, and they are easily distracted by outside incidents. The sense of what is read, being an extraneous affair, sometimes against their will sticks in their minds, sometimes does not.

The chief harm lies in that eternal conflict of sharpness and trickery between teacher and pupils which always develops in such an order of things, and which we had hitherto escaped in our school; while the sole advantage of this method of reading — namely, the correct pronunciation of words — had no influence on our pupils.

Our pupils began to read phrases put on the walls, and pronounced by themselves; and all were aware that the word *kogo* — whose — is pronounced as if it were *kavó*. I opine that it is useless to teach them to keep their voices up, or to change their voices in accordance with arbitrary marks, since every five-year-old child

correctly employs, in speaking, the punctuation marks when he understands what he says. Therefore it is easier to teach him to comprehend what he reads from a book — for sooner or later he must attain this — than it is to teach him by punctuation marks to sing as if by notes. But it seems so comfortable for the teacher!

The teacher is always involuntarily impelled to select for himself the most convenient method of teaching.

The more convenient this method is for the teacher, the more unsuitable it is for the scholar.

That method is the only good one which renders the pupils contented.

These three laws of instruction are reflected in the most palpable way in the Y. P. school in the mechanical reading.

CHAPTER XX

EXPERIMENTS

Thanks to the vitality in the spirit of the school, especially when its older pupils returned from their village occupations, this method of reading failed of itself, they began to grow listless, to play pranks, they cut the lessons. The main point, — the reading of stories, — which would go to prove the success of this mechanical method, showed that there was no success at all, that during five weeks not a step of progress had been made, many had fallen behind. The best mathematician of the first class, R——, who could perform examples in square root in his head, got during this time so out of the practice of reading that he even had to spell out words.

We dropped reading in books and racked our brains in trying to invent a method of mechanical reading. The simple notion that the time had not yet come for good mechanical reading, and that there was no necessity for it as yet, that the pupils themselves would find the best method, did not occur to us for some time.

During these experiments the following scheme

worked itself out: While the reading classes were in progress as yet only nominally divided into graded and mechanical, the poorest readers would each two have a book between them, sometimes tales, sometimes the Gospels, sometimes a collection of songs, or a journal of popular reading, and they would read this in duet merely for practice; but when this book is a story within their comprehension they read it understandingly, and insist on the teacher hearing them, even though the class is nominally one in mechanical reading.

Occasionally the students — for the most part those that are dull — take the same book several times, open it at the same page, read the same story, and remember it by heart, not only without, but even against, the teacher's recommendation; sometimes these dull ones come to the teacher or to the elder pupils and ask permission to read with them.

Those that had read best in the second class do not like so well to read before company, more rarely read for mere practice; and, if they learn anything by heart, it is poetry, and not prose tales.

The same phenomenon took place among the older ones with a particularity which especially surprised me last month. In their class in graded reading some book was given them, and they took turns in reading it, and then all of them in concert repeated its contents. This autumn they were joined by a pupil named Ch——, of remarkably gifted nature, who had been to school two years to the sacristan, and was therefore ahead of them all in reading. He reads as well as we do, and consequently in the class in graded reading the pupils understand what little they understand only when Ch—— is reading, and nevertheless each of them is stirred with desire to read.

But as soon as a poor reader begins, all express their dissatisfaction, especially when the story is interesting; they turn it into ridicule, they grow angry, the poor reader becomes abashed, and endless disorder ensues.

Last month one of them declared that, at any cost, he would succeed in a week's time in reading as well as Ch—— did; others also made the same vow, and sud-

denly mechanical reading became a favorite occupation.

For an hour, or an hour and a half, they would sit still, clinging to the book which they could not understand, they would take it home with them, and actually in three weeks they made most unexpected progress.

With them precisely the opposite happened to what generally happens with those who know how to read.

It generally happens that a man learns how to read, but without understanding; in this case it resulted that the scholars became convinced that there was something to read and to understand, and that to attain this skill was required, and so they began to acquire fluency in reading.

Now we have entirely abandoned mechanical reading, but the matter is left as described above: each pupil is given the chance to employ all the methods he pleases, and it is noticeable that each employs all the methods known to me.

I. Reading with a teacher.

II. Reading for practice.

III. Reading and learning by heart.

IV. Reading together.

V. Reading with a comprehension of what is read.

The first method, which is employed by mothers all over the world, is, as a rule, not a scholastic but a family method; according to this the pupil comes and asks some one to read with him; the teacher reads, showing the pronunciation of each syllable and word. This is the first and most rational expedient — no other can take its place; and the pupil himself demands it before all others, and the teacher instinctively falls back upon it.

Notwithstanding all the means calculated to improve the education and to facilitate the teacher's work with the majority of students, this remains the best, and indeed the only, method of teaching children to read, and to read fluently.

The second method of instruction in reading is likewise very popular, and every one who learns to read fluently makes use of it. In this case, the pupil is given

a book and is left wholly to himself to make out and comprehend what he pleases. The pupil who has gained sufficient prowess not to feel the need of asking some one[1] to read with him, but trusts to himself, always acquires that passion for process reading which is too severely satirized in Gogol's "Petrushka," and in consequence of this passion makes great progress. God knows how such kind of reading gets into his head, but in some way he becomes accustomed to the shape of the letters, to the formation of syllables, to the pronunciation of words, and even to their meaning; and I have more than once by experiment satisfied myself how we have been put back by our strenuous insistence on the pupil understanding absolutely what he reads.

Many self-taught persons have learned to read well in this way, although its faults must be manifest to every one.

The third method of teaching reading consists in the learning by heart prayers, verses, or any printed page, and in pronouncing what has been learned, following it from the book.

The fourth method — that which was found so injurious in the Y. P. school — is reading from a single book. It corrected itself in our school. At first we had not books enough to go around, and so each two pupils had one book put before them; then this began to amuse them, and when the announcement was made, — "Class in Reading," — the students of equal strength would pair off and sit down — sometimes three with one book — and one would read and the rest would follow and make corrections.

You would make a muddle of the whole thing if you tried to seat them yourselves; they know who are their mates, and Taraska will infallibly select Dunka.

"Now, come here and read, and *you* go to your place!"

Some do not like at all such reading in common, because it is not necessary.

The advantage of reading together in this way con-

[1] *Dyadenka*, little uncle.

sists in the greater clearness of pronunciation, in the greater chance for the one who does not read, but follows, to understand; but all the advantage produced by this method is rendered injurious as soon as this method or any other is applied to the whole school.

Finally, the fifth method, which is still in favor with us, is a graded reading — that is, the reading of books with interest and comprehension growing ever more and more complicated.

All of these methods, as has been said above, have been employed experimentally in the school, and the advancement made in one month has been considerable.

The teacher's business is merely to propose a choice of all known and unknown methods of possibly helping the pupil in the business of learning. To be sure, in a certain way, that of reading by single book, instruction is made easy and convenient for the teacher, it has an appearance of regularity and progressiveness; but in our system it not only proves to be difficult, but to some it seems impossible.

People will ask: "How can one foretell what is necessary to every pupil, and decide whether the demand of each one is legitimate or not?" People will ask: "How can you help getting confused in this varied throng, if it is not subjected to some general principle?"

To these questions I will reply: The difficulty presents itself merely because we cannot divest ourselves of the ancient view of a school as of a disciplined corps of soldiers which one lieutenant commands one day, another the next. For the teacher accustomed to the freedom of the school, every pupil represents an individuality with his own needs, to satisfy which freedom of choice is the only possible condition.

Had it not been for this freedom and external disorder which to some people seems so strange and impossible, we should not only never have hit upon these five methods of learning to read, but moreover we should never have dared to employ and proportion them to the demands of the pupils, and consequently we should never have attained those brilliant results

which we attained in reading during the last part of the time.

How many times has it happened to us to witness the perplexity of visitors to our school, who wished in the course of two hours to learn our method of instruction — when we had none at all! and, moreover, in the course of those two hours insisted on telling us their method! How many times have we not heard these visitors advising us to introduce the very method which, unknown to them, was employed under their very eyes in the school, but only not in the form of a despotic law imposed on all!

CHAPTER XXI

GRADED READING

Although, as we have said, mechanical reading and graded reading in reality blend in one, for us these two methods are always distinguishable by their purposes: it seems to us that the purpose of the former is the art of fluently forming words out of certain signs; the object of the latter is the knowledge of the literary language. A method of learning the literary language naturally presented itself to us, seemingly very simple, but in reality most difficult. It seemed to us that after the reading of phrases written on their slates by the scholars themselves, it was the proper thing to give them the stories of Khudyakof and Afanasief, then something more difficult and in a more complicated style, then something still more difficult, and so on till they should reach Karamzin, Pushkin, and the Code. But this, like the most of our suppositions and like suppositions in general, was not realized.

From the language written by the scholars themselves on their slates or blackboards, I succeeded in bringing them to the language of tales; but to bring them from the language of tales to a higher standard, the "something" that should be the intermediate step was lacking

in our literature. We tried "Robinson," but it did not work: some of the pupils wept with vexation, because they could not comprehend and relate the story; I tried to tell it to them in my own way and they began to believe in the possibility of comprehending the wisdom of it; they succeeded in getting at its meaning and in a month they were reading "Robinson," but it bored them and finally almost disgusted them. This labor was too great for them. They trusted more to their memories, and in repeating the story immediately after what had been read during a whole evening they retained snatches of it, but no one took it in as a whole. They remembered unfortunately certain words incomprehensible to them, and they began to use these words askew and amiss, as half-educated people are wont to do.

I saw that this was not good, but I did not know how to remedy the evil. To convince myself and clear my conscience, I began to give them to read various popular sophistications like "Dyadi Naumui" and "Tetushki Natali," though I knew in advance that they would not satisfy them; and my prognostication was verified. These books were more of a bore to the pupils than anything else, if they were required to recapitulate them.

After "Robinson" I tried Pushkin, notably his story "The Undertaker"; but unless they were helped they were even less able to tell about it afterward than they had been in the case of "Robinson," and "The Undertaker" seemed to them still more of a bore. The addresses to the reader, the un-serious relation of the author to his personages, the humorous characterization, his conciseness, — all this was so incompatible with what they wanted that I definitely abandoned Pushkin, whose stories had hitherto seemed to me by hypothesis most regularly constructed, simple, and therefore comprehensible to the people. Then I made the experiment with Gogol's "Night before Christmas."

As I read it to them, it pleased them at first very much, especially the older ones; but as soon as they were left to read it themselves, they could not under-

stand it, and it bored them. Even when I read it, they did not ask me to go on. The richness of the coloring, the fancifulness, and the capricious method of construction were opposed to their habit of thought.

Then I tried them with a Russian translation[1] of the "Iliad," and the reading of this caused a curious perplexity among them; they supposed that the original was written in French, and they could not at all understand even after I had told them its subject-matter in my own words; even then the fable of the poem did not make itself intelligible to their minds.

The skeptic Semka, a healthy, logical nature, was struck by the picture of Phœbus with the arrows rattling on his back, as he flew down from Olympus; but evidently he was at a loss what to make of this picture.

"How did he fly down from the mountain, and not dash himself to pieces?" he kept asking me.

"Why, you see, they supposed he was a god," I replied.

"How a god?"

"They had many of them."

"Then he must have been a false god, or else he flew down lightly from that mountain; otherwise he would have been dashed in pieces," he exclaimed, spreading his hands.

I tried George Sand's "Gribouille," some popular and military reading, and all in vain. We try everything we can find, and everything that is sent us, but we have very little hope in our experiments.

You sit down in school and open a so-called popular book just brought from the mail.

"Little uncle, let me read it, me! me!" cry various voices, and hands are eagerly thrust out. "Let us have it, we can understand it better!" You open the book, and read:—

"The life of the great Saint Alexis presents us with a model of ardent faith, piety, indefatigable zeal, and fiery love to his native land, to which this holy man performed important services."

[1] Gneditch's.

Or, "Long ago men noted the frequent apparition in Russia of self-taught men of talents, but the phenomenon is not explained by all in the same way."

Or, "Three hundred years have passed since the land of the Czechs became a dependency of the German Empire."

Or, "The village of Karacharevo, scattered along the mountain flank, is situated in one of the most fertile grain-producing governments of Russia."

Or, "The road wandered wide and lost itself;" or it is a popular exposition of something in natural science on a single printed sheet, filled half full of flatteries addressed by the author to the muzhik.

If you give such a book to any one of the children, his eyes begin to grow dull, he begins to yawn.

"No, it is too deep for us, Lyof Nikolayevitch," he will say, and he will give you back the book. For whom and by whom such "popular books" are written remains a mystery to us. Of all the volumes of this kind read by us not one was retained except the "Dyedushki" of the old story-teller Zolotof, which had a great success in school and at home. Some are simply wretched writings, composed in a miserable literary style, and as they find no readers in the ordinary public, are therefore consecrated to the common people. Others are still more wretched — written in a style which is not Russian, a style lately invented, pretending to be "popular," like that of Kruilof's "Fables." Still others are sophistications of foreign books designed for the people but lacking the elements of popularity.

The only books comprehensible for the people and adapted to the taste of the people are those not written for the people, but proceeding from the people — *folk*-tales, proverbs, collections of songs, legends, poems, enigmas, like the recent collection of Vodovozof's.

Without having had experience of it, one cannot believe how much fresh zeal they put into the constant reading of all books of this kind, even the narratives of the Russian people, the heroic legends[1] and poems, the

[1] *Builinas.*

proverbs of Snegiref, the old chronicles, and all the memorials of our ancient literature without exception.

I have observed that children have a greater passion than their elders for reading books of this sort. They read them over and over, learn them by heart, carry them home with delight, and in their games and talk give one another nicknames taken from the old legends and songs.

Adults, either because they are not so natural, or because they have already acquired a taste for the elegance of the book-language, or because they unconsciously feel the need of acquiring a knowledge of literary style, are less attracted by books of this kind, and prefer those in which half of the words, figures, and ideas are incomprehensible to them.

But as books of this kind are not liked by the pupils, the object which we perhaps erroneously set before ourselves is not attained by them; between these books and the literary language the same gulf exists.

So far we see no means of escape from this vicious circle, though we have made, and are all the time making, experiments and new hypotheses, — we strive to detect our mistakes and beg all those who feel interested in this matter to communicate to us their notions, experiments, and successes in resolving the problem.

The question so insoluble for us consists in this: —

For the education of the people it is essential that they should have and like to read the best books; but the best books are written in a style which the people do not understand. In order to learn to read understandingly, they must read much; in order to like to read, they must understand.

In what lies the error and how escape from this situation? Maybe there is a transition literature which we do not know about, simply through lack of knowledge; maybe the study of the books which circulate among the people, and the opinion of the people regarding these books, will open to us ways by which men from among the people will attain an understanding of the literary language.

To such a study we shall consecrate a special department in our journal, and we beg all who realize the importance of this matter to send us articles on the subject.

CHAPTER XXII

THE POSSIBLE CAUSE AND POSSIBLE HELP

Possibly the cause of this is our severance from the people, the enforced culture of the upper classes; and time only may help this trouble by giving birth, not to a chrestomathy, but a complete transition literature consisting of all the books now extant, and organically taking its place in a course of graded reading.

Maybe it is a fact that the common people do not comprehend, and do not wish to comprehend, our literary language, because there is nothing in it for them to comprehend, because our whole literature does not suit them at all, and they will work out their own literature. Finally, the last supposition, which seems to us more plausible than the rest, consists in this: that the apparent fault lies not in the nature of the thing, but in our insistence on the notion that the object of teaching language is to raise pupils to the degree of knowing the literary language, and, above all, in making rapid progress in the attainment of this end. It may very possibly be that the graded reading of which we dream will come of itself, and that the knowledge of the literary language will, in its own good time, reach every pupil, as we are all the time seeing it do among people who read in turn, without comprehending, the psalter, novels, and lawpapers, and by this route manage somehow to attain to a knowledge of the language of books.

Yet by this hypothesis it is incomprehensible to us why all books seem to the people so bad and so contrary to their taste; and the question arises what ought schools to do in the meantime? For we cannot at all admit that, having decided in our minds that a knowledge of the literary language is useful, it would

be possible by means of compulsory explanations, lessons, and repetitions to teach the people the literary language against their will as they are taught French. We must confess that more than once we have attempted this in the course of the last two months, and we have always encountered insuperable repugnance, which showed the falsity of the course adopted.

In these experiments I merely convinced myself that the explanations of the meaning of a word or of a paragraph are perfectly out of the question even for a talented teacher, — to say nothing of the explanations which teachers of mediocre abilities like altogether too well, as that "an assembly is a certain small synedrion," and the like. In explaining any word whatever — as, for example, the word *vpechatleniye*, "impression" — you substitute, in place of the word explained, another just as incomprehensible, or a whole list of words the connection of which is just as incomprehensible as the word itself. Almost always the word itself is not incomprehensible, but the pupil has no comprehension of what is expressed by the word. The word is always at his service when the idea is there. Moreover, the relation of the word to the thought and the formation of new ideas is such a complicated, mysterious, and delicate process of the mind, that all interference with it seems like a brutal incoherent force arresting the process of development.

It is easy to say *understand*. Why can't all comprehend, and yet how many different things may be understood by different persons reading from the same book? The pupil, though he fail to understand two or three words in a sentence, may comprehend the delicate shades of thought or its relation to what went before. You, the teacher, insist on one side of the concept, but the pupil does not require what you wish to explain to him. Sometimes he has understood, only he cannot make it plain to you that he has, while at the same time he vaguely surmises and absorbs something entirely different, and yet something quite useful and valuable for him. You insist on his explaining himself, but since

he must use words to explain the impression which words produce on him, he is either silent, or else he begins to talk nonsense, or lies, or deceives himself, trying to find something to satisfy you, or he invents some non-existent difficulty and struggles under it; the general impression produced by a book, the poetic sense which helps him to obtain a notion of it, is driven in and hidden.

We were reading Gogol's "Vii," repeating each paragraph in our own words. Everything went well till we reached the third page, on which is the following paragraph: —

"All these learned people, the seminary as well as the college, which cherished a sort of inherited feud, were absolutely devoid of means for satisfying their hunger, and moreover were unusually voracious, so that to reckon how many galuskas[1] each one of them would eat at a dinner would have been a perfectly impossible task, and therefore the generous offerings of opulent benefactors never sufficed."

TEACHER: Well, what have you read?

Almost all these pupils were very well developed children.

THE BEST PUPIL: In the college the people were all voracious eaters, were poor, and at dinner ate galushkas.

TEACHER: What else?

PUPIL (*a mischievous boy with a good memory, speaking whatever comes into his head*): An impossible theory — they sacrificed their benefactors.

TEACHER (*with vexation*): Think what you are saying. That is not right. What was an impossibility?

Silence.

TEACHER: Read it again.

They read it. One pupil with a good memory added a few more words which he had retained. *The seminaries fed by opulent benefactors could not suffice.*

No one could make any sense out of it. They began to talk absolute nonsense. The teacher insisted: —

TEACHER: What is an impossibility?

[1] Dumplings, a Malo-Russian dish.

He wanted them to tell him that it was an impossibility to count the dumplings.

A Pupil: A college is an impossibility.

Another Pupil: Very poor is impossible.

They read it again. As if they were hunting for a needle they tried to find the word the teacher wanted, they hit on everything except the word *count*, and they at last fell into despair.

I — the teacher — did not give up, and after great labor got them to analyze the whole sentence; but they understood it much less clearly than when the first pupil read it.

However, there was really nothing to understand. The carelessly constructed and involved sentence conveyed no meaning to the reader, other than that at once perceived: "The poor and hungry people ate dumplings," and that was all the author really had to say.

I was concerned only about the form, which was bad, and in bothering about this I spoiled the whole class during the entire after-dinner hour, beat down and destroyed a quantity of intellectual blossoms just beginning to put forth.

Another time I struggled in just the same wrong and disgusting way on the elucidation of the word *arudiye*, "instrument," and just as ineffectually.

On that same day, in the drawing-class, the pupil Ch —— protested because the teacher insisted on his inscribing on his copy-book the title *Romashka's Drawings*. He declared: —

"We ourselves draw in copy-books, but only Romashka designed the figures, and so we should write, not *the drawings*, but *the work* of Romashka."

How the distinction of these ideas came into his head remains for me a mystery which it is best not to try to solve, but in exactly the same way it is a mystery how participles and subordinate clauses sometimes — though rarely — are introduced into their compositions.

It is necessary to give a pupil the opportunity of acquiring new ideas and words from the general sense of the discourse. If he hears or reads an incompre-

hensible word in one sentence which he understands, another time finds the same in another sentence, he begins to get a vague notion of it, and finally the time comes when he feels the necessity of using this word; when once he has used it both the word and the concept become his property. And there are a thousand other ways. But consciously to give a pupil new ideas and new forms, I am convinced, is just as impossible, just as idle, as to teach a child to walk by the laws of equilibrium.

Every such attempt, instead of aiding, drives away the pupil from the proposed end, just as a man's rough hand, which, wishing to help a flower to unfold, should break it all around and then try to roll back its petals.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE PUPILS LEARNED TO WRITE

Writing was conducted in the following method: —

The pupils were taught simultaneously to recognize and form the letters, to spell and write words, to understand what was written, and to write. They would take their places round the wall, marking off divisions with chalk, and one of them would dictate whatever came into his head, and the others would copy it. If there were many of them, then they divided into several groups. Then they took turns in dictating, and all read it over to one another. They printed out the letters, and at first corrected the errors of spelling and syllabification, then those of misused letters.

This class formed itself. Every pupil who learns to write the letters is seized with a passion for writing, and at first the doors, the outside walls of the school and of the cottages where the pupils live, would be covered with letters and words. But they took even greater pleasure in writing a whole phrase, such, for

instance, as this: "To-day Marfutka and Olgushka[1] had a fight."

In order to organize this class the teacher had only to teach the children how to act together, just as an adult teaches children to play any infantile game. And, in fact, this class went on without change for two years, and every time with as much gayety and animation as in a good game. This included reading and conversation, and writing and grammar.

In this writing, the most difficult part of learning a language for a beginner is attained spontaneously: that is, faith in the unalterability of the form of a word — whether printed or spoken — their *own* word. I think that every teacher who tries to teach a language without depending on a grammar must meet with this first difficulty.

You wish to direct the pupil's attention to some word, *menyà*, "me," for example. You take his sentence: "Mikishka pushed *me* from the steps." That is what he said.

"Pushed whom?" you ask, wishing him to repeat the sentence, and hoping to hit on the word *me*.

"*Nas* — us," he replies.

"No, but what did you say?" you ask.

"We fell off the steps, owing to Mikishka," or "Because he pushed us, Praskutka[2] flew down, and I after her," he will reply.

And here you try to get your accusative case and its ending. But the pupil cannot understand that there was any difference in the words he used.

But if you take a little book, or begin to repeat his sentence, he will distinguish with you, not the vital word, but something entirely different.

When he dictates, every word is caught on the fly by the other pupils, and written down.

"What do you say? what is that?" and they will not let him change a single letter.

In doing this disputes are all the time rising, from the fact that one writes one way and another another,

[1] Diminutives of Marfa (Martha) and Olga. [2] Diminutive of Praskovya.

and very soon the one who dictates begins to ponder how to say it, and begins to realize that there are two things in speech: form and content. He will utter some phrase, thinking only of its meaning. Swiftly, like one word, the phrase flies from his lips. The others begin to question him: "How?" "What?" and when he repeats it several times in succession he explains the form and the constituent parts of speech, and confirms them by a word.

Thus they write in the third, that is, the lowest, class — one being able to use the cursive script, another printing his words.

We not only do not insist on the cursive script, but if we permitted ourselves to put any restrictions on the scholars, we should forbid them to write in the cursive script, which destroys the hand and is not legible.

Cursive letters spontaneously enter into their handwriting: a pupil learns a letter or two of one of the older boys; others imitate it, and frequently write whole words in this way: *dyadenka*, "little uncle," and before a week is over all are using the cursive script.

CHAPTER XXIV

SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN WRITING

This summer we had exactly the same experience with calligraphy as we had with mechanical reading.

The scholars were very poor penmen, and one of the new teachers tried to have them write from a copy — always a regular and easy method for the teacher. The scholars detested this; we were compelled to abandon calligraphy, and we could not devise any way of correcting bad writing.

But the oldest class themselves found a way out of it. After they had finished writing their sacred history, the older scholars wanted us to let them carry their copy-books home. The copy-books were soiled, torn, badly written. The careful mathematician, R——, asked for

a new book, and began to copy his exercise. This idea pleased them all. "I want a sheet of paper," and "I want a copy-book;" and calligraphy became the fashion, and has continued so in the upper class.

They would take their copy-books, lay before them the written alphabet-copy, practise on each letter, and try to excel one another; and in two weeks they had made great progress.

Almost all of us, when we were children, were obliged to eat bread at the table, and for this very reason, that we did not like it; but we came to like it at last. Almost all of us have learned to hold the pen with straight fingers, and we all began by holding the pen with crooked fingers, because they were short; but now we hold it with straight fingers. It may well be asked: Why are we so tortured when all of this comes of itself as soon as it is necessary? Will not the love and the demand for knowledge come to all in the same way?

The members of the second class write compositions on some story repeated from sacred history. They compose them on their slates, then copy them on paper. The members of the third or lowest class write what they please. Moreover, the younger ones in the evenings write sentences separately, which they compare together. One writes while the others whisper together, noting his mistakes, and they wait till the end only to correct him of a misused vowel or a misplaced preposition, and sometimes of a misstatement.

To write correctly and correct the mistakes of others is for them a great pleasure. The older ones seize hold of any writing which comes under their notice, practise correcting the mistakes, strive with all their might to write well, but they cannot endure grammar and the analysis of language, and notwithstanding all our former passion for analysis they will permit it only in very small amounts, — they go to sleep or drop out of the classes.

CHAPTER XXV

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR

We made various experiments in teaching grammar, and must confess that no one of them succeeded in our aim of rendering this study attractive. In the summer, in the second and first classes, a new teacher made a beginning with explaining the parts of speech, and the children — at least some of them at first — were interested, as they would have been in charades and enigmas. Often, after the lesson was finished, they recurred to the idea of enigmas, and amused themselves in puzzling one another with such questions as, "Where is the predicate?" or —

> "What sits in the spoon,
> Letting his legs hang down?"

But there was no application to correct writing, or if there was any it was rather to erroneous than to correct sentences.

Just exactly as it was with the wrong use of vowels when you say you pronounce *a* but write *o*, the pupil will write *robota* for *rabota*, "work," and *molina* for *malina*, "blackberry"; [1] when you say that two predicates are separated by a comma he will write, "*I wish, to say*," and so on. To expect him to recognize in every sentence what is the subject and what is the predicate is impossible. But if he learns to do so, then in the process of searching for them he loses all instinct which he must have for writing the work correctly, not to speak of the fact that in syntactical analysis the teacher is all the time obliged to be subtle before his scholars and deceive them, and they are very well aware of this.

For instance, we hit on the proposition: *On the earth there were no mountains.*

One said the subject was *earth*, another that it was

[1] In Russian an unaccented *o* is pronounced like *a*.

mountains, but we said that it was an impersonal proposition,[1] and we saw very clearly that the pupils kept silent simply from politeness, but that they understood perfectly well that our answer was far more stupid than theirs; and in this respect we were secretly in perfect agreement.

Having persuaded ourselves of the uselessness of syntactical analysis, we also tried etymological analysis — the parts of speech, declensions, conjugations; and in the same way they proposed conundrums to one another about the dative case, the infinitive mood, and adverbs, and it resulted in the same ennui, the same abuse of the authority exerted by us, and the same lack of attention.

In the older class they always use the letter *ъ* in the dative and prepositional cases, but when they correct the younger ones in this respect they can never give the reason why, and they are obliged to fall back on enigmas of cases in order to remember the rule: "The dative takes a *ъ*."

Even the little ones, who have as yet heard nothing about the parts of speech, very often cry out the right letter to indicate the dative, though they themselves do not know why, and evidently take delight in the fact that they have guessed it.

In the last few weeks I experimented with the second class with an exercise of my own invention; and I like all inventors was charmed with it, and it seemed to me extraordinarily convenient and rational until I became convinced of its inefficacy in actual use. Not naming the parts of speech in a sentence, I made the scholars write something down, sometimes giving them a subject — that is, a proposition; and by means of questions I tried to make them amplify the proposition by introducing adjectives, new subjects, qualifying clauses, relatives, and complementary attributes.

"Wolves run."

"When?" — "Where?" — "How?" — "What wolves run?" — "What are running?" — "They run and what else do they do?" It seemed to me that in getting ac-

[1] In the Russian construction *builo* is impersonal.

customed to questions requiring this, that, or the other part of speech, they would acquire the distinctions between the different parts of the proposition and the different parts of speech.

They did acquire them, but it became a bore to them, and they in their heart of hearts asked themselves "Why?" and I was obliged to ask myself the same question, and could find no answer.

Never, without a struggle, will man or child give up their living speech to mechanical analyses and dissection. There is an instinct of self-protection in this living speech. If it is to develop, then it endeavors to develop spontaneously, and only in conformity with all vital conditions. As soon as you try to catch this word, to fasten it into a vise, to tear it limb from limb, to give it ornaments which seem to you necessary, how this word with its living idea and significance contracts and vanishes away, and all you have left in your hands is the mere shell on which you can work your own artifices, not harming and not helping the word which you want to form. Up till the present time the scholars of the second class continue syntactical and grammatical analysis and the practice of amplifying sentences, but it drags, and I suspect it will soon stop of itself. Moreover, as an exercise in language, though it is thoroughly ungrammatical, we do as follows: —

(1) From given words we have the pupils compare sentences. For example we write *Nikolaï, wood, to learn*, and one writes: "If Nikolaï had not been cutting wood, he would have come to learn;" another: "Nikolaï cuts the wood well; you must learn of him," and so on.

(2) We compose verses on a given model, and this exercise, more than all the rest, occupies the older pupils. The verses are made like the following: —

> By the window sits the old man
> In a tulup worn and torn,
> While the muzhik in the street
> Peels red eggs to eat.

(3) An exercise which has great success in the lowest class: Some word is given — first a substantive, then an

adjective, an adverb, and a preposition. One pupil goes behind the door, and each of the others must compose a sentence in which the given word is employed. The one who hides must guess it.

All these exercises — the writing of sentences on given words, versification, and the guessing of words — have one single aim: to persuade the pupil that a word is a word, having its unalterable laws, modifications, endings, and mutual relations; now this conviction is slow to enter their minds, and it must assuredly precede the study of grammar.

All these exercises please; all exercises in grammar produce ennui. Stranger and more significant than anything else is the fact that grammar is a bore, though nothing is easier. As soon as you cease to teach it by a book, a six-year-old child, beginning with definitions, will be able in half an hour to decline, to conjugate, to recognize genders, numbers, tenses, subjects, and predicates, and you feel that he knows all this just as well as you do.

In the dialect of our region there is no neuter gender: gun, hay, meat, window — everything is *she*, and in this respect grammar is of no avail.

The older pupils for three years have known all the rules of declension and the case-endings, and yet, in writing a short sentence, they will make several mistakes, and in spite of your corrections and all the reading they do, they will use a wrong word over and over again.

But you ask yourself: Why teach them when they know all this as well as you do? If I ask what is the genitive plural feminine of *bolshoï*, "great"; if I ask where the subject or the predicate is; if I ask from what stem comes the word *raspakhnulsa*,[1] — it is only the nomenclature that is difficult for him, but the adjective in whatever number and case you wish he will always use without mistake. Consequently, he knows the declension. Never in speaking will he neglect to employ the predicate, and he will not confuse the complement with it.

[1] "It opened," as of a door.

He is aware that *raspakhnut'sa*, "to open," is related to the word *pakh*, and he recognizes the laws of the formation of words better than you do because more new words are invented by children than by any one else. What then is the good of this nomenclature and demand for philosophic definition which are above their powers? Except the demand at examinations, the only explanation for the necessity of grammar may be discovered in its application to a regular evolution of thought.

In my personal experience I never found this application, I never find it in the example of men who, without knowing grammar, yet write correctly, and of candidates in philology who write incorrectly, and I can point to scarcely one illustration of the scholars at Yasnaya Polyana finding a knowledge of grammar of any practical use.

It seems to me that grammar goes of itself, like a mental gymnastic exercise, not without utility, while language — the ability to write, read, and understand — also goes of itself.

Geometry and mathematics in general present themselves at first also as merely a mental gymnastic exercise, but with this difference, that each geometrical proposition, each mathematical definition, leads to further, indeed to an infinite number, of deductions and propositions; while in grammar, even if you agree with those who see in it the application of logic to language, there is a very narrow domain of these deductions and propositions. As soon as the pupil, by one route or another, masters a language, all applications from grammar fall away and perish like something which has outlived its usefulness.

We personally cannot as yet divest ourselves of the tradition that grammar, in the sense of the laws of language, is indispensable for the regular development of thought; it even seems to us that there is a need of grammar for young students — that they have in them, though unconsciously, the laws of grammar; but we are convinced that the grammar which we know is not at

all that which is necessary for the student, and that in this custom of teaching grammar is a great historical misunderstanding.

The child knows that it is necessary to write in the pronoun *sibye*, not because it is the dative case, however many times you may have told him so, and not merely because he blindly imitates what he has seen written over and over again — he gets possession of these examples, not in the form of the dative case, but in some other way.

We have a pupil from another institution and he knows grammar excellently, and yet he can never distinguish the third person from the infinitive of the reflexive, and another pupil, Fedka, who, knowing nothing about infinitives, never makes a mistake, and who uses auxiliaries with remarkably logical consistency.[1]

We, in the Yasnaya Polyana school, recognize in the teaching of reading and writing all known methods as not without their advantages, and we employ them in proportion as they are willingly accepted by the pupils and in proportion to our attainments in knowledge. At the same time, we do not accept any one method to the exclusion of another, and we are all the time trying to discover new measures. We are in as little sympathy with Mr. Perevlyevsky's method, which did not receive more than a two days' trial at Yasnaya Polyana, as with the widely disseminated opinion that the only method of teaching a language is writing, notwithstanding the fact that writing constitutes in the Yasnaya Polyana school the principal method of teaching language. We are searching and still hope to find!

[1] The concrete examples given by Count Tolstoï would be meaningless in English.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WRITING OF COMPOSITIONS

In the first and second classes the choice of compositions is granted the scholars. The favorite subject for these boys are the Old Testament stories, which they will write two months after they have been related by the teacher.

The first class not long ago began to write on New Testament history, but this was not nearly so successful as the Old; they even made more mistakes in spelling in it. They did not understand it so well. In the first class we tried compositions written on given themes. The early themes, which, by the most natural process, first came into our heads, were descriptions of simple objects, such as corn, a cottage, a tree, etc.; but to our extreme amazement their labors on these subjects almost brought the tears into the pupils' eyes, and in spite of the help of the teacher, who divided the description of corn into the description of its growth, or of its manufacture, or about its use, they strenuously refused to write on themes of such a nature; and if they wrote, they made incomprehensible and most ridiculous mistakes in spelling, in language, and in ideas.

We tried the experiment of giving up compositions on such subjects, and all were as delighted as if we had bestowed a gift on them. Compositions on so-called simple subjects, so much affected in schools, such as a pig, a kettle, a table, seemed immeasurably more difficult than the writing of whole stories based on their own experiences.

One and the same mistake is always repeated as in all other matters of instruction — the simplest and most common seems to the teacher to be easiest, while to the pupil only the complicated and vivid seems easy.

All the text-books of natural sciences begin with general principles, text-books of language with definitions, history with divisions into periods, even geometry with

definitions of such abstract concepts as space and the mathematical point.

Almost all teachers, guiding themselves along such a path of thought, give out for their first subjects of composition the definition of a table or a bench, and cannot persuade themselves that for the description of a table or a bench one needs to stand on the very highest plane of philosophical and dialectical development, and that the same lad who is shedding tears over his composition about tables or benches will describe admirably the sentiment of love or hate, the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, or a squabble among his companions.

The subjects which they best like to write about are the description of events which have taken place under their own eyes, or the repetition of stories which they have heard.

The writing of compositions has come to be their favorite exercise. Outside of school, as soon as the older scholars have got hold of paper and pencils, they write, not *Milostivui*, "Dear Sir," but a story of their own composition.

At first I was troubled by the irregularity and sense of disproportion in the form of the compositions. I gave them such directions as I thought were necessary, but they absolutely mistook my meaning, and the affair went badly; it seemed as if they were unwilling to recognize any other necessity upon them than that there should be no mistakes. Now, however, the time has come when they themselves often complain when a composition is stretched out, or when there are frequent repetitions or jumps from one subject to another. It would be hard to decide wherein their demands are founded, but their demands are law.

"Nonsense!" some of them cry, when they hear the composition of some schoolmate; some are unwilling to read their own after hearing the reading of a composition which has struck them as good; some will tear their copybooks from the teacher's hand, dissatisfied that they did not sound as they expected, and will read them themselves

Different natures are so sharply expressed that we used to try the experiment of having the scholars guess who wrote such and such a composition, and in the first class they rarely made a mistake in their selection.

CHAPTER XXVII

SPECIMENS OF COMPOSITIONS

For lack of space we must omit the description of the teaching of language and other subjects and the extracts from the teachers' diaries; but here we will cite specimens of the compositions of two of the pupils in the first class, making no change in spelling or punctuation.

B——, a very poor scholar, but a lad of keen and original mind, wrote compositions about Tula, and about his studies. The one about his studies had a great success among the scholars. B—— was eleven years old, and had been at school at Yasnaya Polyana three winters; but he had studied before.

"*About Tula*

"The other Sunday I went to Tula again. When we got there Vladimir Aleksandrovitch told me and Vaska Zhdanof to go to Sunday-school. We went and we went and we went,[1] and at last, after a great deal of trouble, we found it. We went in and found all the scholars sitting down; and I saw our teacher in botany. And so I said, 'How do you do sir?'[2] and he said, 'How do you do.' Then I went into the class, stood near the table, and I felt so confused that I took and went out into Tula. I went and I went and I saw a woman baking cakes.[3] I began to take my money out of my pocket, when I had got it out, I bought the cakes.

[1] *Poshli, shli, shli, nasilushka nashli.*

[2] *Zdravstvuite gospoda:* literally, "gentlemen"; but a peasant always addresses or speaks of a superior as "they."

[3] *Kalatchi*, small loaves of white bread; *kalatchi* is one of the few Tartar words that have survived in Russian.

After I had bought them I went on. And I saw a man walking up and down on a tower, and looking to see if there was a fire anywhere. And I have finished about Tula."

"Composition about how I studied

"When I was eight years old, I was sent to Gruma to the cattle woman. There I learned a good deal. But afterward I got tired of it, and began to cry. And the woman took a stick and began to beat me. But I cried louder than ever. And after a few days I ran off home, and told them all about it. And they took me from there and sent me to Dunka's mother. And there I studied well, and I was never beaten there, and there I learned the whole alphabet. Then I was sent to Foka Demidovitch. He used to beat me very cruelly. Once I ran away from him, and he ordered them to find me. When they found me and carried me to him, he took me and laid me over the footstool, took a bundle of rods, and began to beat me. And I screamed with all my might; and when he lifted me up he made me read. And as he listened to me he would say, 'You son of a dog! how abominably you read! oh, what a pig you are!'"

Here are two examples of Fedka's composition; the one on the subject "Corn" given to him, the other chosen by himself, about a visit to Tula. This was Fedka's third winter at school. He was ten years old.

"About Corn

"Corn grows in the ground. At first it is generally green. But when it is full grown then the ears of corn grow out of it and the women reap it. There is another kind of corn just like grass, and the cattle eat it well."

That was all there was of it. He was conscious that it was not good, and was sorry for it. About Tula he wrote as follows without correction: —

"*About Tula*

"When I was a very little boy I was five years old and sometimes I heard of people going to a place called Tula and I did not know what Tula was. And so I asked my papa:[1]—

"'Pa! what sort of a place is this Tula where you go? Is it good?'

"Papa said, 'Yes.'

"Then I said: 'Pa! take me with you, I want to see Tula.'

"Papa said: 'All right when Sunday comes I will take you with me.'

"I was glad and began to run and jump on the bench.

"After these days came Sunday. I got up very early in the morning but papa was already harnessing the horses in the yard. I got on my shoes and stockings and dressed me as quick as I could.

"By the time I was dressed and ran down into the yard father had the horses all harnessed. I got into the sledge and started. We rode and we rode and we went about fourteen versts.[2] I saw a tall church and I shouted 'Father see what a tall church!'

"Father said: 'there is a church not so high and prettier,' and I began to ask him: 'Father let us go into it: I want to say my prayers.'

"Father took me in. Just as we were going in, they suddenly pounded on the bell; I was frightened and I asked father what that was: 'Is it a drum they are playing on?'

"Father said: 'No that is the beginning of mass.'

"Then we went into the church and said our prayers. When we had said our prayers we went to market. And here I am going along and going along and I keep stumbling all the time but I keep looking around on all sides.

[1] *Batya*, papa; *bat'*, pa. Below, when speaking about the church, he calls his father *batyushka*, which is also the respectful address to a priest.

[2] About nine and a quarter miles. He says: *Yekhali, yekhali, proyekhali.*

"And then we came to the bazaar; and I saw some one selling cakes[1] and I wanted to take some without paying for them. And father says to me: 'don't take them, else they will take your cap!'

"I ask: 'Why should they take my cap?' and father says: 'don't take them without money,' and I say: 'Then give me a grivna[2] and I will buy myself some little cakes!'

"Papa gave me one and I bought three cakes and I ate them up and I said: 'father how good these cakes are!'

"When we had done our shopping, we went back to the horses and watered them and gave them their hay and when they were fed we harnessed them and went home and I went into the cottage and undressed and began to tell everybody how I had been to Tula and how father and I had been to church and said our prayers. And then I went to sleep and dreamed that I saw Father starting for Tula again. I immediately woke up and saw that everybody was asleep and so I took and went to sleep again myself."

CHAPTER XXVIII

RECITATIONS AND EXAMINATIONS

From the very foundation of the school, and even at the present time, our exercises in sacred and Russian history are conducted in this way: The children collect around the teacher, and he, using no other guide than the Bible and Pogodin's "Norman Period" and Vodovozof's "Collection for Russian History," tells the stories, and all begin to talk at once.

When the confusion of voices is too great the teacher calls a halt, and has one speak at a time. As soon as one begins to grow confused he calls on the others. When he perceives that some have failed to compre-

[1] *Kalatchi.*
[2] A ten-kopek piece.

hend, he sets one of the better scholars to telling it over again for the benefit of those who don't understand.

This was not a preconceived plan, but came about of itself, and, whether the pupils are five or thirty in number, is repeated, always with the same success, if the teacher watches them all, if he does not allow them to shout, repeating words which have already been said, and if he does not permit the shouting to degenerate into frenzy but regulates this torrent of joyous animation and rivalry as much as he needs.

In summer, when we had frequent visitors and changes in the instructors, this order of exercises was modified, and the teaching of history was far less satisfactory. The universal shouting was incomprehensible to the new instructor; it seemed to him that those that were reciting at the top of their voices were not merely reciting; it seemed to him that they were shouting for the sake of shouting, and especially that it was hot and stifling in that pack of pupils, crawling up on his back, and thrusting themselves into his very face.

For if children want to understand well, they must infallibly get very close to the person who speaks, must watch every change in the expression of his face and every gesture he makes. I have more than once thought that they understand best of all those passages where the narrator happened to make a genuine gesture or a genuine intonation.

A new teacher made the pupils sit on benches and take turns in answering. The one called on would keep silent and was tortured with confusion, and the teacher, looking away from him, with a *gracious* expression of submission to his fate, or a sweet smile, would say: —

"Well .... and then? Good .... very good," — all in the pedagogical way only too well known to all of us.

Moreover, I have become convinced by experience that there is nothing more pernicious for the development of a child than this kind of single questioning which springs from the teacher's relation of superiority to the pupil; and for me there is nothing more disturbing than such a spectacle. A grown man tortures a

child without the slightest authority. The teacher knows that the pupil is tortured as he stands blushing and perspiring before him. The teacher himself finds it wearisome and difficult, but he has a rule, in accordance with which he must accustom his pupil to speak alone.

But no one knows why he must teach the pupil to speak alone. Perhaps it is in order to set him to reading a fable before his or her excellency. I shall be told perhaps that otherwise it is impossible to determine the degree of his attainments. But I reply that it is really impossible for a stranger to determine within an hour the knowledge of a pupil, while the teacher, even without any verbal or written examination, is always conscious of the measure of these acquirements. It seems to me that this plan of individual interrogation is a relic of ancient superstition. In the old times the teacher, compelling his pupils to learn everything by heart, could not judge of their attainments in any other way than by setting them to repeat the whole lesson word for word. Then it was found that a parrot-like repetition of words was not education, and they began to make pupils tell in their own language what they had learned; but they have not changed the custom of calling up individual pupils and making them recite whenever the teacher desires.

It was entirely lost from sight that you may require from the scholar who learns by heart the repetition of certain passages from the Psalter or fables at any time and under all conditions; but that in order to be in a condition to appreciate the sense of any passage, and to give it in his own words, the pupil must find himself in a condition fitted for this exercise.

Not only in the lower schools and gymnasiums, but also in the universities, I understand that examinations based on questions are nothing else than tests on the learning of passages or propositions, word for word. In my time — I left the university in 1845 — I did not prepare for the examinations by learning by heart word for word, but paragraph by paragraph, and I received the

mark of five only from those professors whose note-books I knew by heart.

Visitors, who have done so much injury to the instruction at the Yasno-Polyana school, have in one direction conferred a great service on me. They have definitely convinced me that written and verbal examinations are a relic of medieval scholastic superstition, and that in the present order of things they are decidedly impossible and only harmful.

Often, under the influence of a childish conceit, I have wished to show some esteemed visitor, in an hour's time, the attainments of our pupils, with the result either that the visitor would be persuaded that they knew what they did not know, — I surprised him by a certain hocus-pocus, — or else the visitor would suppose that they did not know what they really knew very well. And a regular confusion and misunderstanding arose at such a time between me and the visitor — an intelligent, talented man, a specialist in these matters, and a believer in absolute freedom of relations. What then would result from the official visits of directors and supervisors, to say nothing of the interruption of the course of study, and the confusion of ideas caused by such examinations among the pupils?

At the present time I am convinced that to sum up all the knowledge of a pupil is as impossible for the teacher or the stranger as it would be to sum up my knowledge or yours in any subject you please. To bring a cultivated man of forty to an examination in geography would be no more strange and stupid than to bring a man of ten to the same. The one as well as the other cannot answer the questions in any other way than word for word, and in an hour's time it is actually impossible to test their knowledge. Really to learn what either one knows it is necessary to live with him for months.

Wherever examinations are introduced — and by examinations I understand any demand for answers to questions — there appears only a new and useless object, demanding special labor, special qualities, and this object

is called *preparation for examinations or lessons.* The pupil in the gymnasium learns history or mathematics, and in addition something important — *the art of answering examination questions.* I do not consider this art a useful branch of learning. I, a teacher, appreciate the degree of my pupil's attainment as accurately as I appreciate the degree of my own, although neither the pupil nor I have been subjected to lessons; but if a stranger wishes to get the measure of your attainments, then let him live with us and learn the results, and the application of our attainments to life.

There is no other means, and all attempts at examinations are only deception, falsehood, and obstacles to learning. In the matter of learning there is one independent judge, the teacher, and only the pupils themselves can control him.

In the teaching of history the pupils replied all together, not for the sake of proving their knowledge, but because there is in them a necessity of putting into speech the impressions they have received. In the summer neither the new teacher nor I understood this; we saw in it only a way of testing their knowledge, and therefore we found it more convenient to examine them one at a time. I had not discovered as yet why this method was wearisome and bad, but my faith in the rule of freedom for scholars was my salvation. The majority began to grow listless, three of the boldest took upon themselves to answer all the questions, three of the most bashful never said anything, but wept and got zeros. During the summer I neglected the classes in sacred history, and the teacher, who was a lover of order, had full scope to keep them sitting on benches, to torture them one at a time, and to vent his indignation at the stubbornness of the children.

Several times I advised him to let the children get down from the benches during the class in history, but the teacher regarded my advice as a mild and pardonable originality — as I know beforehand most of my readers will also regard it — and this order of things remained unchanged until the former teacher returned,

and in the instructor's note-book appeared remarks like the following: "I could not get a single word from Savin;" "Grishin[1] had nothing to say;" "Petka's obstinacy amazed me, he would not say a single word;" "Savin was worse than before;" and so on.

Savin is the son of a householder or a merchant, a rosy, fat lad, with flashing eyes and long lashes, wearing a leather tulupchik, boots big enough for his father, a red Alexandrisky shirt and drawers. This lad's pleasant and attractive personality especially struck me, because he was at the head of the arithmetic class, by his readiness in calculation and his gay liveliness. He reads and writes also far from badly.

But as soon as he was asked a question he would hang his pretty curly head to one side, tears would trickle down his long lashes, and it would seem as if he were trying to hide out of sight; it was evident he was suffering unendurably. If you compel him to recite, he will speak, but either he cannot or will not form a sentence by himself. God only knows whether it is the terror inspired by his former teacher, — he had been taught before by a person in the ecclesiastical profession, — or whether it is lack of self-confidence or conceit, or the awkwardness of his position among boys whom he considers inferior to himself, or vexation because in this one respect he is behind the others, — because once already he has been in the teacher's bad graces, — or whether this little soul has been affronted by some inconsiderate word hastily spoken by the teacher, or whether it is a mixture of all; but this bashfulness, although it may be in itself a disagreeable trait, is nevertheless inseparably connected with all that is best in his young soul. To whip it out of him by a physical or moral discipline is possible, but at the risk of destroying at the same time the precious qualities without which the teacher would find it a hard task to take him farther.

The new teacher heeded my advice and let the pupils get down from the benches, and permitted them to

[1] From Grisha, diminutive of Grigori, Gregory.

climb round wherever they wanted, even though it was on his back; and from the moment he did so they all began to recite incomparably better, and it was noted in the teacher's diary that even "the obstinate Savin said a few words."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

THERE is in the school something indefinite, something that is almost independent of the teacher's control, something entirely unrecognized by the science of pedagogy, and yet it constitutes the foundation of the success in our teaching; this is the spirit of the school.

This spirit is amenable to certain laws and to the teacher's negative influence; that is to say, the teacher must avoid certain things in order not to destroy this spirit.

The spirit of the school, for example, is always found in inverse proportion to the compulsion and order required; in inverse proportion to the teacher's interference with the pupil's mode of thought, and in proportion to the number of pupils; in inverse proportion to the duration of lessons, and the like. This school spirit is something which is quickly communicated from one pupil to another, communicated even to the teacher, is apparently expressed in the tones of the voice, in the eyes, in the motions, in the zeal of emulation, — it is something perfectly palpable, indispensable, and invaluable, and should, therefore, be the aim of every teacher.

Just as saliva in the mouth is necessary for the digestion, but disagreeable and superfluous without food, so also this spirit of strenuous zeal, wearisome and disagreeable outside of the class, is an indispensable condition for the assimilation of intellectual nutriment. It is impossible to rouse and stimulate this spirit artificially, and, indeed, it is not necessary, since it always comes spontaneously.

At the beginning of the school I made mistakes. As soon as a pupil began to show dullness and unwillingness in learning, and seemed like what we altogether too commonly call *tupik*, a dunce, I would say: —

"Jump! jump!"

The boy would begin to jump, the others and he himself would laugh, and after jumping awhile, he would become quite different; but, after repeating this exercise several times, it seemed that as soon as you said "Jump," still greater ennui would seize him, and he would burst into tears.

He sees that his mental condition is not what it should be and must be, but he cannot direct his spirit, and he does not want to intrust it to any one else.

The child and the man are receptive only in a condition of excitement; therefore to look on the joyous spirit of the school as something inimical is a brutal mistake which we too frequently make. But when this excitement in a large class becomes so violent as to prevent the teacher from managing his class, how then can you avoid shouting at the children and quenching this spirit?

If this excitement has study for its object, then nothing better could be desired. But if it be directed to some other object, then it is the teacher's fault, since he does not regulate this spirit. The teacher's problem, which is almost always solved unconsciously, consists in all the time providing food for this zeal and gradually getting it under control.

You ask a question of one; another wishes to recite — he knows! Leaning over toward you, he looks at you with all his eyes; he can hardly keep back the torrent of his speech; he hungrily follows the narrator, and does not allow him to make a single mistake. If you ask him, he will tell you his story eagerly, and what he narrates will be forever engraved on his memory. But if you keep him in such a state of excitement half an hour without permitting him to speak, he will begin to occupy himself by pinching his neighbor.

Another example: —

If you leave a class in a district institute or a German school where everything is quiet, and if you tell them to keep on with their studies, and if at the end of half an hour you come and listen at the door, you will find the class lively enough; but the purpose of the animation is very different: it is now sheer mischief.

We have often made this experiment in our classes. Leaving in the middle of the recitation, when there is already a good deal of shouting; you come back to the door and you will hear the children continuing to recite, correcting and verifying one another, and often, instead of their playing tricks in your absence, they will become entirely quiet without you.

As in the system of having the pupils sit on benches and of individual questioning, so also in this system there are ways easy enough indeed, but requiring knowledge, so that if you don't practise them your first experiment may fail. You have to be on your guard lest there be noisy fellows who repeat the last words said merely for the sake of disorder. You have to be careful lest this fascination of noise become their chief object and care. You must test some and find out if they can recite the whole lesson by themselves, and if they have got the sense of it. If the pupils are too numerous, then they must be divided into several sections, and these sections must be set to reciting to one another. There is no reason for apprehension even if some newly entered pupil does not open his mouth for a month. All you need to do is to watch if he is interested in some story or in anything. Generally the newly entered pupil at first grasps only the material side of the affair, and is wholly absorbed in observing how the others are sitting and lying, and how the teacher moves his lips, and how all suddenly begin to shout at the top of their voices; and if he be a quiet child, then he will sit just exactly as the rest do; but if he be a bold child, then he will begin to shout as the others do, not understanding anything, and only repeating what the one next him says. The teacher and his comrades hush him, and he perceives that something else is

required. Some time passes, and he himself begins to recite. It is hard to tell how or when the flower of intelligence begins to develop.

Not long ago, I had a chance to observe this unfolding of the flower of intelligence in a subdued little girl who had not said a word for a month. Mr. U—— was conducting the recitation, and I was merely a spectator, looking on. When all began to recite, I observed that Marfutka slid down from the bench with the motion with which story-tellers change their attitude from that of a listener to that of a narrator, and that she came nearer. When all were shouting, I looked at her; she was slightly moving her lips, and her eyes were full of thought and animation. When her eyes met mine, she looked down. In a moment I looked again; she was whispering to herself as before. When I asked her to recite, she was all confusion, but in the course of two days she related a whole story beautifully.

CHAPTER XXX

BIBLE STORIES

In our school the best test of how much the pupils remember of these recitations are the exercises which they themselves write out from memory, and merely with the correction of faults in spelling. Here is an extract from the copy-book of the ten-year-old M——.

The Story of Isaac: God commanded Abraham to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice. Abraham took two servants, Isaac carried the wood and the fire, and Abraham carried a knife. When they came to the mountain Horeb, Abraham left his servants there, and he went up on the mountain with Isaac. Isaac said, "Batyushka, we have everything, but where is the victim?"

Abraham said, "God commanded me to bring you."

Then Abraham set fire to the pile and put his son on it. Isaac said:—

"Bind me, or else I shall jump down and kill you."

Abraham took him and bound him. Just as he was raising his arm an angel flew down from heaven and held him back and said : —

"Abraham, do not lay your hand on your own son : God sees your faith." Then the Angel said, "Go to that bush ; there a ram is entangled, take him in place of your son."

And Abraham offered the sacrifice to God.

Then the time came for Abraham to marry his son. They had a man named Eliezer. Abraham called this man and said : —

"Swear that you will not choose a bride from our city, but that you will go where I send you."

Abraham sent him to the land of Mesopotamia to Nachor. Eliezer took camels and departed. When he reached a well, he began to say : —

"Lord, give me a maiden who shall come out and give me and my camels water to drink, and she shall be the bride of my master Isaac."

No sooner had Eliezer said these words, than a maiden appeared. Eliezer began to ask her for a drink. Eliezer said, "Please give me to drink."

She gave him to drink, and said : —

"Would n't your camels like to drink ? "

Eliezer said, "Yes, please give them some water." So she gave also the camels ; and then Eliezer presented her with a necklace, and said : —

"Could n't I spend the night at your house ? "

She said : "Yes."

When they reached the house her folks were eating supper, and they urged Eliezer to sit down and have supper with them. Eliezer said : "I will not eat until I speak a word to you." Eliezer told them his errand.

They said : "We consent, but how about her ? "

They asked her — she was willing. Then the father and mother blessed Rebecca ; Eliezer placed her on the camel, and they departed ; but Isaac was walking in the field. Rebecca saw Isaac, and covered herself with a towel. Isaac came to her, took her by the hand and led her to his home, and they were married.

The story of Jacob :[1] Rebecca had been barren nineteen years, then she brought forth twins, Esau and Jacob.[2] Esau devoted himself to hunting, but Jacob helped his mother. One time Esau went out to hunt wild beasts, but killed nothing, and he came home disgusted; now Jacob was making a soup of lentils. Esau came in and said : —

"Give me those lentils."

Jacob said : "Give me your birthright."

Esau said: "Take it."

"Swear."

Esau swore. Then Jacob gave Esau the lentils.

When Isaac grew blind he said one day : —

"Esau, go and kill me some kind of game."

Esau went. Rebecca heard it, and said to Jacob : —

"Go out and kill two kids."

Jacob went and killed two kids and carried them to his mother. She roasted them, and clothed Jacob with the skins; and Jacob took the meat to his father and said : —

"I have brought you your favorite dish."

Isaac said : "Come nearer to me." Jacob approached him. Isaac began to feel of his body, and he said : —

"It is Jacob's voice, but Esau's body."

Then he gave Jacob his blessing. Jacob was just going out of the room as Esau came in, and said : —

"Here, father,[3] is your favorite meat."

Isaac said : "Esau has just been to me."

"No, father; Jacob has deceived you in this."

And he went out of the house and wept, and said : —

"Wait till father is dead, then I 'll have my revenge on you."

Rebecca said to Jacob : —

"Go and ask a blessing from your father, and hasten to your uncle Laban. Isaac blessed Jacob and he went to his uncle Laban. Then the night came upon him. He proceeded to sleep in the open air; he found a stone,

[1] From the copy-book of I. F.

[2] In Russian, Revekka, Isaf, and Iakof.

[3] *Na batyushka.*

put it under his head and went to sleep. Suddenly he saw in his dream that a ladder seemed to reach from the earth to the sky, and angels were going up and down on it, and at the top the Lord Himself was standing and saying: —

"Jacob! the land where thou liest I give to thee, and to thy descendants."

Jacob got up and said: —

"How terrible it is here! This must be the house of God: I will come back and build a church here."

Then he lighted a shrine lamp, and went on his way. And he saw herdsmen guarding cattle. Jacob went and asked them whereabouts his uncle Laban lived. The herdsmen answered: —

"There is his daughter driving sheep to water."

Jacob went to her; she was finding it impossible to lift the stone from the well. Jacob lifted off the stone and gave the sheep water, and said: —

"Whose daughter are you?"

She replied: "Laban's."

"I am your cousin."

They exchanged kisses and went home together. His uncle Laban received him and said: —

"Jacob, live with me and I will pay you money."

Jacob said: "I will not serve for money; but give me your youngest daughter Rachel."

Laban said: "Live with me seven years and I will give you my daughter Rachel."

Jacob served seven years, and his uncle Laban gave Jacob Leah instead of Rachel. And Jacob said: —

"Uncle Laban, why have you cheated me?"

Laban said: —

"Live with me seven years longer, then I will give you my youngest daughter Rachel; but it is not our custom to give the youngest daughter first."

Jacob lived with his uncle seven years longer, and then Laban gave him Rachel.

About Joseph.[1] — Jacob had twelve sons. He loved Joseph best of them all, and he made for him a coat of

[1] From the book of the eight-year-old boy F——.

many colors. Then Joseph had two dreams, and told them to his brothers: —

"Methought we were reaping rye in the field, and we bound up twelve sheaves. My sheaf stood up straight, but the eleven sheaves bowed before my sheaf."

And his brothers said: "Shall we ever bow down before you?"

And he had another dream: —

"Methought eleven stars in the sky and the sun and the moon worshiped my star."

His father and mother said: "Shall we worship you?"

The brothers went away to pasture their cattle, and their father sent Joseph to carry food to them; his brothers saw him, and said: —

"Here comes our dreamer. Let us throw him into a deep well."

But Reuben [1] thought to himself: —

"As soon as they have gone off, I will pull him out. But here come the merchants!"

Reuben said: —

"Let us sell him to the Egyptian merchants."

So they sold Joseph, and the merchants sold him to the courtier *Pentifri*.[2] Pentifri loved him and his wife loved him. Pentifri went away somewhere, and his wife said to Joseph: —

"Joseph, come let us kill my husband, and then you shall be my husband."

Joseph said: "If you say that a second time, I will tell your husband."

She seized him by his garment and cried out. The slaves heard her and came. Then Pentifri came. His wife told him that Joseph proposed to kill him and marry her. Pentifri ordered him taken off to prison. As Joseph was a good man he was made useful even there, and to him was intrusted the care of the prison. One day Joseph was walking along through the jail; he saw that two prisoners were sitting in deep sadness. Joseph went to them and asked: —

"Why are you sad?"

[1] Russian, Rubim. [2] Potiphar.

And they said: —

'We have had two dreams in one night, and no one can interpret them for us."

Joseph asked: —

"What were they?"

The cupbearer began to tell his story: —

"Methought I plucked three berries, squeezed the juice, and gave to the Tsar."

Joseph said: —

"In three days you will be back in your place."

Then the baker said: —

"Methought I was carrying twelve loaves in a basket, and the birds came flying and pecked at the bread."

Joseph said: —

"In three days you will be hanged, and the birds will come flying and will peck at your body."

This came true.

Once the Tsar Pharaoh saw two dreams the same night, and he gathered all his wise men, and no one of them could interpret the dreams. The cupbearer remembered, and said: "I have a man who can explain it."

The Tsar sent a carriage for him. When they brought him in the Tsar began to tell his dream: —

"Methought I was standing on the bank of the river, and there came seven fat cows and seven lean ones; and the lean ones threw themselves on the fat ones and ate them up, and did not become fat. And the other dream I saw was this: Methought seven full ears of corn and seven empty ears grew on one stalk: the empty ones threw themselves on the full ones and devoured them, and yet did not become full."

Joseph said: —

"This is what it means: There will be seven years of plenty and then there will be seven years of famine."

The Tsar put a golden chain around his neck and a ring on his right hand and ordered him to build granaries.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN

All that I have said relates to instruction in sacred as well as Russian history, to natural history, to geography, partly to physics, chemistry, zoölogy, especially to all subjects except singing, mathematics, and drawing. As to the instruction in sacred history especially, I must now speak as follows: —

In the first place, Why is the Old Testament chosen at the very beginning? Not to speak of the fact that a knowledge of sacred history is demanded by the pupils themselves as well as by their parents, of all the oral accounts which I have experimented with in the course of three years, nothing has been found so suited to the comprehension and mental capacity of the children as the Bible. The same thing has been repeated in all other schools which I have had a chance to observe in the beginning. I tried the New Testament, tried Russian history and geography, tried what is so popular in our day, "Explanations of the Phenomena of Nature," but it was all speedily forgotten, and was listened to reluctantly. But the Old Testament was remembered and repeated passionately, enthusiastically, both in the class room and at home, and was remembered so well that two months after the stories had been told the children could, from their heads, with scarcely an omission, write out their sacred history copied into their note-books.

It seems to me that the book of the childhood of the human race will always be the best book for the childhood of every man. To alter this book seems to me impossible. To alter, to abridge the Bible, as is done in the manuals of Sontag and others, seems to me injurious. Everything, every word in it, is correct as revelation and correct as art. Read in the Bible about the creation of the world and then the same in some abridgment of sacred history, and the transformation of the Bible into "sacred history" will seem to you perfectly

incomprehensible: your "sacred history" can be learned in no other way than by rote, while by the Bible it presents itself to a child as a living and majestic picture which he will never forget. Why, for example, is it always omitted from all "sacred histories" that when there was nothing, the Spirit of God moved over the void, that God at the Creation looked at His work and saw that it was good, and that the morning and the evening made up the day? Why is it omitted that God breathed the soul into Adam's nostrils, that having taken out a rib He replaced it with flesh, and so forth. All you have to do is to read the Bible to unspoiled children to realize how essential and true all these details are. Maybe one ought not to put the Bible into the hands of depraved young ladies, but in reading it to peasant children I have never altered or omitted a single word. And not a child ever giggled behind his neighbor's back, and all listened with awe and with genuine reverence. The story of Lot and his daughters, the story of Judah, arouse horror, not ridicule.

How clear and comprehensible, especially for a child and at the same time how dignified and solemn!.... I cannot imagine how education could be carried on if it were not for this boon. But it seems when one has learned these stories only in childhood and afterward partly forgotten them, what good are they to us? Would it not be just the same as if we did not know them at all?

So it seems to you until, beginning to teach, you detect in other children all the elements of your own education. Theoretically, it is possible to teach children to write, to read, to give them an idea of history, geography, and the phenomena of nature without the Bible, and before the Bible: and yet this is never done. Everywhere, first of all, the child knows the Bible, its stories, and extracts from it. The first relation of the teacher and the taught is based on this book. A phenomenon so universal is not a mere matter of chance. My perfectly free relations to my pupils at the beginning of the Yasnopolyana school helped me to explain this phenomenon

A child or a man entering the school — I make no difference between a person of ten, of thirty, or of seventy — gathers from his life and brings with him his own peculiar and favorite view of things. In order that a person of any age may study, he must love study. In order that he love study, he must recognize the falsity, the insufficiency of his view of things, and must have a presentiment of the new aspect which education is to open up for him. No man or child ever would have the power to study if the future of his teaching presented to him merely the art of writing, reading, or reckoning; no teacher could ever teach if he had not in his control views of the universe loftier than his pupils had. In order that the pupil may wholly surrender himself to the teacher, there must be opened before him one corner of that curtain which hides from him all the charm of that world of thought, knowledge, and poetry into which education is to lead him. Only when the pupil finds himself under the constant charm of this light gleaming before him will he be in a condition to work over himself as we require him to do.

What means have we for lifting before our pupils this corner of the curtain? ....

As I have said, I thought, as many think, that, finding myself in that world into which I wanted to lead my pupils, it would be easy for me to do this, and I taught reading and writing. I explained the phenomena of nature. I told them, as primers do, that the fruits of learning are sweet; but the pupils did not believe me, and avoided me.

I tried reading the Bible to them, and I completely conquered them. The corner of the curtain was lifted, and they gave themselves to me heart and soul. They began to love the book, and teaching, and me. All I had to do was to lead them on farther.

After the Old Testament I took up the New Testament; they loved learning and they loved me more and more. Then after the Bible I told them about general history, Russian history, natural history; they listened to everything, they believed everything, and they kept

going farther and farther, and the horizon of thought, knowledge, and poesy kept opening up before them farther and farther.

Maybe this was an accident. Maybe, having begun with another method in another school, the same results would have been reached. Maybe; but this accident happens too universally in all schools, and in all families, and the explanation of this phenomenon is too clear for me to allow me to call it chance.

In order to open before the pupil the new world, and without knowledge to start him in the love of knowledge, no book is needed but the Bible. I say this even for those that do not look on the Bible as a revelation. No, at least I know of no production which unites in itself in such a concise poetic form all the sides of human thought as the Bible does. All questions arising from the phenomena of nature are explained in this book; all the primitive relations of men, of the family, of government, of religion, are recognized in this book. The generalization of thought, wisdom in its simple, childlike form, for the first time subjects the pupil's mind to its enchantment. The lyrical quality of the Psalms of David has its effect, not only on the mind of the adult pupils, but, moreover, every one from this book recognizes for the first time the full charm of epic poetry in its inimitable simplicity and force.

Who has not wept over the story of Joseph and his meeting with his brethren? Who has not felt an oppression of the heart in telling about Samson, bound and shorn, when, in order to avenge himself on his enemies, he perishes, overwhelming his enemies under the ruins of the fallen palace? And a hundred other impressions on which we are fed as on mother's milk.....

Let those that deny the educational significance of the Bible, that declare it has outlived its usefulness, invent such a book, such stories, such explanations of the phenomena of nature, either from general history or from imagination, which should have such a reception as the Bible ones have, and then we will agree that the Bible is superannuated.

Pedagogy serves as a verification of many, many vital phenomena, of social and abstract questions.

Materialism will have the right to proclaim itself as victorious only when the bible of materialism shall have been written, and childhood shall have been educated according to this bible. Owen's experiment cannot be regarded as a proof of such a possibility, any more than the growth of a lemon tree in a Moscow greenhouse is proof that it could grow without the open sky and the sun.

I repeat it, my conviction, drawn perhaps from a one-sided experiment, is that the development of a child and a man is as unthinkable without the Bible as it would have been in Greek society without Homer. The Bible is the only book for the elementary education of the young. The Bible, both in its form and in its content, ought to serve as the model for all children's manuals and reading books. A simple popular translation of the Bible would be the most popular of all books. The appearance of such a translation in our day would make an epoch in the history of the Russian people.

Now, in regard to the method of teaching sacred history, I consider all the short treatises on this subject in Russian doubly criminal against sanctity and against poesy. All these transcriptions, purporting to render easier the reading of sacred history, make it more difficult. The Bible is read as a delight at home, the reader sitting with his head resting on his hands; the history books are learnt by heart as a task. Besides being stupid and incomprehensible, these history books spoil the child's capacity of enjoying the poetry of the Bible. More than once I have noticed how their bad, obscure style has prevented understanding the inner thought of the Bible. Obsolete and incomprehensible words take their place in the memory alongside with events, distract the pupils' attention by reason of their novelty, and serve them as way-marks whereby they guide themselves through the story.

Very often a pupil will speak merely for the sake of using some word which pleases him, and he is not yet

simple enough to get a gleam of an idea of its meaning. More than once I have also noticed how pupils from other schools have always far less, and sometimes not at all, felt the charm of the Bibical stories, destroyed for them by the necessity of learning them, and by the teacher's brutal methods connected with it. These pupils have even spoiled the younger ones and their brothers by adopting in their stories the wretched tricks of the manuals of sacred history. Such wretched stories, by means of these harmful books, circulate among the people, and frequently children bring from their homes very odd legends about the creation of the world, Adam, and Joseph the handsome. Such pupils are past experiencing what the unsophisticated ones experience, as they hear the Bible with awe, taking in each word, and thinking that now at last all the wisdom of the world will be opened before them.

I have taught, and I still teach, sacred history in accordance with the Bible only, and I consider every other mode of instruction harmful.

The New Testament is related exactly in accordance with the Gospel, and is then written down in note-books. The New Testament is found to be harder to remember, and therefore demands more frequent repetitions.

Here are some examples from the New Testament history: —

About the Last Supper.[1] — Once Jesus Christ sent His disciples into the city Jerusalem and said to them: "The first man you meet carrying water, you must follow and ask him: 'Master, show us a chamber where we may prepare the passover.' He will show it to you; and there you must prepare it."

They went and found it as He had said, and they made ready. In the evening Jesus Himself went there with His disciples. During the supper Jesus Christ tore off His garment and girded Himself with a towel. Then He took a wash-hand basin and filled it with water, and went to each of His disciples and washed

[1] From the note-book of the lad I. M.

their feet. When He came to Peter and was going to wash his feet, Peter said to Him: —

"Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet!"

But Jesus Christ said to Him: —

"If I do not wash thy feet, then thou shalt never be with Me in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then Peter was alarmed and said: —

"Lord, not merely my feet, but my head and my whole body."

But Jesus said to him: —

"If a man is clean, his feet only need to be washed."

Then Jesus Christ put on His clothes and sat down at the table, took bread and blessed it and broke it, and began to distribute it among His disciples, saying: —

"Take and eat — this is My body."

They took and ate. Then Jesus took a cup with wine, blessed it, and began to pass it to His disciples, saying: —

"Take and drink: this is My blood of the New Testament."

They took and drank. Then Jesus Christ said: —

"One of you shall betray Me."

And His disciples began to ask "Lord! it is not I, is it?"

But Jesus Christ said: —

"No!"

Then Judas said: —

"Lord, it is not I, is it?"

And Jesus Christ said in a low voice: —

"Thou!"

After this Jesus Christ said to His disciples: —

"He shall betray Me to whom I give a piece of bread."

Then Jesus Christ gave bread to Judas. Then Satan entered into him, so that he was confused and left the room.

From the note-book of R. B. — Then Jesus Christ went with His disciples into the *Gefsimansky* Garden and said to His disciples: —

"Wait for Me, and do not sleep."

When Jesus came and found His disciples sleeping He woke them up, and said: —

"You could not watch for Me one hour."

Then again He went off to pray to God. He prayed to God, and said: —

"Lord, is it not possible for this cup to pass by Me?" And He kept praying until a bloody sweat came. An angel flew down from heaven and began to strengthen Jesus. Then Jesus returned to His disciples and said to them: —

"Why are ye sleeping? The hour is at hand in which the Son of Man shall be given into the power of His enemies."

Now Judas had said to the High Priest: —

"The one whom I kiss is He, seize Him."

Then the disciples followed Jesus out and they saw a throng of people. Judas came up to Jesus and was going to kiss Him. Jesus said to him: —

"Dost thou betray Me by a kiss?"

And to the people He said: —

"Whom seek ye?"

They said to Him: —

"Jesus, the Nazarene."

Jesus said: —

"I am He."

At this word all fell.

CHAPTER XXXII

RUSSIAN HISTORY

Having finished with the Old Testament I naturally thought of teaching history and geography, both because this study has always been carried on in primary schools, and I myself had taught these subjects, and because the history of the Hebrews in the Old Testament naturally, it seemed to me, led the children to ask where, when, and under what conditions the events they knew took place — what was Egypt; Pharaoh; the Assyrian

king, and the like? I began history as it is always begun — with antiquity. But neither Momsen nor Dunker, nor all my efforts, helped me to make it interesting. There was nothing in Sesostris, the Egyptian pyramids, or the Phœnicians, that appealed to them.

I hoped that they might be interested in questions such as these, for example: What peoples had relations with the Hebrews? and, Where did the Hebrews live and wander? But the pupils found no use whatever for such information. King Pharaoh, the Egyptians, the Palestines, when and where they existed, did not in the least satisfy them. The Hebrews were their heroes; the rest were foreign, unnecessary characters.

I had no success in making the Egyptians and Phœnicians heroes for children for lack of materials. As long as we don't know in detail how the pyramids were built, what mutual position and relationship the castes had, what does it mean for us — for us, I mean the children. In those histories there are no Abraham, no Isaac, no Jacob, no Joseph, no Samson. They found something in ancient history to remember and enjoy, — about Semiramis, for instance, — but it was remembered merely accidentally, not because it cleared up anything, but because it was artistically related. But such passages were rare; the rest was dull and aimless, and I was obliged to give up the teaching of general history.

I met with the same lack of success in geography as in history. Sometimes I would tell what has happened in Greek, English, or Swiss history without any connection, but only as an instructive and artistic story.

After general history I felt obliged to make experiment with Russian history, accepted everywhere and by all as national, and I began that melancholy history of Russia, which we all knew so well — inartistic, useless — as it appears in so many paraphrases from Ishimova's to Vodovozof's. I began it twice; the first time before reading the whole Bible, and the second time after the Bible. Before reading the Bible the pupils resolutely refused to remember the existence of the Igors and Olegs. The same thing is repeated even now

with the younger pupils. Those that have not been as yet taught by the Bible to enter into what is told to them and to pass it on, will hear these stories told half a dozen times and still remember nothing about the Ruriks and Yaroslafs.

The older pupils now remember Russian history, and write it, but incomparably worse than the Bible, and they require frequent repetitions of it. We told them stories from Vodovozof and Pogodin's "Norman Period." One of the teachers got somehow misled, and neglecting my advice, did not pass by the period of appanages, and entered into all the confusion and disorder of the Ustislafs, Bryatchislafs, and Boleslafs. I came into the class just as the pupils were to recite. It is hard to describe what was taking place. For a long time all were silent. Called up by the teacher at last, the bolder ones who had the best memories began to recite. All their intellectual powers were directed toward remembering the marvelous names, but what any one of them did was for them a secondary consideration.

"Now here he — what do you call him? — Barikaf, Lyof Nikolaïtch?" one would begin — "marched against — who was it?"

"Muslaf, Lyof Nikolaïtch?" suggested a girl.

"Mstislaf," I replied.

"*And cut him to pieces*," cried one with pride.

"Simple you are! There was a river there!"

"But his son collected an army and cut him in pieces: what was his name?"

"You don't seem to understand anything!" exclaimed a girl who had the memory of a blind person.

"Well, it is wonderful, that is!" said Semka.

"Now what was it, Mislaf, Chislaf? Anyway, the devil take it!"

"Don't you interfere if you don't know!"

"Well, you, you're so fearful clever!"

"What are you poking me for?"

Those endowed with the best memories still made some endeavors, and repeated the history with some accuracy with the aid of some prompting. But the

whole scene was so ugly and pitiful — to behold these children — they were all like hens which have had grain given them followed suddenly by sand: they suddenly lost their wits, kept cackling, vainly flying about, and were ready to pull each other's feathers out. And we and the teacher decided not to make any more such mistakes. Letting the period of the appanages have the go-by, we continued our study of Russian history, and here are some extracts from the copy-books of the older pupils.

From the copy-book of the pupil V. R. — Our ancestors were called Slavs. They had neither tsars nor princes. They were divided into families, were always attacking one another, and went out to make war. Once upon a time the Normans fell upon the Slavs, conquered them, and imposed a tribute on them. Then they said: —

"How can we live so? Let us choose ourselves a prince in order that he may rule over us."

Then they chose Rurik, with his two brothers Sineus and Truvor. Rurik settled in Ladoga, Sineus in Izborsk, among the Krivitchi, Truvor on the White Lake. Afterward the two brothers died. Rurik seized their places.

Then two, Askold and Dir, went to Greece, and they approached Kief, and asked: —

"Who rules here?"

The Kievlians replied: —

"There were three — Ki, Shchek, and Khorif. Now they are dead."

Askold and Dir said: —

"Let us be your rulers."

The people consented, and began to pay tribute.

Then Rurik ordered cities and fortresses built, and sent his boyars to collect tribute and bring it to him. Then Rurik resolved to make an expedition against Constantinople with two hundred boats. When he reached that city the Emperor at that time was not there. The Greeks sent for him. The people all prayed to God. Then the bishop took the chasuble of the Mother of God and dipped it into the water, and a terrible storm arose, and Rurik's boats were all dashed to pieces, so

that very few escaped. Then Rurik went home and died there.

One son, Igor, survived him. When he was little, Oleg took his place, and wanted to wage war against Kief. He took Igor with him and went straight down the Dniepr. On the way he captured the cities of Liubitch and Smolensk. When they came to Kief, Oleg sent his ambassadors to Askold and Dir to say that tradesmen had come to visit him; and he himself hid half his army in the boats, and the other half he stationed behind. When Askold and Dir came with a small band of followers,[1] Oleg's army leaped out from the boats and attacked them. Then Oleg lifted Igor up, and said: —

"You are not princes, and not of princely race; but here is a real prince!"

Then Oleg commanded to kill them, and he conquered Kief. Oleg continued to live there, and made that city his capital, and called it the mother of all Russian cities. Then he built cities and fortresses, and sent out his boyars to collect tribute and bring it to him. Afterward he wanted to wage war with the neighboring tribes, and he conquered many of them. He did not care to wage war with those that were peaceable, but only with the warlike. So he made his plans to go to Greece, and he sailed straight down the Dniepr. When he had reached the mouth of the Dniepr, he came to the Black Sea. When he had reached Greece, his army leaped on shore and began to burn and ravage everything. Oleg said to the Greeks: —

"Pay us tribute — a grivna for every boat."

They were glad, and began to pay them tribute. There Oleg collected three hundred puds[2] and went home.

From the note-book of the pupil V. M. — When Oleg died, Rurik's Igor reigned in his place. Igor wanted to marry. Once he went out to walk with his band of followers, and he had to cross the Dniepr. Sud-

[1] The historic *druzhina*, from *drug*, a friend.

[2] A *pud* is 36.11 pounds avoirdupois; a *grivna* is ten kopeks, the tenth of a ruble.

denly he saw a girl sailing in a boat. When she came to the shore, Igor said: —

"Put me across."

She put him across. Then Igor married her. He wanted to distinguish himself. So he collected an army and went to war, straight down the Dniepr, and, entering the Black Sea, turned not to the right but to the left, and went from the Black Sea into the Caspian. Igor sent ambassadors to the kagan, asking him to let him pass through his land. When he should return from the expedition, he would give him the half of his booty. The kagan let him pass. When they came near a certain city, Igor commanded to collect the people on the bank, to burn and destroy everything, and to take the inhabitants prisoners. When they had carried out his orders, they rested. When they had rested, they joyfully started back home. They came to the kagan's city, and Igor sent the kagan what he had agreed to send. The people heard that Igor was going back with his army. They begged the kagan to let them take vengeance on Igor for having spilt the blood of their kinsmen. The kagan refused; but the people disobeyed, and began to wage war on Igor. A fierce battle ensued. They conquered the Russians, and took from them all they had won.

The interest is not at all vital, as the reader may see from the preceding extracts. Russian history goes better than general history simply because they are accustomed to accept and to write out what has been told them, and still more because the question, *What good is it?* does not occur to them so often. The Russian people is their hero, just as the Hebrew people was: the one because it was God's chosen people and because their history is artistic; the other, although it has no artistic unity, still because it has the national sentiment to plead for it. Yet this study is dry, cold, and discouraging. Unhappily, the history itself very rarely furnishes any occasion for the national feeling to grow enthusiastic.

One evening I went from my class into the history class to find out the cause of the excitement which had attracted my attention in the outer room. It was the battle of Kulikovo.[1] All were in excitement.

"Now this is history! This is clever! — Listen, Lyof Nikolayevitch, how he stampeded the Tartars! — Let me tell about it!" "No, let me!" cried the voices.— "How the blood flowed in rivers!"

Almost all were in readiness to recite, and all were enthusiastic. But if you call upon the national feeling only, what is there left from our whole history? 1612, 1812,[2] and that is all. To satisfy the national feeling you will not read the whole history of Russia. I understand that you must take advantage of historical tradition in order to develop and satisfy the artistic interest everywhere existent in children, but this will not be history. To teach history, a preliminary development of historical interest in children is indispensable. How can this be done?

I have often heard it said that the study of history should begin, not with the beginning, but with the end —in other words, not with ancient but with modern history. This idea is absolutely correct in principle. How can you interest a child by telling him about the beginning of the Russian Empire when he does not know what the Russian Empire or any empire is? Any one who has to do with children must know that every Russian child is firmly persuaded that the whole world is the same kind of Russia as that in which he lives; the French and German child has the same notion. That is why all children and even some adults with the naïve ideas of childhood are always surprised that the German children speak German!....

The historical interest generally appears after the in-

[1] 1378 A.D., when Dmitri, Grand Prince of Moscow, conquered the Tartars and expelled them from Northern Europe.

[2] 1612, the accession of Mikhaïl Romanof under the patriotic lead of the butcher Minin and the Prince Pozharsky after the terrible anarchy that followed the death of the Polish pretender; 1812, the conquest of Napoleon and the French by the Russian national hero Moroz, "*Frost.*"

terest in art has been awakened. It is interesting to us to know the history of the founding of Rome because we know what the Roman Empire was in its flowering time, just as the childhood of some great man whom we have known is interesting. The contrast of this power with the insignificance of the throng of fugitives constitutes for us the basis of the interest. We follow the development of Rome, having in our imagination what it came to. We are interested in the foundation of the tsardom of Moscow, because we know what the Russian Empire is. According to my observation and experience, the first germ of interest in history appears in consequence of a knowledge of contemporary history, sometimes through participating in it, in consequence of political interest, political opinions, discussions, the reading of newspapers, and that is why the idea of beginning history with the present must come naturally to every thoughtful teacher.

This very summer[1] I made these experiments so described, and here I cite one of them.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A FIRST LESSON IN HISTORY

I HAD the intention in this first lesson of explaining wherein Russia differs from other countries, her borders, the characteristic feature of its government; to tell who was the reigning monarch at this time, and how and when the Emperor mounted the throne.

TEACHER. Where do we live? in what land?

A PUPIL. At Yasnaya Polyana.

SECOND PUPIL. In the country.

TEACHER. No; in what land are both Yasnaya Polyana and the Government of Tula?

PUPIL. The Government of Tula is seventeen versts from us. Where is it? Why the Government — is the government.

[1] 1862.

TEACHER. No; Tula is a government capital, but a government is another thing.[1] Now what land is it?

PUPIL (*who had been in the geography class*). The land[2] is round like a ball.

By means of such questions as "What is the land where a German, whom they knew, lived," and "Where would you come to if you should keep going in one direction," the pupils were at last brought to answer that they lived in *Russia*. Some, however, answered the question, "Where would you come out if you kept traveling straight ahead?" — by saying, "We should not come out anywhere." Others said that "you would come to the end of the world."

TEACHER (*repeating one pupil's reply*). You said that you would reach other countries. Where does Russia end, and where do the other countries begin?

PUPIL. Where you find the Germans.

TEACHER. Now, then, if you should find Gustaf Ivanovitch and Karl Feodorovitch in Tula, would you say that this was the land of the Germans, and therefore it must be another country?

PUPIL. No; it's where you find a whole lot of Germans.

TEACHER. Not necessarily; for in Russia there is a land where there are a whole lot of Germans. Johann Fomitch here comes from there, and yet this land is Russia. How is that?

Silence.

TEACHER. It is because they obey the same laws as the Russians.

PUPIL. How do they have the same law? The Germans do not attend our church, and they eat meat in Lent!

TEACHER. Not the same law, perhaps, but they obey the same Tsar.

[1] Russia is divided into *guberniya* (*governments*), which are subdivided into districts, somewhat like states and counties.

[2] In Russian the same word *zemlya* (as in Novaya Zemlya) means estate, land or country, and the earth.

PUPIL (*the skeptic Semka*). Strange! Why do they have a different law and yet obey our Tsar?

The teacher feels the necessity of explaining what a law is, and he asks what it means to obey a law, to be under one law.

A PUPIL (*the self-confident little domestic, hastily and timidly*). To obey a law means — to get married!

The pupils look questioningly at the teacher: — Is that right?

The teacher begins to explain that a law means that if any one steals or kills, then he is shut up in prison and is punished.

THE SKEPTIC SEMKA. But don't the Germans have this?

TEACHER. Law also means this, that we have nobles, peasants, merchants, clergy. (The word *clergy* — *dukhovienstvo* — gave rise to perplexity.)

THE SKEPTIC SEMKA. And don't they have them *there?*

TEACHER. They have them in some countries, in others they don't. We have the Russian Tsar, and in German countries there is another — the German Tsar.

This answer satisfied all the pupils, even the skeptic Semka.

The teacher, seeing the necessity of explaining class distinctions, asks what classes they know.

The pupils try to enumerate them — the nobility, the peasantry, popes or priests, soldiers.

"Any others?" asks the teacher.

"Domestics, *koziuki*,[1] samovar-makers."[2]

The teacher asks the distinctions between these different classes.

THE PUPILS. The peasants plow; domestic servants serve; merchants trade; *samovarshchiki* make samovars; popes perform masses; nobles *do not do anything.*

The teacher explains the actual differences between the classes, but finds it perfectly idle to make them see the necessity of soldiers when there is no war, — that it

[1] *Koziuki* means with us the class of the *meshchanin*, or burgess. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

[2] Tula is one of the centers of the samovar manufacture.

is merely to serve as a security against the dissolution of the Empire, — and the part taken by the nobles in the civil service. The teacher tries in the same way to explain the difference geographically between Russia and other countries; he says that the whole world is divided into various realms. The Russians, the French, the Germans, divided the whole earth, and said to themselves: "Up to these limits is ours, up to those is yours;" and thus Russia and all other nations have their boundaries.

TEACHER. Do you understand what a boundary is? Give me an example of one.

A PUPIL (*an intelligent lad*). Here, just beyond the Turkin Hill, is a boundary.

This boundary is a stone post standing on the road between Tula and Yasnaya Polyana, indicating the beginning of the Tula District.

All the pupils acquiesce in this definition.

The teacher sees the necessity of pointing out the boundaries on some well-known place. He draws the plan of the two rooms, and indicates the line that separates them; then he brings the plan of the village, and the scholars themselves point out several well-known boundaries. The teacher explains — that is, he thinks that he explains — that just as Yasnaya Polyana has its boundaries, so Russia has its boundaries. He flatters himself with the hope that they have all understood him; but when he asks, "How is it possible to know how far it is from our place to the Russian boundary?" then the pupils, in no little perplexity, reply that it is very easy; all it requires is to take a yardstick and measure to the Russian boundary.

TEACHER. In which direction?

PUPILS. Go straight from here to the boundary, and put down how far you have gone.

Again we made use of sketches, plans, and maps. Here came up the need of giving them an idea of the meaning of a "scale." The teacher proposed to draw the plan of the village, disposed in streets. We began the sketch on the blackboard, but we could not get

the whole village in because the scale was too large. We rubbed it out, and began anew on a slate. The scale, the plan, the boundaries, gradually became clear. The teacher repeated all that he had said, and then asked what Russia was, and where it ended.

PUPIL. It 's the land in which we live, and where the Germans and Tartars live.

ANOTHER PUPIL. The land that is under the Russian Tsar.

TEACHER. Where is the end of it?

A GIRL. Where you find the heathen[1] Germans.

TEACHER. The Germans are not heathen. The Germans also believe in Christ. (*Here he gives an explanation of religion and faiths.*)

PUPIL (*with alacrity, evidently taking delight in his good memory*). In Russia there are laws, Whoever kills gets put in prison; and there are all sorts of people, — *clergymen*, soldiers, and nobles.

SEMKA. Who supports the soldiers?

TEACHER. The Tsar. But then they collect the money from everybody, because everybody is benefited by their serving.

The teacher furthermore explains what the budget is, and finally, with only tolerable success, we get them to repeat what has been said about boundaries.

The lesson lasts two hours. The teacher is persuaded that the children have retained a good deal of what has been said, and the succeeding lessons are carried on in the same style, but in the sequel he is forced to the conclusion that these methods are unsatisfactory, and that all that he has done is perfect rubbish.

Involuntarily I fell into the usual error of the Socratic method carried on in the German *Anschauungsunterricht* to the last degree of monstrosity. In these lessons I gave no new ideas to the pupils, though I fancied that I was doing so. And only by my moral influence did I compel the children to answer as I wished them to do. *Raseya*, "Russia," *Russkoï*, "Russian," remained the same unconscious symbols of *mine*, *ours*, — something

[1] *Nekhristi.*

vague and indeterminate. *Zakon*, "law," remains to them an incomprehensible word.

I made these experiments six months ago, and at first was thoroughly satisfied and proud of them. Those to whom I read them said that it was thoroughly good and interesting; but after three weeks, during which I could not myself look after the school, I proposed to carry out what I had begun, and I became convinced that all that had gone before was nonsense and self-deception. Not one pupil was able to describe a frontier, Russia, a law, or the boundaries of the Krapivensky District; all they had learnt they had forgotten; but at the same time they knew it all in their own way. I was convinced of my mistake, but I could not make out whether my mistake consisted in a bad method of instruction, or in the very idea of it. Maybe there is no possibility before a certain period of general development, and without the help of newspapers and travel, to awaken in a child an interest in history and geography. Maybe we shall find the method by means of which this can be done, and I keep trying and experimenting. One thing only I know, — that this method will never be attained by so-called history and geography; that is, in the teaching by books, for this kills, and does not awaken, this interest.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AN EXPERIMENT IN RUSSIAN HISTORY

I MADE still other experiments in teaching the history of our own time, and these experiments were thoroughly successful. I told the story of the Crimean campaign; I described the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and I related the story of the year 1812. All this was in an almost narrative tone, for the larger part, with no attempt at historical accuracy, but grouping the events around some single individual. I obtained the greatest success, as I might have expected, from my story of the war with Napoleon.

This lesson made a memorable hour in our lives. I shall never forget it. For some time the children had been promised that I should tell them from the ending, and the other teacher from the beginning, and that thus we should meet. My evening scholars were beginning to disperse; I went to the class of Russian history; the account of Sevastopol was in progress: they were bored. On the high bench three peasant girls wrapped up in shawls were sitting together, as always. One was asleep. Mishka nudged me.

"Look-a-there! See those cuckoos sitting there, and one of them has gone to sleep."

And she was just like a cuckoo.

"Tell from the ending instead," said some one, and all started up.

I sat down and began my story. As was always the case, the confusion, groans, and hubbub lasted several minutes. One climbed on the table; another, on a chair; another, on a bench; another leaned on his mate's shoulder; another sat in her friend's lap; and at last all became quiet.

I began with Alexander I. I told them about the French Revolution, about Napoleon's triumphs, about his usurpation of power, and about the war which ended with the peace of Tilsit.

As soon as Russia began to come into the story, then from all sides were heard sounds and words expressive of lively sympathy.

"Why did he want to conquer us also?"

"Never mind; Alexander will give it to him!" said some one who knew about Alexander I.; but I was obliged to dash their hopes: the time of triumph had not yet come, and they were very much aggrieved because of the scheme that Napoleon should marry the Tsar's sister, and because Alexander spoke with him as an equal at the interview on the raft.

"You just wait!" said Petka, with a threatening gesture.

"Well, well; tell on!"

When Alexander did not give in to Napoleon, that

is, when he declared war, all expressed their assent. When Napoleon, with his "twelve languages," marched against us, and aroused the Germans and Poland against us, all were overwhelmed with grief.

A German friend of mine was present in the room. "Ah! and you, too, were against us!" cried Petka, our best story-teller, to him.

"Hush, now!" cried the others.

The retreat of our armies was a cruel disappointment to my listeners, and on all sides were heard exclamations and objurgations on Kutuzof and Barklay: —

"Why! and what a coward Kutuzof was!"

"You wait!" said another.

"Well, did he surrender?" asked a third.

When we came to the battle of Borodino, and when at the end I was obliged to tell them that after all we did not conquer, I could not help pitying them: it was evident that I was giving them all such a terrible shock.

"Still, it was neither ours nor theirs that beat."

When Napoleon came to Moscow and demanded the keys and the salutations, there was a perfect storm expressing their disgust.

The burning of Moscow, of course, was hailed with satisfaction. Finally, there came the triumph — the retreat.

"As soon as he left Moscow, then Kutuzof began to follow him, and began to attack him," said I.

"He got a-straddle of him," interrupted Fedka, who, all of a glow, was sitting in front of me, and in his excitement was twisting his little dirty fingers. That was a habit of his.

As soon as he said that, the whole room seemed to groan with proud enthusiasm. They crowded one little fellow in the rear, and no one noticed it.

"Ah! that's the way to do it! That's how he got the keys!" and so on.

Then I went on to tell how we drove out the Frenchmen. It was painful for the scholars to hear about the delay at the Berezina River, and that we let him escape.

Petka even shouted, "I would have shot him dead for stopping there!"

Then we began to feel a little compunction for the frozen Frenchmen. Then, when we had crossed the border, and the Germans who had been opposed to us before declared for us, some one remembered the German present in the room.

"Ah! and that is the way you did? First you were against us, and then when we got strong you took our side!" and suddenly all got up and began to *oh! oh!* and *ah! ah!* at the German, so that the noise could have been heard in the street.

When they came to order, I went on to tell them how we escorted Napoleon to Paris; how we set the rightful king on the throne; how we enjoyed our triumphs and feasted; but then the memory of the Crimean War spoiled for us all this glory.

"Just wait!" cried Petka again, shaking his curls. "Wait till I grow up, and I will pay 'em back!"

If now the allied armies had attacked the Shevardinsky redoubt or the Malakhof Tower, we should have driven them back!

It was already late when I brought my story to an end. As a general thing the children are asleep by this time. But no one was sleepy; even the eyes of the cuckoos were aglow. The moment I stood up, Taraska, to my great amazement, crept out from under my arm-chair, and looked at me with eager, but at the same time serious, face.

"How came you under there?"

"He has been there from the very first," said some one.

There was no need of asking if he had understood: it was evident by his face.

"What can you tell us about it?" I asked.

"I?" he repeated; "I can tell it all. I am going to tell about it when I get home."

"And I."

"And I too."

"Won't it be too long?"

"No, indeed!"

And all slipped down-stairs, one promising to give it to the Frenchman, another upbraiding the German, and another repeating how Kutuzof had "straddled" him.

"You have given it to them wholly from the Russian standpoint,"[1] said my German friend, who had been almost mobbed by the boys that evening. "You ought to hear how that story is told among us Germans. You have told them nothing about the German battle for liberty."[2]

I entirely agreed with him that my narrative was not history, but a tale kindling the national sentiment.

Of course, *as instruction in history* this experiment also was even more unsuccessful than the first.

CHAPTER XXXV

GEOGRAPHY

In the teaching of geography I did the same thing. First of all, I began with physical geography. I remember the first lesson. I began it, and immediately lost my way. The result obtained was what I did not at all anticipate; namely, that I did not know what I wanted ten-year-old peasant children to learn. I was able to explain "day" and "night," but in my explanation of "winter" and "summer" I went astray. Ashamed of my ignorance, I tried it again, and then I asked many of my acquaintances, cultivated men, and no one except those that had recently left school, or teachers, was able to give me a very good explanation without a globe. I beg all who read this to test this observation. I affirm that out of a hundred men not more than one knows this, though all children are taught it.

Having rehearsed pretty carefully, I once more took up the explanation, and with the aid of a candle and

[1] *Sie haben ganz Russisch erzählt.*

[2] *Sie haben nichts gesagt von den Deutschen Freiheitskämpfen.*

a globe, I explained it, as it seemed to me, admirably. They listened to me with great attention and interest. Especially interested were they to know something which their fathers did not believe and to be able to boast of their wisdom.

At the end of my explanation of "winter" and "summer" the skeptic Semka, the keenest-witted of all, staggered me with the question: —

"How does the earth move and yet our izba still stand in the same place? Why, it ought to have moved from its place."

I perceived that in my explanation I had shot a thousand versts beyond the range of the most intelligent of the children; what must the dullest have understood of it? I went back — I explained, I made sketches, I adduced all the proofs of the roundness of the earth; voyages around the globe, the masts of a ship showing before the deck and all the rest, and consoling myself with the thought that now they certainly understood, I set them to writing the lesson. All wrote: "The earth is like a ball — *first proof* .... *second proof*....;" they forgot the *third proof* and asked me about it. It was evident that the principal thing for them was to remember the proofs. More than once, more than a dozen times, yes, a hundred times I returned to these explanations and always unsuccessfully. At any examination the pupils would all answer, and they do now, satisfactorily. But I feel that they do not understand, and when I remember that I did not understand the matter very well until after I was thirty, I have pardoned them for this dullness of comprehension. I in my childhood believed that the world was round, and the like, but did not understand it, and so it is with them now. It was always far easier for me to comprehend what my nurse told me: that at the end of the world the earth and the sky met, and there at the end of the world the women wash their linen in the sea and mangle it on the sky. Our pupils have long been confirmed, and even now still persist, in notions diametrically opposed to those I wanted to give them. For a long time still, before they

began to understand, it was necessary to dispel the impressions which they had formed, and their idea of the universe which nothing seemed as yet to modify. The laws of physics and mechanics were what first began to shatter these old concepts. But like myself and like all the rest of us they began physical geography before they began physics.

In the teaching of geography, as in all other subjects, the commonest, coarsest, and hurtfulest mistake — is haste. We were so delighted to know that the earth is round and turns around the sun, that we hasten as speedily as possible to communicate this to the pupil. But it is not valuable to know that the earth is round; it is valuable to know how this conclusion was reached. Very often children are told that the earth is so many billions of versts distant from the sun; and the fact does not interest or surprise the child at all. It is interesting to him to know how this was discovered. Whoever wishes to speak about this, let him tell about parallaxes. This is quite possible.

I have dwelt long on the roundness of the earth because what I have said about it refers to all geography. Out of thousands of cultivated men, aside from teachers and pupils, one may know very well why we have winter and summer, and may know where Guadaloupe is, while out of a thousand children, not one in his childhood understands the explanations of the roundness of the earth, and not one believes in the actual existence of Guadaloupe, but every one is still taught both of these things from earliest childhood.

After physical geography I began the parts of the world with their characteristics and with no lasting results, so that when you ask a question they will shout confusedly, "Asia, Africa, Australia," but if you suddenly ask: "In what part of the world is France?" even though it has just been said that England and France are in Europe, some one will cry that France is in Africa! The question "Why?" appears in each dulled eye, in every tone of the voice, when geography is begun, and there is no answer to that pitiable question "Why?"

As in history it is a common idea to begin with the end, so, in geography, the idea arose and became general to begin with the schoolrooms, with the village. As I have seen these experiments in Germany, and as I was wholly hopeless, by reason of my failure in ordinary geography, I took up the description of a room, a house, a village. Like the drawing of plans, such exercises are not devoid of profit, but to know what region is back of our village is not interesting, because all know that Telyatinki is there. And to know what is back of Telyatinki is not interesting, because, undoubtedly, another village just like Telyatinki is there, and Telyatinki with its fields is perfectly uninteresting. I proposed to them to place geographical way-marks, such as Moscow, Kief, but all this was packed away in their heads so disconnectedly that they had to learn it by heart.

I proposed to them to draw maps, and this occupied them and really helped their memory; but again appeared the question: "Why aid the memory?" I proposed again to tell them about polar and equatorial countries; they listened with pleasure and recited, but in their narrations they remembered everything except what was geographical in them. The chief thing was that the drawing of plans of the village was the drawing of plans, and not geography; the drawing of maps was the drawing of maps, and not geography; the stories of wild beasts, forests, ice-fields, and cities were tales, and not geography. Geography was only something learnt by heart. Of all the new books — Grube, Biernadsky — not one was interesting. One little book, forgotten by every one, and somewhat resembling a geography, was read with more interest than anything else, and in my opinion is the best model of what ought to be done to prepare children for the study of geography by awakening in them an interest in the subject. This book is the Russian translation of Peter Parley, published in 1837. This little book is read, but seems rather as a guiding thread for the teacher who follows it in his narration, telling what he knows about each land and city.

The children recite, but they rarely retain any name

and place on the map relating to the event described, for the most part, only the events remain. This class, however, belongs to a section of colloquies of which we shall speak in another place. Of late, notwithstanding all the skill with which the teaching of unnecessary names is disguised, notwithstanding all the circumspection with which we resorted to it, the children had a presentiment that they were only being tricked into reading history and they conceived a genuine disgust for this class.

I came at last to the conclusion that, as regards history, not only was there no necessity of knowing the stupid part of Russian history, but that Cyrus, Alexander of Macedon, Cæsar, and Luther are likewise unnecessary for the development of any child. All these personages and events are interesting to the student, not in proportion to their significance in history, but in proportion to the artistic reason for their being at all, in proportion to the artistic skill shown by their historian, and generally not by their historian, but by popular tradition.

The history of Romulus and Remus is interesting, not because these brothers founded the mightiest empire in the world, but because it is entertaining, marvelous, and beautiful how the she-wolf suckled them, etc. The history of the Gracchi is interesting, because it is artistic, like the history of Gregory VII. and the humiliated emperor, and there is a possibility of getting interested in it; but the history of the migration of nations will be stupid and aimless, because its subject is not artistic, — just exactly like the history of the invention of printing, however we strive to impress it on the pupil that this was a period in history, and that Gutenberg was a great man. If you relate cleverly how friction matches were invented, the pupil will never agree that the inventor of friction matches was not as great a man as Gutenberg: in a word, for the child, and in general for the learner, and for any one who has not yet learned to live, the interest in the historic, that is, apart from the universally human, does not exist. There is only the artistic interest.

It is said that with the working out of materials the artistic developments of all periods of history will be possible; but I do not see this. Macaulay and Thiers can just as little be put into the hands of the student as Tacitus or Xenophon.

In order to make history popular, an artistic form for it is not necessary; but the historic phenomena must be personified, as is often done by legend, sometimes by life, sometimes by great thinkers and artists. History pleases children only when the topic is artistic. Interest in the historic does not exist and cannot exist for them; consequently there is and can be no children's history. History serves only occasionally as material for artistic development, but as long as the interest in history is not developed there can be no history. Berté, Kaïdanof, still remain the only guides. The old anecdote begins: *The history of the Medes is obscure and fabulous.* It is impossible to make anything out of history for children who feel no interest in history.

The contrasting experiments in making history and geography artistic and interesting, the biographical sketches of Grube and Biernadsky, satisfy neither artistic nor historic demands, satisfy neither logic nor historical interest, and at the same time by their superfluity of particulars they spread out to impossible proportions.

It is the same with geography. When Mitrofanushka was persuaded to study geography, his mother said to him: —

"Why study about all lands? The coachman will take you where you want to go."

Nothing stronger was ever said against geography, and all the teachers of the world are unable to furnish a reply to such an insurmountable argument.

I am speaking with perfect seriousness. What is the good of my knowing the position of the river and city of Barcelona when, after having lived thirty-three years, I have not once needed that knowledge? The most picturesque description of Barcelona and its inhabitants, as far as I can see, could not help toward the development

of my spiritual powers. What good is it for Semka and Fedka to know about the Marinsky canal and aquatic communication, if they, as in all probability will be the case, will never go there? And even if Semka should happen to go there, it is a matter of indifference whether he learns about it or not, since he will know about this kind of aquatic communication, and will know it thoroughly, by experience. For the development of spiritual powers, what help will come from knowing that hemp goes down and tar goes up the Volga, that there is a harbor Dubovka, and that a subterranean stratum extends to such and such a point, and that the Samoyeds travel by reindeer, and so on — I cannot imagine!

I have in me a whole world of lore — mathematical, natural, linguistic, and poetic — which I have not time to transmit; there is an endless collection of questions regarding the phenomena of life around me; and the pupil demands an answer to them, and I must answer them before drawing maps of the polar floes, the tropical lands, the mountains of Australia, and the rivers of America.

In history and geography experience tells the same story and everywhere confirms our ideas. Everywhere the teaching of geography and history goes badly, in expectation of examinations, the names of mountains, cities and rivers, kings and tsars; the only possible manuals are Arsenyef and Obodovsky, Kaïdanof, Smaragdof, and Berté; and everywhere complaint is made of the teaching of these subjects; they are searching for something new, and never find it.

It is very amusing that all recognize the incongruity of the study of geography with the spirit of the pupils of the whole world, and consequently invent thousands of ingenious means — like Sidof's method — to compel the children to remember the names; the simplest of all notions, that this kind of geography is entirely unnecessary, that it is entirely unnecessary to know these names, has never once entered any one's head.

All attempts to combine geography with geology, botany, ethnography, and I know not what else, history

with biography, remain empty dreams, giving birth to wretched books like Grube's, not useful to children or to young people, or to teachers, or to the public in general. In fact, if the authors of these so-called new guides in geography and history thought of what they wanted, and attempted to apply these books to instruction, they would become convinced of the impossibility of the enterprise.

In the first place, geography, in conjunction with the natural sciences and ethnography, would constitute a prodigious science, for the teaching of which a human lifetime would not suffice, and a science still less child-like and still dryer than geography alone.

In the second place, for the composition of such a manual, sufficient material would not be found in a thousand years. If I taught the geography of the Krapivensky District, I should be compelled to give the pupils detailed notions of the flora, the fauna, the geological formation of the country up to the North Pole, and details regarding the inhabitants and the trade of the kingdom of Bavaria, because I should have plenty of material for these details, and I should have almost nothing to say of the Byelevsky and Yefrimovski Districts, because I should have no materials for that.

But the children and sound common sense demand from me a certain harmony and regularity in teaching. The only thing remaining is either to make them learn Obodovsky's geography by heart, or not teach the subject at all. Just as for history the historical interest must be awakened, so for the teaching of geography the geographical interest must be awakened. And the geographical interest, according to my experience and observation, is awakened either by study of the natural sciences or by travels, especially — in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred — by travels.

As the love of history is stimulated by the reading of newspapers, and especially of biographies, and by the interest in the political life of one's country, so for geography the first step toward the study of science is taken

in the way of travels. Both means have become perfectly accessible to every one in our day, and, therefore, the less ought we to fear cutting loose from the ancient superstition regarding the teaching of history and geography. Life itself is now so instructive in this connection that if geographical and historical knowledge were so necessary for general development as we think, then it would always supply the lack.

And really, if we renounce the old superstition, it is not at all terrible to think of people growing up without once having learnt in their childhood who Yaroslof was, who Otho was, or what Estramadura is, and the like. You see, people have ceased studying astrology, they have ceased studying rhetoric and poetics, they have ceased studying how to talk Latin, and the human race has not grown stupid. New sciences spring into birth; in our day the natural sciences have begun to grow popular; we must abjure and outgrow the old sciences, — not the sciences but the phases of them, — which with the birth of new sciences have become insufficient. To arouse an interest, to know how humanity lives and has lived and has acted and developed in various realms, an interest in learning those laws whereby humanity eternally moves; to arouse, on the other hand, an interest in understanding the laws of the phenomena of Nature over all this green globe, and of the distribution of the human race over it — that is another thing. *Maybe* the awakening of such an interest is useful, but to the attainment of this end the Ségurs, the Thiers, the Obodovskys, the Grubes, are of no use. I know only two elements that are — the artistic feeling of poetry and patriotism. To develop either there are as yet no manuals, and as long as there are none we must keep searching, or waste our time and energies, and cripple a young generation by forcing it to learn history and geography merely because we were taught history and geography.

Up to the time of the university, I see not only *no necessity, but even great injury, in the teaching of history and geography*. Beyond that, I don't know.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE ARTS

In the sketch of the Yasnaya Polyana School during the months of November and December, I have now to speak of two subjects which have an entirely distinct character from all the others: these are drawing and singing — the arts.

If I had not my own views, based on the fact that I don't know why any one should study either, I should be obliged to ask myself: Is the study of art profitable for peasant children, put under the necessity of working all their lives long just for their daily bread, and what is the good of it?

Ninety-nine out of a hundred would answer this question in the negative. And it is impossible to answer otherwise. As soon as this question is put, sound common sense demands such an answer: — he is not to be an artist; he will have to plow. If he has artistic demands, he will not have the power to endure the steady unwearying labor which he must endure; which, if he does not endure, the very existence of the empire would be out of the question. I use the pronoun *he*, I mean the child of the people. In reality this is an absurdity, but I delight in this absurdity; I do not hesitate before it, and I am trying to find the causes of it. This is another and still greater absurdity!

This same child of the people, every child of the people, has precisely similar rights — what am I saying? has greater rights to the enjoyment of art than we, the children of the fortunate class, who are not reduced to the necessity of this ceaseless work, and who are surrounded by all the amenities of life.

To deprive him of the right of enjoying art, to deprive me, his teacher, of the right of leading him into that domain of the best enjoyments for which his whole being yearns with all the powers of his soul, is a still greater absurdity.

How can these two absurdities be reconciled? This is no lyrical emotion[1] such as I was seduced into on the occasion of describing the walk in No. 1, — this is only logic. No reconciliation is possible, and to think of it is self-deception. They will say, and they do say: "If drawing is necessary in a popular school, then only drawing from Nature is permissible, only technical drawing, applicable to life; the drawing of a plow, of a machine, of a building; drawing only as an art subsidiary to lineal design."

This common idea of drawing was shared by the teacher in the Yasnaya Polyana School, an account of which we present. But the very experiment we made in this method of teaching drawing convinced us of the falsity and injustice of this technical program. The majority of the pupils, after four months of strict, exclusively technical drawing, from which all sketching of men, animals, landscapes was excluded, at last grew so disgusted with the drawing of technical objects, and the feeling and necessity for drawing as an art were developed in them to such a degree, that they kept their secret note-books, in which they drew pictures of men and horses with all four legs starting from one place.

It was the same in music. The ordinary program of schools for the people does not permit singing farther than choral or church music, and precisely in such a way that either this is the dullest, most tormenting study for children — to produce certain sounds — in other words, that children become and regard themselves as throats meant to take the place of organ pipes, or else the sense of the esthetic is developed and demands satisfaction on the balalaïka or the harmonica, and frequently in some coarse song which the pedagogue would not recognize, and in which he would not think it necessary to guide his pupils. One of two things: either art in general is harmful and unnecessary — and this is not nearly so strange as it may seem at first glance — or else every one, without distinction of rank or occupation, has the right to it, and the right to abandon himself wholly to it

[1] *Lirism.*

—on this ground, that art does not permit of mediocrity.

The absurdity is not in this; the absurdity is in the very asking of such a question as the question: "Have the children of the people a right to the arts?" This question is analogous to asking: "Have the children of the people the right to eat beef?" in other words, "Have they the right to satisfy their human needs?" This is not the question, but whether the beef is good which we offer and which we refuse to the people. Just exactly as in offering the people certain funds of knowledge which are in our power, and remarking the bad influence produced on it by them, I conclude, not that the people are bad because they do not accept these studies and profit by them as we do, but that the studies are bad, not normal, and that by the aid of the people we must work out new ones which shall be suitable to all of us, both to society and the people at large. I only conclude that these studies and arts live amongst us and do not seem to harm us, but cannot live amongst the people and seem injurious to them simply because these studies and arts are not those that are generally needed; but that we live amongst them only because we are spoiled, only because men who have been sitting five hours without harm in the tainted atmosphere of a factory or a tavern do not suffer from that atmosphere which would kill the man who had just come into it. They will ask: "Who has said that knowledge and the arts of our cultivated class are false? Because the people do not accept them, why do you postulate their falsity?" All these questions are resolved very simply: *Because we are thousands, and they are millions.*

I continue my comparison with a certain physiological fact.

A man comes from the pure air into a low, close, smoky room; all his vital functions are as yet in perfect condition; his organism, by reason of his having breathed in the pure air, has been nourished largely on oxygen. With this habit of his organism he goes on breathing in the pestiferous room; great quantities of

the poisonous gases mingle with his blood; his organism becomes enfeebled, — often a swooning fit ensues, sometimes death, — while hundreds of people continue to breathe and live in the same pestiferous atmosphere, simply because all their functions have become enfeebled; because, in other words, their lives are weaker, less vital. If they say to me: These men live as much as the others, and who shall decide whose lives are the better and nearest to the normal? since it as often happens that a man coming from the vitiated atmosphere into the pure air faints away as the contrary — the answer is easy. Not a physiologist, but any simple man of sound common sense will say merely this: "Where the most of men live, in the pure air or in pestiferous dungeons," and will follow the majority; but the physiologist will make observations on the one and the other, and will say that the functions are stronger and the nutrition more complete in the one that lives in the pure air.

The same relationship exists between the arts of our so-called cultivated society, and the arts which the people demand: I mean painting and sculpture, and music, and poetry. A painting by Ivanof will excite in the people only amazement at its technical skill, but it will not excite any poetic or religious feeling, while this same religious feeling will be excited by the woodcut of Ioann of Novgorod and the devil in the pitcher.[1]

The Venus of Melos will arouse only a legitimate detestation of a woman's nakedness and shamelessness. A quartet in Beethoven's last manner seems only a disagreeable noise, occasionally interesting only because one person plays on the cello and another on the violin. The best production of our poetry, Pushkin's lyric verse, seems a collection of words, but its meaning contemptible absurdities.

[1] We beg leave to call the reader's attention to this ugly picture, so remarkable by reason of its strength of religious and poetic feeling; it bears the same relation to contemporaneous Russian painting as the art of Fra Beato Angelico bears to the art of the successors of the school of Michelangelo. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Introduce the child of the people into this world: you can do so and are all the time doing so by means of the hierarchies of educational institutions, academies, and art classes: he will feel, and genuinely feel, Ivanof's picture and the Venus of Melos and the quartet of Beethoven and Pushkin's lyric verse. But on entering into this world he will no longer breathe with full lungs; and it will be painful and injurious to him to breathe the pure air, if by chance he happens to go into it.

As in the matter of breathing, sound common sense and physiology give the same answer, so in the matter of art the same sound common sense and pedagogy — not the pedagogy which writes programs but that which strives to find general paths of education and laws — will reply that that man lives the fullest and best life who does not live in the sphere of the arts of our cultivated class; that the demands of art and the satisfaction which it gives are fuller and more legitimate among the people than among us. Sound common sense will say this simply because it sees the majority living outside of this environment happy and powerful, not by numbers alone; the pedagogue makes his observations on the spiritual functions of the men who are found in our circle, and outside of it makes observations on the introduction of men into the pestiferous room, that is to say, on the transfer of our arts to the young generation and on the ground of those fainting fits, of that disgust which healthy natures experience on being introduced into the art atmosphere, on the ground of the diminution of spiritual functions, will conclude that the demands of the people, of art, are more legitimate than the demands of the depraved minority of the so-called cultivated class.

I have made these observations regarding music and poetry, the two branches of our arts which I know the best and which I once loved passionately, and it was a terrible thing to say: I have come to the conviction that all we have done in these two branches has been done in a false, exclusive method, having no meaning, and insignificant in comparison with those demands and

even with the productions in the same arts, specimens of which we find among the people.

I am convinced that a lyric poem, as, for example,

I recall the marvelous moment,

the productions of music, like Beethoven's last symphony, are not so absolutely and universally good as the popular *pyesnya* about "Vanka, the steward," or the song, "Down the ancient mother Volga"; that Pushkin and Beethoven please us, not because absolute beauty is in them, but because we are as corrupt as Pushkin and Beethoven, — because Pushkin and Beethoven equally flatter our abnormal irritability and our weakness. As to the hackneyed paradox, heard till it has become insipid, that for the comprehension of the beautiful a certain preparation is needed — who said it, and what proof is of it? It is only an expedient, a loophole from an untenable position, into which we have been led by the falsity of our tendency and the exclusive adoption of our art by one class. Why is the beauty of the sun, the beauty of a human face, the beauty of the sounds of a popular melody, the beauty of an act of love and sacrifice, accessible to every one, and why do these things require no preparation?

I know that what I say will seem mere talk to the majority, the privilege of "a boneless tongue," but pedagogy — free pedagogy — by way of experiment, settles many questions, and by an endless repetition of the same phenomena leads these questions from the domain of imagination and argument into the domain of propositions proved by facts. For years I struggled vainly to transfer to our pupils the poetic beauties of Pushkin and all our literature; a countless number of teachers are trying to do the same, and not in Russia alone; and if these teachers examine the results of their efforts, and if they will be frank, all will confess that the chief consequence of the development of the poetic feeling was its destruction, that the greatest repugnance to such interpretations was shown by the most poetic natures. .... I had been struggling, I say, for years, and could obtain

no results — and once, by accident, I opened the collection of Ruibnikof, and the poetic demand of the pupils found full satisfaction, a satisfaction which, when I calmly, and without prejudice, compared the first song I came to with Pushkin's last production, I could not help finding legitimate. I had the same experience also in regard to music, concerning which I shall not have to speak.

I will try to sum up all that I have said. To the question, Are the arts — *les beaux arts* — necessary to the people? pedagogues generally hesitate and grow perplexed; only Plato decides this question boldly in the negative. They say: it is necessary, but with certain restrictions. To give all men the possibility of becoming artists would be harmful to the social organization. They say: certain arts and their degree can exist only in a certain class in society. They say: the arts must have their exclusive servants, devoted to one task. They say: great talents must have the possibility of coming forth from the midst of the people and devoting themselves exclusively to art. This is the greatest concession which pedagogy makes to the right of each person to be what he wishes. To the attainment of these ends all the efforts of the pedagogues are directed, as far as art is concerned. I consider this unjust. I suppose that the demand for the enjoyment of art and the service of art exists in every human being, to whatever class and environment he may belong, and that this demand is legitimate and must be satisfied.

Taking this position as an axiom, I say that if inconveniences and incongruities are presented by each person having an enjoyment of art and its reproduction, the cause of these inconveniences lies not in the method of its transference, nor in the diffusion or concentration of the arts among many or few, but in the character and tendency of the art, in which we must be dubious so as not to put what is false on the young generation, as well as to give this young generation the opportunity for working out something new both in form and in content.

I present an account of the teaching of drawing in

November and December. The method of this instruction, it seems to me, may be regarded as convenient by the way whereby, imperceptibly and pleasantly, the pupils were guarded past the technical difficulties. The question of art itself is not touched upon, because the teacher who began the course took it for granted that it was inexpedient for peasant children to be artists.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DRAWING

When, nine months ago, I entered upon the teaching of drawing, I had as yet no definite plan, either for laying out the course of instruction or for guiding the pupils. I had neither designs nor models, save for a few albums of illustrations, which, however, I did not make use of at the time of my most advanced lessons, confining myself to simple auxiliary means, such as can always be found in every country school. A painted wooden board, chalk, slates, and rectangular boards of various sizes, and sticks, which we had used in the visual teaching of mathematics — these were all the material we had for our instruction, and yet we were not hindered from copying everything that came under our hands.

Not one of the pupils had ever before had any lessons in drawing; they brought to me only their faculty of judgment, which they were given perfect liberty to express when and as they pleased, and which I wanted as a guide to teach me their requirements so that I might afterward lay down a definite scheme of work.

The first thing I did was to make a square out of four sticks and experimented to discover if the boys, without any preliminary teaching, would be able to copy that square. A few of the boys only drew some very irregular squares, indicating by straight lines the square sticks which made the square. I was perfectly satisfied with this. For the less able ones I drew a square with chalk

on the board. Then we constructed a cross in the same way, and copied that.

An unconscious innate feeling impelled the children to find as a general thing a sufficiently accurate correlation of the lines, although they drew the lines badly enough. And I did not consider it necessary to insist on the accuracy of the straight lines in each figure, for I did not wish to torment them unnecessarily, and all I wanted was to have the figure copied. I preferred at first to give the children a comprehension of the relations of the lines according to their size and their direction, rather than to labor over their ability to draw these lines as regularly as possible.

The child will understand the relation between length and shortness of lines, the difference between a right angle and parallels, before he will learn by himself to draw a straight line tolerably well.

Little by little in the succeeding lessons we succeeded in copying the angles of these quadrangular sticks, and then we made the most varied figures with them.

The pupils entirely neglected the thickness of the sticks, the third dimension, and we drew all the time only the front side of the objects set before us.

The difficulty of clearly presenting the position and coördination of figures, owing to our deficiency of materials, compelled me sometimes to draw the figures on the board. I often combined a sketch from nature with a sketch from models, taking any object whatever: if the boys could not copy the given object, I would sketch it myself on the board.

The drawing of figures from the board proceeded as follows: — I drew at first a horizontal or perpendicular line; I divided it by points into a certain number of parts; the pupils copied this line. Then I drew another or several perpendicular or slanting lines to the first, and divided into equal parts. Then we united the points of division of these lines with straight or curved lines, and thus composed a kind of symmetrical figure, which, according as it developed, the boys copied. It seemed to me that this was advantageous, in the first

place, in this relation: that the boy, by looking on, learns the whole process of drawing figures, and, in the second place, on the other hand there is developed in him a far better comprehension of the relations of lines through this sketching on the board than through copying of sketches and originals. By this system the possibility of out and out copying is entirely obviated, the figure itself, like an object from Nature, must be drawn on a smaller scale.

It is almost always useless to hang up a large picture or figure already perfectly drawn, because the beginner will really be at his wits' ends before it, just as before an object from Nature. But the development of a figure before his eyes has great significance. The pupil in this case sees the bones of the sketch, the skeleton on which afterward the body itself will be constructed.

The pupils were constantly called on to criticize the bones which I drew, and their relations. I often drew them incorrectly on purpose, so as to find out how far their judgment was formed concerning the relations and correctness of the lines. Then I would ask the boys, when I had drawn a figure, where, in their opinion, another line should be added, and I even made one or another of them think out a way of constructing a figure.

By this means I awakened in the boys not only a more lively but also a free coöperation in the construction and development of the figures; and this annihilated in the children the question "Why?" which the child always naturally asks himself when he is set to copying an original.

The course and method of instruction have been chiefly determined by the ease or difficulty of comprehension, the greater or less amount of interest manifested, and I have often thrown away something entirely prepared for the lesson, simply because it was wearisome or unfamiliar to the boys.

Hitherto I have given symmetrical figures to copy because their formation is the easiest and most obvious. Then by way of experiment I asked the best

pupils to invent and design figures on the board. Although almost all drew in one given style, nevertheless it was interesting to observe their awakening rivalry, their criticism of others, and the originality of the figures they constructed. Many of these sketches were in perfect correspondence with the pupils' characters.

Each child has a tendency toward independence, which it would be injurious to destroy in any kind of instruction, and which is particularly manifested in the dissatisfaction at drawing from models. In the methods here described this independence is not only not vitiated, but is developed and strengthened.

If the pupil is not taught in school to create, then he will go on through life imitating and copying, since few of those that have been taught to copy would be able to make independent application of these acquirements.

By constantly holding to natural forms in our designing, and by frequently taking various objects, as, for example, leaves of a characteristic form, flowers, household ware, and objects used in common life, and instruments, I tried to prevent our drawing from degenerating into routine and mannerism.

With the greatest caution I entered into an explanation of shading, and chiaroscuro, because the beginner, by means of shading lines, easily destroys the clearness and regularity of the figure, and becomes accustomed to disorderly and vague daubing.

By this method I succeeded within a few months in initiating more than thirty pupils into a fair fundamental knowledge of the coördination of lines in various figures and objects, and into the art of reproducing these figures by even and accurate lines. The mechanical art of linear drawing gradually developed of itself. More difficult than anything else was it for me to teach the pupils neatness in keeping their sketch-books and their designs. The facility of rubbing out what they had drawn on slates made my task in this respect very difficult. Giving sketch-books to the better and more talented pupils, I attained greater neatness in the sketch itself; for the great difficulty of rubbing out compels

them to great neatness in regard to what they are designing. In a short time the best pupils attained to a very accurate and tidy use of the pencil, so that they could draw neatly and accurately, not only rectilinear figures, but also the most fantastic ones composed of curved lines.

I set some of the pupils to correcting the figures of the others when they had finished their own, and this exercise in teaching notably stimulated the pupils, for in this way they could immediately apply what they had learned.

Of late, I have occupied the older ones in drawing objects in the most varied positions in perspective, without holding exclusively to the well-known method of Dupuis.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SINGING

Last summer we were coming home from bathing. All of us were feeling very gay. A peasant lad, — the very one who had been enticed by the domestic peasant lad into stealing books, — a wide-cheeked, thick-set lad, all covered with freckles, with crooked, knock-kneed legs, with all the ways of a grown-up muzhik of the steppe, but a clever, strong, and gifted nature, — ran ahead and sat in the wagon, which was proceeding in front of us. He picked up the reins, cocked his hat, spat to one side, and burst out into a dragging muzhik song — oh, how he sang! — with feeling, with repose, with the full power of his lungs! The children laughed: —

"Semka, Semka — lo! how cleverly he sings!"

Semka was perfectly serious.

"There, now, don't you interrupt my song!" said he, in a pause, using a peculiar and purposely hoarse voice, and then he went on with his song sedately.

Two very musical lads took their places in the cart

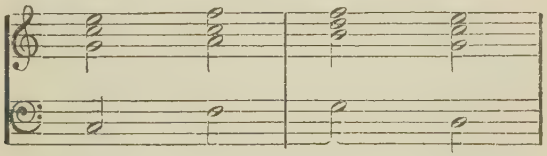
and began to take the tune and join in. One chimed in now with the octave, now the sixth, the other in thirds, and it went admirably. Then the other boys joined in, and they began to sing

Kak pod yablonei takoï,[1]

and to yell, and there was a great noise, but disagreeable.

From this evening the singing began; now after eight months we sing *Angel Vopiyashe* and two cherubim songs, Numbers Four and Seven, the whole of the ordinary mass, and little choral songs. The best pupils — only two of them — write down the melodies of the songs which they know, and almost read the notes. But, so far, whatever they sing is far from being so good as that song of theirs was which they sang returning from the bath. I say all this without any *arrière pensée*, not to prove anything, but I simply state a fact.

Now I will tell about the process of instruction, with which I was comparatively well satisfied. At the first lesson I divided all the words into three parts, and we sang the following chords: —



We succeeded in this very rapidly. And each one sang what he wished, tried the discant and went to the tenor, and from the tenor to the alto, so that the best knew the whole chord — *do-mi-sol;* some all the three parts. They pronounced the names of the notes in the French. One sang *mi-fa-fa-mi;* another *do-do-re-do*, and so on.

[1] As beneath an apple tree.

"See how sweet, Lyof Nikolayevitch! It already begins to hum in our ears; try it again, again."

We sang these chords both in school and out-of-doors, and in the park and on the road home, till late at night, and we could not stop or rejoice sufficiently at our success.

On the next day we attempted the scale, and the more talented ones went through it perfectly, the duller ones could scarcely reach to the third. I wrote the notes on the staff in the alto key, the most symmetrical, and I called them in French. The succeeding six lessons went just as merrily; we sang new chords — minor ones and modulations into the major — *gospodi pomiluï*,[1] "Glory to the Father and the Son," and a little three-part song, with piano. One half of the lesson was occupied with this, the other with singing of the scale and exercises which the pupils themselves invented: *do-mi-re-fa-mi-sol*, or *do-re-re-mi-mi-fa*, or *do-mi-re-do-re-fa-mi-re*, and so on.

I very speedily remarked that the notes on the staffs were not learned by observation, and found it necessary to substitute figures for them. Moreover, for the explanation of intervals and the variability of the tonic, figures are more useful. After six lessons some were able to strike whatever intervals I asked of them, attaining it by an imaginary scale. Especially pleasing was the exercise on the fourths — *do-fa-re-sol* and the like, up and down. *Fa* — the sub-dominant — especially struck them all by its force.

"How healthy that *fa* is!" exclaimed Semka. "How it cuts through."

Unmusical natures all fell behind; but with the musical ones our classes used to last three or four hours. I tried to give them an idea of beating time by the received method, but the thing seemed so hard to them that I was obliged to separate the tempo from the melody, and having written the notes without measure, to read them; and then, having written the measure — that is, tempo without sounds — by beating to read

[1] The Lord have mercy.

one measure, and then to unite the two processes. After a few lessons, having taken into account what I was doing, I became convinced that my method of instruction is almost the same as the method of Chevé,[1] which I had seen under trial in Paris — a method which was not immediately adopted by me, simply because it was a method.

To all who are occupied with the teaching of singing one cannot too highly recommend this work, on the cover of which is printed in large letters *Repoussé à l'unanimité*, though now it is distributed in tens of thousands of copies over all Europe. I saw in Paris striking proofs of the success of this method under the instruction of Chevé himself; audiences of five or six hundred men and women, some of them forty and fifty years old, singing in one voice *à livre ouvert* whatever the teacher indicated to them.

In Chevé's method there are many rules, exercises, and prescriptions which have no significance, and which every sensible teacher will invent by the hundred and by the thousand on the battle-field, in other words, in the class-room; there is a very comical, and perhaps also convenient, process of reading the time without the sounds; for example, in four-four time the teacher says *ta-fa-te-fe;* in three-four time the teacher says *ta-te-ti;* in eight-eight time, *ta-fa-te-fe-te-re-li-ri.* All this is interesting as one of the means whereby music may be taught, interesting as the history of a certain musical school; but these roots are not absolute, and cannot constitute a method. This is the very thing that forms the fountain-head of the errors of methods. But Chevé has ideas remarkable for their simplicity; and three of them constitute the essence of his method: — the first, the ancient, having been enunciated by J. J. Rousseau in his *Dictionnaire de musique*, is the idea of expressing musical signs by figures. Whatever the opponents of this way of writing may say, every singing-teacher can make the experiment, and can always convince himself of the immense superiority of fig-

[1] Émile Joseph Maurice Chevé, 1804–1864.

ures over the scale, both in reading and writing. I gave ten lessons on the scale, and one only with figures, saying that it was all the same thing, and the pupils always ask me to write in figures, and they themselves write in figures.

The second remarkable idea belonging exclusively to Chevé consists in teaching sounds apart from tempo, and *vice versa*. Any one who once applies this method of instruction will see that what presented itself as an invincible difficulty will suddenly become so easy that the only wonder is that such a simple idea never occurred to any one before. How many torments would have been spared the unfortunate children taught in the Episcopal "chapels" and other choirs, reformed and the like, if the regents had tried this simple thing — to compel the beginner, without singing, to beat the time with his finger or a stick according to the notes of the phrase; once for quarters, twice for eighths, and so on; then to sing the same phrase without the time; then again to sing one measure, and then again combining them. For example, this phrase is written: —

The pupil first sings — without tempo — *do-re-mi-fa-sol-mi-re-do;* then he does not sing, but, beating on the whole note of the first measure, says: *one — two — three — four;* then he beats once on each of the notes of the second measure, saying *one — two — three — four;* then on the first note of the third measure he beats twice and says, *one — two;* and on the second half-note he also beats twice, saying *three — four*, and so on; and then he sings the same thing in measure, and beats the time, and the other pupils count aloud.

This is my method, which, just like Chevé's, it is impossible to prescribe; it may be found convenient, but it is possible that many others still more convenient may be discovered. But the secret is simply to separate the teaching of tempo from that of notes,

while there may be a countless number of methods of doing this.

Finally, Chevé's third and great idea consists in popularizing music and its instruction. His method of instruction completely attains this object. And this is not merely Chevé's desire, and it is not merely my hypothesis, but it is a fact. In Paris I saw hundreds of horny-handed laborers sitting on benches under which were laid the tools which they had brought with them from their work, and they were singing from notes, and they understood and were interested in the laws of music.

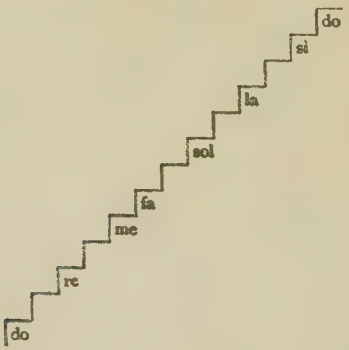
As I looked at these workmen, it was easy for me to imagine Russian muzhiks in their places, with Chevé speaking Russian: they would have sung just as well, they would have understood in the same way all that he said about the general laws and rules of music. We hope to speak in still greater detail about Chevé and particularly of the significance of popularized music, singing especially, in the revival of decadent art.

I pass on to a description of the course of instruction in our school. After six lessons the goats were separated from the sheep; only musical natures were left — the *amateurs* — and we went on to minor scales, and to the explanation of intervals. The only difficulty was to find and distinguish the diminished second from the second. *Fa* had already been called *healthy; do* seemed to them likewise a noisy fellow [1] and so I had no need of teaching them — they themselves felt the note into which the diminished second resolved, therefore they felt the minor second itself.

Without difficulty we ourselves found that the major scale consists of a succession of two whole tones and one half tone, three whole tones and one half tone. Then we sang *Slava Otsu* [2] in the minor key, and by ear reached the scale which seemed minor; then in this scale we found one whole tone, one half tone, two whole tones, one half tone, one augmented whole tone, and one

[1] *Krikun*, from *krik*, a clamor.
[2] Glory to the Father.

half tone. Then I showed that you can sing and write a scale starting from any note you please; that if a whole tone or a half tone does not occur when it is needed, it can be sharped or flatted. For convenience' sake I wrote for them a chromatic scale after this fashion: —



On this scale I made them all the possible major and minor gamuts, beginning with any desired note. These exercises thoroughly absorbed them, and their success was so striking that two of the classes entertained themselves by noting down the melodies of the songs they knew. These pupils often hum the motives of songs, the names of which they cannot remember, and hum them delicately and prettily, and they repeat the principal part the best; and they do not like it at all when many join in, screaming the song together coarsely.

There were barely a dozen lessons in the course of the winter. Our study was spoiled by our vanity. The parents, we, the teachers, and the pupils themselves wanted to surprise the whole village — to sing in church. We started to prepare a mass and the Kherubimskaya songs of Bortnyansky. It seemed as if this would be jollier for the children, but it proved to be the contrary. In spite of the fact that the desire to go into the chancel supported them, and that they loved music, and that we

teachers insisted on this object and made it paramount to others, I was often pained to look at them and see how some darling[1] of a Kiryushka, in ragged leg-wrappers, would practise on his part: —

Taïno obrazu-u-u-u-u-yu-yu-shche,

and would be compelled to repeat it a dozen times, and how at last he would go wild, and, beating his fingers on the notes, would insist that he was singing it correctly.

We went to the church one time and our success was great; the enthusiasm was prodigious, but the singing suffered: they began to tire of the lessons, to shirk them, and when Easter came it was only with great difficulty that we collected a new chorus. Our singers became like those of the Episcopal "chapels," who often sing well, but in whom, in consequence of this act, all taste for singing is destroyed, and in reality they do not know their notes though they imagine they know them. I have often noticed how those that graduate from these schools themselves undertake to teach, not having any comprehension of the notes, and show themselves perfectly incompetent as soon as they begin to sing anything which has not been dinned into their ears.

From this trifling experience which I had in teaching the people music, I have drawn the following conclusions: —

I. That the method of writing sounds by means of figures is the most convenient method.

II. That the teaching of tempo apart from the sounds is the most convenient method.

III. That in order that the teaching of music may leave its effects, and be willingly undertaken, it must be taught as an art from the very beginning, and not merely as a way of singing or playing. Young ladies may be taught to sing the exercises of Burgmüller,[2] but it is better for the children of

[1] *Kroshka*, crumb; Kiryushka is the diminutive of Kirill.
[2] Johann Friedrich Franz Burgmüller, 1806–1874.

the people not to be taught at all than to learn mechanically.

IV. That nothing is so injurious in the teaching of music as what is like the knowledge of music — the rendering of choruses at examinations, ceremonies, and in churches.

V. That the aim of teaching the people music ought to consist solely in giving them the knowledge of the general laws of music which we have, but by no means to fill them with that false taste which is shared among us.

WHO SHOULD LEARN WRITING OF WHOM: PEASANT CHILDREN OF US, OR WE OF PEASANT CHILDREN?

IN the fourth volume of the journal *Yasnaya Polyana* there was printed among the children's compositions by an editorial mistake "A History of how a boy was frightened in Tula." This little story was not written by a boy, but was made up by the teacher from a dream which he had, and which he related to the boys. Some of the readers, who followed the numbers of *Yasnaya Polyana*, expressed their doubts whether this tale really belonged to the boy. I hasten to apologize to my readers for this oversight, and seize the opportunity to remark how impossible are counterfeits in this class of work. This tale was detected, not because it was better, but because it was worse, incomparably worse, than *all* the compositions of the children. All the other tales belonged to the children themselves. Two of them, "He eats with your spoon but puts your eyes out with the handle" and "Life in a Soldier's Home," were written in the following way:—

The teacher's chief art in the teaching of language, and his chief exercise with this end in view, as he trains children to write compositions, consists in the giving of subjects; and not so much in the mere naming of them as in finding variety of subjects, in indicating the dimensions of the compositions, and the pointing out of elementary processes.

Many of the intelligent and talented scholars would write trash; would write: —

"The fire broke out, they began to pull out the things, and I ran into the street."

And nothing of any consequence was produced, though the subject of the composition was rich, and the description of it may have made a deep impression on the scholars.

They would miss the chief thing: why they wrote, and what was the good of writing it? They did not comprehend the art of expressing life in words, and the fascination of this art. And, as I have already said in the second number, I tried many different experiments in the giving of subjects. I tried to gauge their inclinations, and gave them explicit, artistic, touching, ludicrous, or epic themes for compositions; but the thing did not work. Now I will tell how I accidentally discovered the true method.

For a long time the perusal of Snegiref's collection of proverbs has been one of my favorite, I will not say occupations, but passions. Every proverb brings up before me characters from among the people, and their actions, according to the sense of the proverb. Among my impossible dreams I have always thought of writing a series of either stories or plays founded on these proverbs.

Once last winter, after dinner, I was reading Snegiref's book, and I took the book with me to school. The class in the Russian language was in progress.

"Now write me something on a proverb," said I.

The best scholars, Fedka, Semka, and the others, pricked up their ears.

"What do you mean, 'on a proverb'?" "What is that?" "Tell us!" were the various exclamations.

I happened to open to the proverb: "He eats with your spoon and puts your eyes out with the handle."

"Now imagine," said I, "that a muzhik had taken in some old beggar; and then, after the kindness that he had received, the beggar had begun to revile him,

it would mean that he had eaten with your spoon and put out your eyes with the handle."

"Well, how would you write it?" said Fedka and all the others, who had pricked up their ears; but suddenly they gave it up, persuaded that this task was beyond their strength, and resumed the work on which they had been engaged before.

"You write it for us," said one of them to me.

All were busy in their work; I took the pen and inkstand, and began to write.

"Now," said I, "who will write it the best? and I will try with you."

I began the story which is printed in the fourth number of *Yasnaya Polyana*, and wrote the first page.

Every unprejudiced man with any feeling for art and nationality, on reading this first page written by me, and the following pages of the story written by the scholars themselves, will distinguish this page from all the others, — like a fly in milk, — it is so artificial, so false, and written in such a wretched style. It must be noted that in its first form it was still poorer, and has been much improved, thanks to the suggestions of the scholars.

Fedka kept looking up from his copy-book at me, and when his eyes met mine, he would smile and wink, and say, "Write, write! I will show you!"

It evidently interested him to have a grown person also write a composition. After finishing his composition, less carefully and more hurriedly than usual, he leaned over the back of my arm-chair, and began to read over my shoulder. I could not write any longer; others joined our group, and I read aloud what I had written. It did not please them; no one praised it.

I was mortified; and in order to soothe my literary vanity, I began to tell them my plan of what was to follow. As I went on telling them, I was carried away. I felt better in my mind, and they began to make suggestions.

One said that the old man should be a wizard.

Another said: —

"No; that is not necessary; he must be simply a soldier."

"No; let him rob his benefactor."

"No; that would not be according to the proverb," said they.

All were thoroughly interested. It was evidently something new and fascinating for them to watch the process of composition, and to take part in it. Their opinions were for the most part similar and just, both in regard to the construction of the story, the details, and the traits of the characters.

Nearly all took part in the composition of the story, but from the very beginning the positive Semka stood out with especial clearness by the artistic sharpness of his description, and Fedka by the truth of his poetic delineations, and more than all by the vividness and force of his imagination. Their strictures were to such a degree given advisedly, and with reason, that more than once, when I argued with them, I was obliged to yield.

It was my idea that accuracy in composition, and the close fitting of the thought to the proverb, should enter into the story; they, on the contrary, cared only for artistic accuracy.

For example, I wanted the peasant who took the old beggar into his house to regret his kindly action; they felt that this was an impossibility, and they brought into the action a vixenish woman.

I said: —

"The peasant at first felt sorry for the beggar, but afterward felt sorry that he had given his bread."

Fedka replied that such a thing would be absurd.

"From the very first he did not listen to his wife, and surely afterward he would not yield to her!"

"But what sort of a man is he in your idea?" I asked.

"He is like Uncle Timofeï," said Fedka, smiling; "his beard is rather thin, he goes to church, and he keeps bees."

"Good-natured but obstinate?" I suggested.

"Yes," said Fedka; "that's the reason he will not heed his wife."

From the moment when they introduced the old man the composition began in lively earnest. Here for the first time, evidently, they began to feel the delight of putting artistic work into words. In this respect Semka was particularly brilliant; the most lifelike details followed one another. The solitary fault which might be charged against him was this: that these details pictured only the present moment, and had no relationship to the general idea of the story. I did not hurry them, but rather urged them to go slow, and not to forget what they had said.

It seemed as if Semka saw and described what went on before his eyes: the frozen, snow-covered bark shoes, and the mud which dripped down from them as they thawed out, and the *biscuits* into which they dried when the woman put them into the oven.

Fedka, on the other hand, saw only those particulars which aroused in him such a sentiment as he would have experienced at the sight of a real person. Fedka saw the snow which had stuck to the old man's leg-wrappers,[1] and he felt the feeling of pity which inspired the peasant to say: —

"Lord! how can he walk!"

Fedka went so far as to express in pantomime the manner in which the peasant said these words; waving his hand and shaking his head. He saw the old man's thin, tattered cloak, and his torn shirt, under which showed his emaciated body wet with melting snow. He imagined the woman, as she grumblingly obeyed her husband's command, and pulled off his lapti, and the old man's pitiful groan muttered through his teeth: —

"Easy, little mother;[2] my feet are sore there!"

Semka wanted objective pictures above all, — the

[1] *Onuchi*, bands of cloth wound around the leg instead of stockings, and worn under the boots, or *lapti*.

[2] *Matushka*.

lapti, the thin cloak, the old man, the peasant woman, without much of any connection among them; Fedka wanted to express the feeling of pity with which he himself was filled.

He went on to speak of how the old man would be given his supper; how he would fall sick in the night; how afterward in the field he would teach the boy his letters, so that I was obliged to tell him not to hurry and not to forget what he had said. His eyes gleamed with unshed tears; his dirty, thin hands contracted nervously; he was impatient, and kept spurring me on: "Have you written it? have you written it?" he kept asking me.

He was despotically irritated with all the others; he wanted to be the only one to speak, — not to speak as men talk but to speak as they write, — in other words to express artistically in words the images of feeling; for example, he would not permit the words to be changed about, but was very particular about their order.

His soul at this time was softened and stirred by the sentiment of pity, — that is, love, — and it pictured every object in an artistic form, and took exception to everything that did not correspond to his idea of eternal beauty and harmony.

As soon as Semka was drawn into describing incongruous details about the lambs huddled in the corner near the door, or anything of the sort, Fedka would become vexed and say: —

"Ho, you; you are talking twaddle."

I needed only to suggest anything, — for example, what was the peasant doing while his wife went off to her neighbor's,[1] — and Fedka's imagination would immediately construct a picture of lambs bleating near the door, and the old man sighing, and the lad Serozha delirious; I had only to suggest some artificial and false detail in the picture, and he would become angry instantly, and declare with irritation that it was not necessary.

For instance, I proposed that he describe the peas-

[1] *Kum*, a gossip or god-father.

ant's external appearance; he agreed: but my proposal that he should describe what the peasant thought while his wife was gone to her neighbor's immediately brought up in his mind this idea:—

"Ekh! woman! if you should meet the dead Savoska, he would tear your hair out."

And he said this in such a weary and calmly naturally serious, and at the same time good-natured, tone of voice, leaning his head on his hand, that the children went into a gale of laughter.

The chief condition of every art — the feeling of proportion — was extraordinarily developed in him. He was wholly upset by any superfluous suggestion made by any of the boys. He took it upon himself to direct the construction of this story in such a despotic way, and with such a just claim to be despotic, that very soon the boys went home, and he alone was left with Semka, who did not give way to him, though he worked in a different manner.

We worked from seven to eleven o'clock; the children felt neither hunger nor weariness, and they were really indignant with me when I stopped writing; then they tried to take turns in writing by themselves, but they soon desisted — the thing did not work.

Here for the first time Fedka asked me what my name was. We laughed at him, because he did not know.

"I know," said he, "how to address you; but what do they call your estate name?[1] You know we have the Fokanuichef family, the Zabrefs, the Yermilinas."

I told him.

"And are we going to be printed?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then it must be printed: *The work of Makarof, Morozof, and Tolstoï!*"

He was excited for a long time, and could not sleep; and I cannot represent the feeling of excitement, of pleasure, of pain, and almost of remorse which I experienced in the course of that evening. I felt that

[1] *Dvor-to vash.*

from this time a new world of joys and sorrows had been revealed to Fedka, — the world of art; it seemed to me that I was witnessing what no one has the right to see, — the unfolding of the mysterious flower of poesy.

To me it was both terrible and delightful; just as if a treasure-seeker should find the lady-fern in bloom.

The pleasure consisted for me in suddenly, unexpectedly, discovering the philosopher's stone, for which I had been vainly seeking for two years — the art of expressing thought.

It was terrible, because this art would bring new demands and a whole world of desires incompatible with the sphere in which the pupils live — or so it seemed to me at the first moment.

There could be no mistake. This was not chance, but conscious, creative genius. I beg the reader to peruse the first chapter of the story, and notice the abundant touches of true creative talent scattered through it. For example, the scene where the woman complains angrily of her husband to her neighbor, and yet this woman, for whom the author feels a lively antipathy, bursts into tears when the neighbor reminds her of the breaking up of her home.

For the author who writes with the intellect and memory alone a quarrelsome woman would be created only as a foil for the peasant: from simple desire to torment her husband she would have necessarily called in the neighbor. But in Fedka the artistic feeling was expressed in the woman also, and so she weeps, and fears, and suffers; in his eyes she is not to blame.

Afterward there is a little side-play, when the neighbor puts on the woman's cloak[1]; I remember that I was so extremely struck by it that I asked him, "Why the *woman's* cloak?"

Not one of us had suggested to Fedka the idea of having the neighbor put on the woman's cloak.

He replied: —

"Why, it's more lifelike."

When I asked him, "Might we not say that he put

[1] *Shubyonka.*

on the husband's cloak?" he replied, "No; it is better to have the wife's."

And in very fact this touch is extraordinary. At first you do not see *why* it should be the woman's cloak, but at the same time you feel that it is admirable — that it could not be otherwise.

Every artistic phrase, whether it belongs to a Goethe or a Fedka, is distinguished from one which is not artistic by the simple fact that it calls up an innumerable throng of thoughts, representations, and illustrations.

The neighbor, in the woman's cloak, irresistibly suggests the picture of a feeble, narrow-chested peasant, just as in all probability he was. The woman's cloak, thrown down on the bench, and therefore coming first to hand, brings up before you a perfect picture of a peasant's establishment on a winter's evening. At the mere mention of the cloak there arise involuntarily before your eyes the late hour, at the time when the peasant, undressed for the night, is sitting before his splinter, and the women, coming and going in their housework, — getting water and feeding the cattle, — and all that external disorder in the peasant's mode of life, where not a single person has a garment that is particularly his, and not a single thing has its proper place.

This one expression, "*He put on the woman's cloak,*" defines the whole character of the environment in which the action passes, and this phrase was not discovered accidentally, but chosen deliberately.

I still remember vividly how his imagination conjured up the words spoken by the peasant when he found the paper and could not read it:—

"If my Serozha here knew how to read, he would jump up, tear the paper out of my hands, read it all through, and tell me who this old man is."

In this way we can see the relation between the laboring man and the book which he holds in his sunburned hands; this worthy man, with his patriarchal, pious inclinations, seems to stand before you. You feel that the author has a deep love for him, and has therefore completely understood him, so as to suggest to him

immediately after this his digression about such times having now passed and the danger of the soul being lost.

The idea of the dream was suggested by me, but the introduction of the goat with wounded legs was Fedka's, and he was particularly delighted with it. And the peasant's meditations at the time when his back was beginning to itch, and the picture of the quiet night, — all of this was the farthest removed from accidental: in all these touches can be felt such a conscious, artistic power. ....

I still remember that at the time of the muzhik's going to sleep, I proposed to make him think of the future of his son and of the son's future relations with the old man, that the old man should teach Serozha his letters, and so on. Fedka frowned and said: "Yes, yes, very good," but it was evident that this proposition did not please him, and twice he forgot it. The sense of proportion was as strong in him as in any writer I know — the same sense of proportion as rare artists obtain with great labor and pains, in all its primitive strength lived in his uncontaminated childish soul.

I put an end to the lesson because I was too much excited.

"What is the matter? what makes you so pale? Truly you are n't well, are you?" my companion asked of me.

In fact, only two or three times in my life had I ever experienced such a powerful emotion as I had that evening, and it was long before I could give a rational account to myself of what I had experienced. I was uneasy, and felt as if I had been criminally spying through a glass, into a hive, at the labors of the bees, hidden from mortal gaze. It seemed to me that I had done a wrong to the peasant lad's pure, innocent soul. I had an uneasy feeling as if I had been engaged in a sacrilege.

I remembered children whom idle and debauched old men compelled to display themselves and to present voluptuous pictures so as to stir their frigid and enfeebled imaginations, and at the same time I felt a keen

delight, such as a man must feel who has witnessed something that no one has ever seen before.

It was long before I could explain the impression which I had received, though I was conscious that it was one of those which in mature life lift a man to a higher stage of existence, and compel him to renounce the old, and give himself unreservedly to the new.

The next day I could not believe in the reality of the experience through which I had passed that evening. It seemed to me quite too strange that a half-educated peasant lad had suddenly developed a conscious, artistic power, such as Goethe, with all his measureless height of development, was unable to attain. It seemed to me, too, strange that I, the author of "Childhood," who have now gained a certain success and reputation for artistic talent in the literary circles of Russia, that I, in the matter of art, was not only unable to guide or aid this eleven-year-old Fedka, and Semka, but that barely, — and that only in a happy moment of excitement, — could I follow them and comprehend them. It seemed to me so strange, that I could not believe in what had happened the evening before.

On the next day we occupied ourselves with the continuation of the tale. When I asked Fedka whether he had thought out the sequel and how, he made no reply, but waving his hands simply said: —

"I know, I know! Who will write it?"

We began to write the continuation, and again, as far as the children were concerned, with the same sense of artistic truth, proportion, and enthusiasm.

When the lesson was half done, I was compelled to leave them. They continued without me and wrote two pages as beautifully, as sympathetically, as genuinely, as the first. These pages were only a little poorer in details, and these details were sometimes not introduced with perfect skill; there were also two repetitions. All this evidently arose from the fact that the mechanism of composition troubled them. On the third day it was the same.

During these lessons other boys were frequently

present, and knowing the spirit and idea of the story, they made suggestions and added their genuine strokes. Semka went away and stayed away. Only Fedka kept on with the story from beginning to end, and acted as censor on all the changes proposed.

There could be no doubt that this success is a matter of chance: we evidently struck accidentally on that method which was more natural and more stimulating than those we had tried hitherto. But all this was too unusual, and I did not believe in what was going on before my eyes. Something which seemed like an extraordinary chance was required to dissipate my doubts.

I had been away for several days, and the story remained unfinished. The manuscript — three large sheets fully written over — was left in the room of the teacher to whom I had been showing it.

Just before my departure, while I was engaged with the composition, a new pupil who had come had been showing the children the art of making fly-flappers out of paper, and throughout the whole school, as is apt to be the case, had come a time of fly-flappers, taking the place of snow-ball time, which in its turn had taken the place of carved sticks.

The fly-flapper time lasted during my absence. Semka and Fedka, who belonged to the choir, used to go to the teacher's room to sing, and they would spend whole evenings and sometimes whole nights there.

In the intervals and during the time of singing, of course, the fly-flappers were in full swing, and every available piece of paper which fell into their hands was turned into a fly-flapper. The teacher went to supper and forgot to caution the children not to touch the papers on his table, and so the manuscript containing the work of Makarof, Morozof, and Tolstoï was turned into fly-flappers.

On the next day, before school, the slapping had become such a nuisance to the pupils themselves, that they themselves declared a general persecution on fly-flappers; with a shout and a rush the fly-flappers were all collected, and with general enthusiasm flung into the lighted stove.

The time of fly-flappers was ended, but with it our manuscript had also gone to ruin.

Never was any loss more severe for me to bear than that of those three written sheets. I was in despair.

Wringing my hands, I went to work to rewrite the story, but I could not forget the loss of it, and involuntarily I kept heaping reproaches on the teacher, and the manufacturers of the fly-flappers.

Here I cannot resist observing in this connection that as the result of this external disorder and perfect freedom among the scholars, which have furnished decorous amusement for Mr. Markof, in the *Russian Messenger*, and Mr. Glyebof, in the journal *Education*, without the slightest trouble, and without having to use threats or cunning, I learned all the details of the complicated history of the manuscript turned into fly-flappers, and of its cremation.

Semka and Fedka saw that I was disturbed, and though, evidently, they did not know the reason, they seemed to be very sympathetic; Fedka at last timidly proposed to me to rewrite the story.

"By yourselves?" I asked; "I cannot help any in it."

"Semka and I will come and spend the night at your house," replied Fedka.

And indeed, after the lessons, they came to my house about nine o'clock and locked themselves in my library. I was not a little delighted that after some giggling, they became quiet, and at twelve o'clock when I went to the door, I heard merely their low conversation and the scratching of the pen. Only once they asked me about something that had been in the former copy, and wanted my opinion on the question, — Had the peasant hunted for his wallet before or after his wife went to the neighbor's?

I told them it made no difference.

At twelve o'clock I tapped at the door and went in.

Fedka, in a new white shubka with black fur trimming, was sitting buried in the easy-chair, with his legs crossed and his bushy little head resting on one hand, while his other played with the scissors. His big black

eyes, gleaming with an unnatural but serious and mature light, had a far-away look; his irregular lips, puckered up as if to whistle, were evidently waiting for the phrase, which, though ready-made in his imagination, he was trying to formulate.

Semka, standing in front of the great writing-table, with a big white patch of sheepskin on his back (the tailors had just been through the village), with his girdle unloosed and his hair tumbled, was writing very crooked lines and constantly dipping the pen in the inkstand.

I rumpled up Semka's hair, and when, with his fat face, and its projecting cheek-bones, and his disheveled hair, he turned to me with a startled look in his thoughtful and sleepy eyes, it was so ludicrous that I laughed aloud; but the children did not laugh.

Fedka, not altering the expression of his face, pulled Semka by the sleeve to make him go on with his writing.

"Wait," said he to me; "done in a minute!" (Fedka used the familiar *tui*, "*thou*," to me when he was excited and eager), and he went on dictating something more.

I took their copy from them and at the end of five minutes, when they were installed near the cupboard eating potatoes and kvas, and looking at the silver spoons, to which they were so unaccustomed, they broke out, without themselves knowing why, into ringing, boyish laughter. The old woman in the room above hearing them laugh, laughed too, without knowing why.

"What are you filling up so for?" said Semka. "Sit straight, or you will eat yourself one-sided."

And while they were taking off their shubas and bestowing themselves under the writing-table for the night, they did not cease to bubble over with the charming, healthy laughter of the peasant child. I read through what they had written. It was a new variation of the former story. Some things were left out, some new artistic beauties were added. And once more there was the same feeling for beauty, truth, and proportion.

Afterward one sheet of the lost manuscript was found. In the story as it was printed I welded the two variants together by the aid of the sheet that was found and by bringing my recollection to bear upon it. The composition of this story took place in the early spring, before the end of our school year.

Owing to various circumstances I was prevented from making new experiments. Only one tale was written on a proverb, by two of the boys who were most ordinary in their talents and most sophisticated, being sons of house-servants.[1] The story on the proverb, "He who is happy on a holiday is drunk before daylight," was printed in number three. The same occurrences took place again with these boys and with this story as with Semka and Fedka and the first story, only with the difference of degree of talent and degree of enthusiasm, and of my coöperation.

In the summer we have no lessons, have had no lessons, and intend to have no lessons. The reason why teaching is impossible in our school in summer we explain in a special article.

One part of the summer Fedka and the other boys lived with me. After they had bathed and played, they were thinking what they should do with themselves. I proposed to them to write a composition, and suggested several themes. I told them a very remarkable story of a robbery of money, the story of a murder, the story of a miraculous conversion of a Molokan to Orthodoxy, and again I proposed to them to write in the form of autobiography the story of a lad whose poor and dissolute father was sent off as a soldier, and on his return proved to be a reformed and excellent man. I said: —

"I should write it this way. 'I remember when I was a little fellow we had living at home a mother, a father, and several other relatives,' and what they were. Then I should describe my recollection of how my father used to go on sprees, how my mother was always weeping, and how he beat her; then how they sent him as a soldier, how she wailed when we began to live

[1] *Dvorovuie.*

even more wretchedly than before; how my father came back, and I should not have known him if he had not asked if Matriona did not live there — this was regarding his wife — and how then we rejoiced and we began to live well."

This was all I said to begin with. This theme completely charmed Fedka. He instantly seized a pen and paper and began to write. While he was writing I only suggested to him the idea of the sister, and of the mother's death. All the rest he himself wrote, and did not even show it to me, except the first chapter, until it was all finished.

When he showed me the first chapter, and I began to read it, I felt that he was in a state of intense emotion, and holding his breath. He looked now at the manuscript, following my reading, now into my face, trying to detect in it an expression of satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

When I told him that it was very good he reddened with delight, but he said nothing to me; and with an eagerly light step he went with his note-book to the table, laid it down, and slowly went outdoors.

Outdoors, that day, he was wildly frolicsome with the other children, and when our eyes met he looked at me with such a grateful, affectionate expression! At the end of the day he had already forgotten what he had written. I only invented the title, suggested the chapter divisions, and here and there corrected mistakes made by him merely through inadvertence. This story in its primitive form is printed in a pamphlet under the title, *Soldatkino Zhityo*, "Life in a Soldier's Home."

I will not speak of the first chapter, although it is marked by its own inimitable beauties, and though the careless Gordyeï is presented in it with thorough life-likeness and vivacity, — Gordyeï, who seems to be ashamed of acknowledging his remorse, and considers it decorous only to ask the assembly about his son, — in spite of this, this chapter is incomparably feebler than all the succeeding ones; and I was the only one to blame

for this, for in the writing of this chapter I could not refrain from making suggestions to him, and from telling it as if I were writing it.

If there is any error in the introduction of persons and dwellings into the description, I am the only person to blame. If I had left him alone, then I am convinced he would have written the same thing in the tenor of the action, instinctively with greater artistic skill, without borrowing anything from us, without any mannerisms of description logically disposed: first the description of the principal actors — even their biographies, then the description of the scene and environment, and then the action taking place.

And, strangely enough, all these descriptions, sometimes covering dozens of pages, make the reader less acquainted with the actors than a single carelessly introduced artistic stroke at the beginning of the action, when the characters have not as yet been described. Thus in this first chapter a single phrase spoken by Gordyeï: "This is just what I need," when he, waving his hand, makes his mind up to serve his time as a soldier, and only asks the assembly not to abandon his son — this phrase makes the reader better acquainted with the character than my manifold and obtrusive description of his dress, his figure, and his habit of frequenting the village *kabak!* In exactly the same way far more impression is produced by the old woman who is always scolding her son, when at the time of her tribulation she is talking with her sister-in-law: —

"You 'll smart for it, Matriona! What is to be done? Evidently it 's God's will. You see you are young still. Maybe God will bring you also to see. But I am so full of years now — I am always ailing..... I fear I am going to die!"

In the second chapter my influence in the way of insipidity and depravation is still to be seen, but again profoundly artistic touches in the description of the paintings and the boy's death redeem the whole. I suggested that the boy should have slender legs; I suggested the sentimental detail of the Uncle Nefeda, the grave-

digger; but the mother's complaints expressed in the one phrase: "O Lord, if this little slave would only die!" — present to the reader the whole essence of the situation; and immediately afterward that night when the older brother[1] is wakened by his mother's sobs, and her answer to the grandmother's question, "What is the matter?": — "My son is dead;" and this old *Babushka* getting up and kindling a fire and washing the poor little boy — all these details are his own; it is all so concise, so simple, and so strong! Not a word can be dropped, not a word changed or added! There are five lines all together, and in these five lines the whole picture of that pitiful night is presented to the reader: a picture reflected in the mirror of a six- or seven-year-old lad's imagination.

"At midnight, mother was weeping. Grandmother got up and says: —

"'What is the matter? Christ be with you.'

"Mother says: —

"'My son is dead.'

"Grandmother lighted the fire, washed the little boy, put on his shirt and his girdle, and laid him under the Saints. When it was light...."

You see the boy himself, wakened by the well-known sobbing of his mother, looking out, half asleep, from under his kaftan somewhere on the sleeping-bunk, and with frightened, shining eyes watching all that is going on in the izba; you see also that emaciated martyr of a soldier's wife[2] who the day before had exclaimed: "If only this little slave would die!" now repentant and so overwhelmed by the death of this same slave that all she can say is *u menya suin pomer* — "My son is dead," does not know what has happened to her, and calls the old woman to her aid; you see also this old woman, wearied out by the toils of life, bent and lean, and with fleshless limbs, who with her work-worn hands deliberately, calmly takes hold: she lights the pine stick, she brings water and washes the little lad's body, puts every-

[1] *Bratishka* colloquial diminutive of *brat*.

[2] Expressed in the compound *stradalitsa-soldatka*.

thing in its place, and lays the washed and girdled body "under the Saints." And you see those images, all that sleepless night, till dawn, as if you yourself had gone through with it, as the boy went through with it, looking out from under his kaftan: with all its details that night also remains in your imagination.

In the third chapter my influence is still less. All the individuality of the elder sister belongs to him. Even in the first chapter by a single touch the relationship of the sister to the family is indicated: — "She worked for what she wore; she was getting ready to be married."

And this one touch sketches out the girl completely: unable to take part and actually taking no part in the joys and sorrows of the family. She had her legitimate interest, her individual purpose, given to her by Providence — her coming marriage, her future family. Any professional writer, especially any one desirous of instructing the people, presenting before them examples of morality worthy of imitation, would infallibly have approached this sister with a question as to her participation in the common necessity and sorrow of the family. He would have made her either a shameful example of indifference, or a model of love and self-sacrifice, and the result would have been a notion, and there would have been no living personage, no sister. Only a man who had profoundly studied and known life would have understood that for such a girl the question of the sorrow of the family and her father's enlistment was legitimately only secondary; she was going to be married! And this an artist, though only a child, sees in the simplicity of his soul.

If we had depicted the sister as a most touching, self-sacrificing maiden we should not have imagined her at all, and should not have loved her as we do now. To me now that fat-cheeked, ruddy-faced maiden is so sweet and full of life as she goes out in the evening to the choral dances in shoes bought with the money she has earned, and her red kumatch dress, loving her family, although oppressed by the poverty and squalor which

make such a contrast to her natural disposition. I feel that she is a good girl, because her mother has never complained of her or had any grief from her. On the other hand, I feel that she, with her fondness for finery, her snatches of song, and her stories of village gossip, picked up during her field work in summer or the street in winter, is the only one during the gloomy time of the soldier's absence to represent gayety, youth, and hope. There is reason in it when he says that the only joy was when the sister was married; there is reason in his describing the wedding gayeties with such loving detail; there is reason in his making his mother say after the wedding: —

"Now we can have a good time all through."

Evidently after the sister was married they lost the cheerfulness and joy which she brought into their home. All the description of the wedding is extraordinarily good.

There are details at which you cannot help feeling some perplexity, and remembering that it was written by a lad eleven years old, you ask yourself: "Is n't this sudden?"

Thus, you see from this concise and powerful description of an eleven-year-old boy, not taller than a table, with intelligent and observant little eyes, a boy whom no one had ever given any attention to, but gifted with memory, and

When he wanted a little bread, for instance, he did not say that he asked it of his mother, but said that he begged his mother.[1] And this was said deliberately, and said because he remembered his size as compared to his mother's, and his relations to his mother, timid in the presence of others, but intimate when they were alone together.

Another of the multitude of observations which he was able to make at the time of the marriage ceremony he remembered, and he wrote precisely what for him and for each one of us outlines the whole character of these ceremonies. When they said that it was sad, the

[1] Not *poprosit u materi*, but *nagnul mat'*. *Nagnut'*, from *nagibat'*, means to bow down.

sister seized Kondryashka *by the ears* and they began to kiss each other. Then the grandmother's death, her recollections of her son before she died, and the especial character of the mother's sorrow — all this is so firmly and concisely drawn, and it is all his own. I said more about the father's return than of anything else when I gave them the theme of the story. This scene pleased me, and I described it with sentimental insipidity; but this same scene also pleased him very much, and he asked me not to say anything: "Don't tell me," said he, "I know, I know." And from this place he wrote the rest of the story at a sitting.

It will be very interesting to me to know the opinion of other judges, but I consider it my duty to express my opinion with frankness. I have not met anything like these pages in all Russian literature. In the whole scene of the meeting there is not one hint that it is affecting; it is simply told how the matter was, but out of all that took place only that is told which is indispensable for the reader to comprehend the position of all the persons. The soldier in his house said only three sentences. At first, when he had already braced himself up, he said: —

Zdravstvuïte — "How are you?"[1]

When he began to forget the part he was assuming, he said: —

"Well, is this all the family you have?"

And all was betrayed in the words: —

Gdye-zh moya mamushka? — "Where is my dear mother?"

What perfectly simple and natural words, and not one of the characters forgotten! The boy was glad, and even shed tears; but he was a boy, and therefore, though his father was weeping, he was examining everything in his sack and in his pockets. Not even the sister is forgotten. So you see that buxom little peasant woman in her fine shoes comes modestly into the izba and, without saying anything, kisses her father. And

[1] A common salutation: "Hail," or "Good morning," or "Good day," or "Good evening," or "God bless you."

you see the abashed and happy soldier who indiscriminately salutes every one, not knowing who is who, and when at last he recognizes the young woman as his daughter, again draws her to him and kisses her this time, not simply as any young woman, but kisses her as his daughter, whom he had left long before, as if without compunction.

The father had reformed. How many false and awkward phrases we should have put in at such an opportunity. But Fedka simply told how the daughter brought wine, but he refused to drink. And you see also the peasant woman, as she gets out her last twenty kopeks, and breathlessly whispers to the young woman in the entry to go after liquor, and thrusts the copper coins into her hand. And you see that young woman, as with her apron over her arm, with the flask in her hand, her shoes clattering, her elbows flying out behind her back, runs off to the kabak. You see her coming back to the izba all flushed, taking the flask out from under her apron, her mother with pride and elation setting it on the table, and then showing first some offense and then joy because her husband did not proceed to drink. And you see that, if he resists the temptation to drink now, he has really reformed. You feel how completely other people have become all members of the family.

"My father asked a blessing and sat down at the table. I sat next him; my sister sat on the bench, but mother stood by the table and kept gazing at father and saying:—

"'Why, how young you have grown!—You have no beard!'

"Every one laughed."

And only when all have taken their departure the genuine family talk begins. Here only is it revealed that the soldier has been thriving, and thriving by the simplest and most natural means, just as almost all men in the world thrive: in other words, the money belonging to others, to the treasury, to society, has by a fortunate chance been diverted into his hands.

Some readers of the story have remarked about it that this detail is immoral, and that the idea of the budget as of a milch-cow ought to be suppressed, rather than confirmed.

For me this touch, entirely apart from its artistic unity, is especially dear. You see the crown funds get into some one's hands, why should they not sometimes come to a homeless soldier? There will often be found absolute contrariety between the views regarding honesty held by the people and by the upper class. The demands of the people are especially grave and stern regarding honesty in the more intimate relations, for instance, in relation to the family, the village, the commune. In relation to those outside — to the public, to the empire, especially to foreigners, toward the treasury, they have a confused notion of the general laws of honesty. The muzhik who will never tell his brother a lie, who will endure every imaginable privation for his family, who will not take a spare kopek or one that he has not earned from his neighbor or fellow-villager, that same muzhik will skin a stranger or a person from the city as he would a linden, and will tell a lie at every word he speaks to a nobleman or a functionary; supposing he is a soldier, he will, without the slightest compunction, kill a French prisoner, and if crown money comes into his hands, consider it a crime to his family not to divert it to his own use.

In the upper class the exact opposite takes place. Any one of us[1] would sooner deceive his wife, his brother, a tradesman with whom he had dealt for a score of years, his servant, his peasants, his neighbor, and at the same time while abroad is most scrupulous not to cheat any one and is always asking if, by chance, he owes any one money. He will also fleece his regiment or company for champagne and gloves, and will lay himself out in polite attentions to a French prisoner. This same man in regard to the treasury will consider it the greatest of crimes to divert funds to his own use, even if he is without money — will stop at considering it so, and generally, when the

[1] *Nash brat*, "Our brother."

struggle comes, will yield, and do that which he himself considers disgraceful. I do not say which is the better of the two; I only tell what the fact is as it seems to me. I remark only that honesty is not the conviction, that the expression "honest convictions" is nonsense. Honesty is a moral habit; in order to acquire it, it is impossible to proceed in any other way than to begin with the nearest relations. The expression "honest convictions" is in my opinion perfectly meaningless; there are honest habits, but no honest convictions.

The words *chestnuiya ubyezhdeniya*, "honest convictions," are only a phrase; in consequence of this, these so-called honest convictions, applied to the most distant conditions of life — the treasury, the government, Europe, humanity — and not based on habits of honesty, not taught on the most intimate relations of life, these honest convictions, or rather phrases of honesty, consequently are proved to be impotent with relation to life.

I return to the story. The episode of the money taken from the public funds, which seems at first immoral, but which in our opinion is quite the contrary, has the most beautiful and touching character. How frequently the literarian of our circle, in the simplicity of his soul, wishing to represent his hero as the ideal of honor betrays to us all the vile and dissolute inwardness of his imagination! Here, on the contrary, the author has to make his hero happy; for his happiness his return to his family would be sufficient, but it was necessary to do away with the poverty which had for so many years weighed on the family, but how was he to get the money? From the impersonal treasury! If he is to give them wealth, he must get it of some one — it could not be found in a more legitimate or reasonable place!

In the scene of the explanation about this money there is a pretty detail, one word, which, every time I read it over, seems to strike me with new force. It explains the whole picture, it outlines all the characters and their relations, and it is only one word, and a word irregularly used and syntactically wrong — it is the word *zatoropilas*, "she hurried up." The teacher of syntax must say that

this is contrary to rule. *Zatoropilas* requires a complement — "hurried up — to do what?" the teacher must ask. But in the story it simply says: —

"Mother took the money and hurried up and carried it off to hide it away."

This is charming! I should like to say such a word, and I should like the teachers who instruct in language to say or write such a proposition.

"When we had eaten dinner, sister kissed father again, and went home. Then father began to turn over the things in his bag, and mother and I looked on. Suddenly mother spied a little book and she said: —

"'Ai! have you learned to read?'

"Father said: —

"'I have.'

"Then father took out a great parcel, and gave it to mother.

"Mother says: —

"'What is that?'

"Father said: —

"'Money.'

"Mother was delighted, and she hurried up and carried it off to hide it away. Then mother came back and said: —

"'Where did you get it?'

"Father said: —

"'I was non-commissioned officer, and I had the public funds: I paid off the soldiers and had some left; I kept it.'

"Mother was so glad, and she skipped about like mad. The day was already gone and evening was coming on. They lighted the fire. My father took the little book and began to read. I sat near him and listened, while my mother lighted a splinter. And my father read his book a long time. Then they went to bed. I lay down on the back bench with my father, and mother lay at our feet and they talked a long time, almost till midnight. Then they went to sleep."

Again the detail, scarcely noticeable but still somewhat surprising you, and deeply impressing you, of the way

they went to bed: the father and son lay down together, the mother lay at their feet, and it was long before they could get through talking. How cozily I think the son cuddled up to his father's heart, and how wonderful and comfortable it was to him, as he lay half awake, to hear those two voices, one of which he had not heard for so long.

It would seem that the story was concluded: the father had returned; poverty was a thing of the past. But Fedka was not satisfied with this, — these imaginary people were too real and too vivid in his imagination, — he needed still to imagine a vivid picture of their changed existence, and to present before himself clearly that the peasant woman was no longer a lonely, woebegone wife of a soldier, with little children, but that there was now in the house a strong man, who would lift from his wife's weary shoulders the burden of crushing misfortunes and poverty, and lead a new life independent, firm, and cheerful.

And with this object in view he pictures for us only one scene: how the lusty soldier with a nicked ax is cutting wood and carrying it into the izba. You see how the keen-eyed little lad, accustomed to the groaning of the feeble mother and grandmother, contemplates with amazement, respect, and pride his father's muscular bare arms, the energetic blows of the ax falling with the panting breath of a man's labor, and the log which like a sliver is splintered under the gap-toothed ax.

You look at all this and are perfectly satisfied about the subsequent life of the soldier's wife. I say to myself, she will now no longer be in despair, poor thing.

"In the morning mother got up, came to father, and said: —

"'Gordyeï! get up, we need firewood for the oven.'

"Batya got up, dressed himself, put on his cap, and said: —

"'Is there an ax?'

"Mother said: —

"'Yes, but very dull, I 'm sorry to say, and it won't cut.'

"My father took the ax firmly in both hands, went to

the log, stood it up on end, and struck it with all his might, and split the log; he split it into fire-wood, and carried it into the izba. Mother proceeded to warm up the izba; she kindled the fire, and by this time it was broad daylight."

But to the artist even this is too little. He wants to show also another side of their life, the poetry of the joyous family life, and he sketches for you the following picture: —

"When it was broad daylight my father said: —

"'Matriona!'

"Mother came, and said: —

"'Well, what is it?'

"Father said: —

"'I am thinking of buying a cow, five lambs, two nice horses, and an izba. You see everything 's gone to rack and ruin .... the whole will cost about a hundred and fifty silver rubles.' ....

"Mother thought for a while; then she said: —

"'Yes, but we shall be spending all the money.'

"Father said: 'We will work.'

"Mother said: —

"'Well, all right, we will buy them; but there 's one thing — where shall we get some lumber?'

"Father asked: —

"'Has n't Kiryukha any?'

"Mother said: —

"'That 's just the trouble — no! The Fokanuichefs[1] have got it all.'

"Father pondered, and said: —

"'Well, we 'll get some of Bryantsef.'

"Mother said: —

"'I doubt it very much.'

"Father said: —

"'It must be so — he is a forester!'

"Mother said: —

[1] A peasant family, named after the father, Foka: Foka's son would be Fokanuich, and the genitive plural, as in so many Russian names, forms the family name: Fokanuichef; so likewise Romanof, Chernuishef; often also the adjective ending is added, *sky*: Fokanuichevsky. —Ed.

"'Look out he does n't cheat you, he is such a beast!'

"Father said: —

"'I will go and carry him some brandy,[1] and have a little talk with him. And do you cook an egg in the ashes for dinner.'

"Mother boiled a morsel for dinner — she got it of her folks. Then father took some liquor and went to Bryantsef, and we remained and sat a long time. I began to feel lonely without father, and so I begged mother to let me go where father had gone. Mother said: —

"'You will lose your way.'

"I began to cry and wanted to go, but mother beat me, and I sat on the stove and began to cry louder than ever. Then I saw father come in, and he asked: —

"'What are you crying about?'

"Mother said: —

"'Fedyushka wanted to run after you, and I whipped him.'

"Father came to me, and said: —

"'What are you crying about?'

"I began to be sorry for mother. Father went to her and began to make believe beat her, and he kept saying: —

"'Don't you whip Fedya! Don't you whip Fedya!'

"Mother made believe howl, and I sat on father's knee and was happy. Then father sat down to table, placed me next to him, and cried: —

"'Give me and Fedya something to eat, mother — we are hungry.'

"So mother gave us some meat, and we set to work eating. After we had eaten, mother said: —

"'Well, how about the wood?'

"Father said: —

"'Fifty silver rubles.'

"Mother said: —

"'That 's nothing at all.'

"Father said: —

[1] *Vodotchki*, diminutive of *vodka*, which is in turn the diminutive of *voda*, water. — ED.

"'It's no use talking — it's splendid lumber.'"

How simple! how little is said, yet it gives you the perspective of their whole family life. You see that the lad is still only a child, who one moment is weeping, and the next happy; you see that the lad cannot appreciate his mother's love, and instantly prefers his virile father, who can split the log; you see that his mother knows that this must be so, and is not jealous; you see that marvelous Gordyeï, whose happiness has filled his heart to overflowing. You remark how they eat the meat; and this charming comedy, which they all play and all know it is a comedy, but they play it out of excess of joy.

"Don't whip Fedya! Don't whip Fedya!" says the father, waving his arms. And the mother, accustomed to real tears, pretends to cry, joyously smiling at her husband and at her son, and this lad who climbs up on his father's knee is proud and glad, not knowing why — proud and glad perhaps because they are happy now.

"Then father sat down to table, placed me next him, and cried: —

"'Give me and Fedya something to eat, mother — we are hungry.'"

We are hungry, and he sits him next him! What love and happy pride of love breathes in those words! There is nothing in the whole charming tale more charming, more sincere, than this last scene.

But what do we mean by all this? What significance has this story in reference to pedagogy, written by one possibly exceptional lad? They will say to us: —

"Maybe you, the teacher, assisted him unconsciously in the composition of these and the other tales, and it is too difficult to mark the division between what belongs to you and what was original."

They will say to us: —

"Let us grant the story is good, but this is only one of the styles of literature." They will say to us: —

"Fedka and the other boys, whose compositions you print, are fortunate exceptions."

They will say to us: —

"You yourself are a writer; you have, unconsciously to yourself, helped the boys on such paths as it is impossible to prescribe for other non-writing teachers as a rule."

They will say to you: —

"From all this it is impossible to deduce any general rule or theory. It is partly an interesting pheomenon, and nothing more."

I will endeavor to make my deductions so as to answer all these objections set before me.

The feelings of truth, beauty, and goodness are independent of the degree of development. Beauty, truth, and goodness are concepts, expressing only the harmony of relations toward truth, beauty, and goodness. Falsehood is only the unconformity of relations toward truth: there is no such thing as absolute truth. I do not lie when I say that tables turn from the contact of fingers, if I believe it, although it is not the truth; but I lie when I say I have no money, if, according to my notions, I have money. A large nose is not necessarily ugly, but it is ugly on a small face. Ugliness is only inharmoniousness in relation to beauty. To give one's dinner to a beggar, or to eat it oneself, has nothing wrong in it; but to give it away or eat it when my mother is dying of starvation is inharmoniousness toward goodness.

In training, educating, developing, or doing whatever you please to a child, we must have, and unconsciously have, one object, — the attainment of the greatest harmony as regards truth, beauty, and goodness. If the time did not pass, if the child did not live in all its phases, we might calmly attain this harmony, adding where there seemed to be a lack, and subtracting where there seemed to be a superfluity.

But the child lives; every side of his being strives toward development, one outstripping another, and for the most part, the forward motion of these sides of his we take for the goal, and coöperate only with the development, and not with the harmony of development.

This contains the eternal mistake of all pedagogical theories. We see our ideal before us when it is really behind us. The inevitable development of a man is not only not the means for the attainment of this ideal of harmony which we carry in ourselves, but is an impediment set by the Creator against the attainment of a lofty ideal of harmony. In this inevitable law of the forward motion is included the idea of that fruit of the tree of good and evil which our first parents tasted.

The healthy child is born into the world, perfectly satisfying those demands of absolute harmony in the relations of truth, beauty, and goodness which we bear within us; he is like the inanimated existences, — to the plant, to the animal, to nature, — which constantly present to us that truth, beauty, and goodness we are seeking for and desire. In all ages and among all people the child represents the model of innocence, sinlessness, goodness, truth, and beauty.

Man is born perfect; — that is a great dictum that is enunciated by Rousseau, and that dictum stands like a rock, firm and true. Having been born, man sets up before himself his prototype of harmony, truth, beauty, and goodness. But every hour in his life, every minute of time, increases the distance, the size, and the time of those relations which at his birth were found in perfect harmony, and every step and every hour threatens the violation of this harmony, and every succeeding step threatens a new violation, and gives no hope of restoring the violated harmony. The majority of educators lose from sight the fact that childhood is the prototype of harmony, and they take as an end the child's development, which goes on according to unchangeable laws. Development is mistakenly taken as an end, because with educators happens what takes place with poor sculptors.

Instead of trying to establish a local exaggerated development, or to establish a general development, in order to wait the new opportunity which puts an end to the previous irregularity, like the poor sculptor, instead of scratching off the superfluity, they keep sticking on

more and more; so also educators apparently strive for only one thing, — how the process of development may not cease; and if they think of harmony at all, then they always strive to attain it, approaching the unknown prototype in the future, receding from the prototype in the past and present. However irregular the education of a child has been, there still remain in it the primitive features of harmony. Still modifying, at least not helping, the development, we may hope to attain some nearness to regularity and harmony.

But we are so self-confident, so dreamily given over to the false ideal of mature perfection, so impatient are we toward the anomalous near us, and so firmly confident in our power of correcting them, so little are able to understand and appreciate the primitive beauty of a child, that we make all possible haste to rouse the child, to correct all the irregularities that come under our observation; we regulate, we educate: First, we must bring up one side even with the other, then the other with the first. They keep developing the child more and more, and removing it farther and farther from the old and abolished prototype, and ever more and more impossible becomes the attainment of the imaginary ideal of the perfectibility of the adult man.

Our ideal is behind us and not before us.

Education spoils and does not improve a man. The more the child is spoiled, the less it is necessary to educate him, the greater is the freedom he requires. To teach and educate a child is impossible and senseless on the simple ground that the child stands nearer than I do, nearer than any adult does, to that ideal of harmony, truth, beauty, and goodness to which, in my pride, I wish to lead him.

The consciousness of this ideal is stronger in him than in me. All he needs of me is material for filling out harmoniously and on all sides. As soon as I gave him perfect freedom, ceased to teach him, he wrote this poetic tale, the like of which is not to be found in Russian literature. And therefore, according to my notion, it is impossible for us to teach children, and especially peas-

ants, writing and composition, especially poetic composition. All that we can do is to show them how to get started.

If what I have done for the attainment of this end may be called methods, then these methods are the following: —

I. To propose the largest and most varied choice of themes, not inventing them especially for children, but proposing the most serious themes, such as interest the teacher himself.

II. To give children children's works to read, and to propose as models, because children's works are always more genuine, more elegant, and more moral than the works of adults.

III. (Especially important.) Never, while examining children's works, make for the pupils any observations about the neatness of the note-books, or about the calligraphy, or about the spelling, or, above all, about the order of topics or the logic.

IV. As in authorship the difficulty lies not in the dimensions, or the contents, or the artfulness of the theme, so the progression of the themes ought not to lie in the dimensions, or the contents, or the language, but in the mechanism of the action, consisting first in the choice of one out of a large number of ideas and images presenting themselves; secondly, in the choice of words wherewith to array it; thirdly, in remembering it and finding a place for it; fourthly, in remembering what has been already written, so as not to indulge in repetitions, and not to omit anything, and including the ability to write what follows with what precedes; fifthly and lastly, while thinking and writing, not letting the one interfere with the other.

With this end in view, I did as follows: —

Some of these phases of work I at first took on myself, gradually transferring them all to their care. At first I chose for them from among the thoughts and images those which seemed to me the best, and I remembered and pointed out the places, and I corrected what had been written, preventing them from repetitions; and I

myself wrote, leaving it to them only to clothe the thoughts and images in words; afterward I gave them full choice, then I let them correct what had been written; and finally, as in the story called *Soldatkino Zhityo*, — "A Soldier's Life," — they took upon themselves the whole process of the writing.

A DIALOGUE AMONG CLEVER PEOPLE

(1892)

ONCE some guests were gathered in a rich man's home, and it happened that a serious conversation about life arose.

They talked about persons absent and persons present, and they could not hit upon a single one contented with his life.

Not only did each one find something to complain of in his fortune, but there was not one who would consider that he was living as a Christian ought to live. All confessed that they were living worldly lives, concerned only about themselves and their families, thinking little about their neighbors, and still less about God.

Thus talked the guests, and all agreed in blaming themselves for their godless, unchristian lives.

"Then why do we live so?" cried one youth. "Why do we do what we ourselves do not approve? Have we not the power over our own lives? We ourselves are conscious that our luxury, our effeminacy, our wealth, and especially our pride — our separation from our brethren — are our ruin. In order to be important and rich we must deprive ourselves of everything that gives man joy in living; we crowd ourselves into cities, we make ourselves effeminate, we ruin our constitutions; and notwithstanding all our diversion, we die of ennui and of disgust because our lives are not what they ought to be.

"Why live so? Why destroy our lives so, and all the good which God has bestowed on us? I mean to give up living as I have. I will give up the studies I have begun;

for, don't you see, they would lead me to no other than that tormenting life which all of us are now complaining of. I will renounce my property, and I will go and live with the poor in the country. I will work with them; I will learn to labor with my hands, and if my culture is necessary to the poor, I will share it with them, but not through institutions and books, but directly, living with them as if I were their brother. .... Yes, I have made up my mind," he added, looking inquiringly at his father, who was also present.

"Your desire is a worthy one," said his father, "but foolish and ill-considered. Everything seems to you quite easy because you don't know life. How beautiful it seems to us! But the truth is, the accomplishment of this beautiful ideal is very difficult and complicated. It is hard enough to go well on a beaten track, but still more to trace out new paths. They can be traced out only by men who have arrived at full maturity and have assimilated all that is in the power of man to absorb. It seems to you easy to break out new paths in life, because, as yet, you have had no experience of life. This is all the heedlessness and pride of youth. We old people are needed to curb your impulses and to guide you by our experience, while you young people must obey us so as to profit by our experience. Your active life is still before you; now you are growing and developing. Get your education, and all the culture you can; stand on your own legs, have your own firm convictions, and then begin your new life, if you feel you have the strength for it. But now you must obey those that are guiding you for your own good, and you must not strike out into new paths in life!"

The youth made no reply, and the older persons present agreed with what his father said.

"You are right," said a middle-aged, married man, addressing the youth's father. "It is true that a youth having no experience of life may blunder in trying new paths of life, and his resolution may not be deeply settled; but, you see, we are all agreed on this point, that our lives are contrary to our consciences, and do not

make us happy. And so we can't help regarding your desire to enter upon this new life as laudable.

"The young man may adopt his ideal through reason, but I am not a young man, and I am going to speak to you about myself. As I listened to our talk this evening the same thought entered my mind. The life which I am leading, it is plain to me, cannot give me a serene conscience and happiness. Both experience and reason prove this. Then what am I waiting for! You struggle from morning till night for your family, and the result is that both you and your family continue to live ungodly lives, and you are all the while worse and worse entangled in your sins. You work for your family, and it seems your family are not better off or happier because you work for them. And so I often think it would be better if I changed my whole life and did exactly what this young man proposed — ceased to bother about wife and children, and only thought about my soul. Not without reason does it say in St. Paul: 'He that is married takes thought about his wife, but he that is unmarried about God.'"

Before this married man had finished his remarks, all the women present, including his wife, fell upon him:

"You ought to have thought about all this earlier," said one of the elderly ladies. "'Once harnessed, you must work.' According to your plan every man will be saying, 'I want to be saved,' when it seems to him hard to maintain and feed a family. It is all deception and baseness. No; a man ought to be able to live in a godly way even if he has a family. It is easy enough for him to save himself alone. And then the main thing — to act so is to act contrary to the teaching of Christ. God has commanded us to love others, but in this way you would offend others as if it were for God. No; a married man has his definite obligations, and he ought not to shirk them. It is another thing when your family has already been established. Then you may do as you please for yourself, but no one has any right to do violence to his family."

The married man did not agree with this. He said:

"I have no wish to give up my family. All I say is that it is not necessary to maintain one's family and children in a worldly fashion, or to teach them to live for their own pleasures as we were just saying; but we ought to train them so that children in their early days may be accustomed to poverty, to labor, to help others; and, above all, to lead a fraternal life with all men. And to do this it is necessary to renounce all wealth and distinction."

"There is no sense in breaking in others while you yourself are not living a godly life," retorted his wife, with some heat. "Ever since your earliest youth you have lived for your own gratification. Why, then, should you wish to torment your children and family? Let them grow up in peace, and then they will do as they themselves are inclined; but don't you coerce them."

The married man held his peace, but an elderly man who was present took up the cudgels in his defense: —

"Let us admit," said he, "it is impossible for a married man who has accustomed his family to a certain degree of luxury, suddenly to deprive them of it all. It is true that if you have begun to educate your children, you had better carry out your plans than break them off. All the more, because the children, when they are grown up, will themselves choose the path which they think best. I admit that it is difficult, if not impossible, for a family man to change his life without working injury. But to us old men God has given this as a command. I will say of myself, I am living now without any responsibilities. I am living, to tell the truth, merely for my belly. I eat, I drink, I take my ease, and it is disgusting and repulsive to my nature.

"So then it is time for me to give up this life, to distribute my property, and to live the rest of my days as God has commanded a Christian to live."

The rest did not agree with the old man. His niece and goddaughter was present, all of whose children he had stood as sponsor for, always providing them with holiday gifts; and so was his son. All protested against his views.

"No," said his son, "you have worked hard in your day, you deserve to rest; and you have no right to torment yourself. You have lived sixty years in your own habits; it would be impossible for you to change them. You would only torment yourself for nothing."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed his niece, in confirmation of this, "you would be in want, you would be out of sorts, you would grumble, and you would commit worse sin. But God is merciful and pardons all sinners — much more such a good kind uncle as you are!"

"Yes, and why should we?" asked another old man, a contemporary of the old uncle. "You and I may not have two days longer to live. So what is the use of beginning?"

"What a marvelous thing!" exclaimed one of the guests — he had not spoken before — "What a marvelous thing! All of us confess that it is good to live a godly life, and that we live ill and suffer in soul and body; but as soon as it comes to the point, then it seems that it is impossible to break in the children, but they must be educated, not in the godlike way, but in the old-fashioned way. It is impossible for a young man to escape from his parents' will, but he must live, not in the godlike way, but in the old way. A married man cannot restrain his wife and children, but must live the ungodlike life, in the old way. The old men cannot begin, they are not accustomed to it; and besides this, they may not live two days longer. So the upshot is that it is impossible for any one to live well, but only to talk about it."

WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE THERE IS LIGHT

A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

(1887)

IT was in the reign of the Roman Emperor Trajan, a century after the birth of Christ. It was at the time when the disciples of Christ's disciples were still living, and the Christians faithfully observed the laws of the Master as it is related in the Acts:—

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. (Acts iv. 32–35.)

In these early times, a rich Syrian tradesman named Juvenal, a dealer in precious stones, was living in the province of Cilicia, in the city of Tarsus. He was of poor and simple origin; but, by dint of hard work and skill in his art, he had accumulated property and won the respect of his fellow-citizens. He had traveled widely in different lands; and though he was not a literate man, he had seen and learned much, and the city people regarded him highly for his intellect and his probity.

He held to the pagan faith of Rome, which was professed by all respectable people of the Roman Empire, — that faith burdened with ceremonies which the emperors since the days of Augustus had so strenuously inculcated, and which the reigning Emperor Trajan so strictly maintained.

The province of Cilicia was far from Rome, but it was administered by a Roman proconsul, and everything that took place in Rome found its echo in Cilicia, and the rulers were mimic emperors.

Juvenal remembered all that had been told him in his childhood about the actions of Nero in Rome. As time went on, he had seen how one emperor after another perished; and, like a clever man, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing sacred about the Roman religion, but that it was all the work of human hands. The senselessness of all the life which went on around him, especially that in Rome, where his business often took him, bewildered him. He had his doubts, he could not comprehend everything; and he attributed this to his lack of cultivation.

He was married, and four children had been born to him; but three had died young, and only one, a son named Julius, survived. Juvenal lavished on this son Julius all his affection and all his care. He especially wished so to educate his son that he might not be tortured by such doubts regarding life as had bewildered him. When Julius had passed the age of fifteen, his father intrusted his education to a philosopher who had settled in their city and devoted himself to the instruction of youth. Juvenal intrusted him to this philosopher, together with a comrade of his, Pamphilius, the son of a former slave whom Juvenal had freed.

The two boys were of the same age, both handsome, and good friends. They studied diligently, and both of them were of good morals. Julius distinguished himself more in the study of the poets and in mathematics; Pamphilius, in the study of philosophy.

About a year before the completion of their course of study, Pamphilius coming to school one day, ex-

plained to the teacher that his widowed mother was going to the city of Daphne, and that he would be obliged to give up his studies.

The teacher was sorry to lose a pupil who had reflected credit on him; Juvenal also was sorry, but sorriest of all was Julius. But in spite of all their entreaties that he should stay and finish his studies, Pamphilius remained obdurate, and after thanking his friends for their love toward him and their solicitude for him, he took his departure.

Two years passed: Julius completed his studies; and during all that time he did not once see his friend.

One day, however, he met him in the street, invited him home, and began to ask him how and where he lived.

Pamphilius told him he still lived in the same place with his mother.

"We do not live alone," said he, "but many friends live with us, and we have all things in common."

"What do you mean 'in common'?" asked Julius.

"In such a way that none of us considers anything his private property."

"Why do you do that way?"

"We are Christians," said Pamphilius.

"Is it possible!" cried Julius. "Why, I have been told that Christians kill children and eat them. Can it be that you take part in doing such things?"

"Come and see," replied Pamphilius. "We do nothing of the sort; we live simply, trying to do nothing wrong."

"But how can you live, if you have no property of your own?"

"We support each other. If we give our brethren our labors, then they give us theirs."

"But if your brethren take your labors and don't reciprocate, then what?"

"We don't have such persons," said Pamphilius; "such persons prefer to live luxuriously, and they don't join us; life among us is simple, and without luxury."

"But are there not many lazy ones who would delight in being fed for nothing?"

"Yes, there are some such, and we willingly receive them. Not long ago a man of that character came to us — a runaway slave; at first, it is true, he was lazy, and led a bad life, but soon he changed his life, and has now become one of the good brethren."

"But supposing he had not ordered his life aright?"

"Well, there are some such. The old man Cyril says that we must treat such as if they were the very best of the brethren, and love them all the more."

"Can one love good-for-nothings?"

"It is impossible to help loving a human being."

"But how can you give all men whatever they ask of you?" asked Julius. "If my father gave all persons whatever they asked him for, very soon he would n't have anything left."

"I don't know," replied Pamphilius. "We always have enough left for our necessities. Even if it came about that we had nothing to eat or nothing to wear, then we ask the others and they give to us. Yes, it sometimes happens so. Only once did I ever have to go to bed without my supper, and that was because I was very tired and did not feel like going to ask any of the brethren."

"I don't know how you do," said Julius, "only what my father says: if he did n't have his own property, and if he gave to every one who asked him, he would die of starvation."

"We don't! Come and see. We live, and not only do not lack, but we have even more than we need."

"How can that be?"

"This is the way of it: We all profess one law, but our powers of fulfilling it vary in each individual; some have greater, some have less. One has already made great improvement in the good life, while another has only just begun in it. At the head of us all stands Christ, with His life, and we all try to imitate Him, and in this only we see our well-being. Certain of us, like the old man Cyril and his wife Pelagia, are our leaders;

others stand next to them, and still others in a third rank, but all of us are traveling along the same path. Those in advance are already near to the law of Christ, — self-renunciation, — and they are willing to lose their life in order to save it. These need nothing; they have no regret for themselves, and to those that ask they give their last possession according to the law of Christ. There are others, feebler, who cannot give all they have, who have some pity on themselves, who grow weak if they don't have their usual dress and food, and cannot give everything away. Then there are others still weaker — such as have only just started on the path; these still live in the old way, keeping much for themselves and giving away only what is superfluous. Even these that linger in the rear give aid to those in the van. Moreover, all of us are entangled by our relationships with pagans. One man's father is a pagan and has a property, and gives to his son. The son gives to those that ask, but the father still continues to provide. The mother of another is a pagan, and has pity on her son, and helps him. A third has heathen children, while a mother is a Christian, and the children obey her, give to her, and beg her not to give her possessions away, while she, out of love to them, takes what they give her, and gives to others. Then, again, a fourth will have a pagan wife, and a fifth a pagan husband. Thus all are perplexed, and those in the van would be glad to give their all, but they cannot. In this way the feeble in faith are confirmed, and thus much of the superfluous is collected together."

In reply to this Julius said: —

"Well, if this is so, then it means you fail to observe the teaching of Christ, and only pretend to observe it. For if you don't give away your all, then there is no distinction between us and you. In my mind, if you are going to be a Christian, then you must fulfil the whole law; give everything away and remain a beggar."

"That is the best way of all," said Pamphilius. "Do so!"

"Yes, I will do so when I see that you do."

"We do not wish to set an example. And I don't advise you to join us and renounce your present life for a mere display; we act as we do, not for show, but as a part of our religion."

"What do you mean — your 'religion'?"

"Why, it means that salvation from the evils of the world, from death, is to be found only in life according to the teaching of Christ. And it makes no difference to us what men say about us. We are not doing this in the eyes of men, but because in this alone do we see life and welfare."

"It is impossible not to live for self," said Julius. "The gods instilled in us our instinct to love ourselves better than others and to seek happiness for ourselves. And you do the same thing. You confess that some of you have pity on yourselves; more and more they will look out for their own pleasures, and be ever more willing to give up your faith and do just what we are doing."

"No," replied Pamphilius; "our brethren will go in another path and will never weaken, but will become more and more confirmed in it: just as a fire will never go out when wood is added to it. In this is our faith."

"I don't find in what this faith consists."

"Our faith is this: that we understand life as Christ has interpreted it to us."

"How is that?"

"Christ uttered some such parable as this: Certain vine-dressers cultivated a vineyard, and they were obliged to pay tribute to the owner of the vineyard. We are the vine-dressers who live in the world and have to pay tribute to God and fulfil His will. But those that held to the worldly faith fancied that the vineyard was theirs, that they had nothing to pay for it, but only to enjoy the fruits of it. The Lord of the vineyard sent a messenger to these men to receive His tribute, but they drove him away. The Lord of the vineyard sent His Son after the tribute, but they killed Him, thinking that after that no one would interfere with them. This is the belief of the world, whereby all men live who do not acknowledge that life is given

only for God's service. But Christ has taught us how false is the worldly belief that it would be better for man if he drove out of the vineyard the Master's messenger and His Son and avoided paying tribute, for He showed us that we must either pay tribute or be expelled from the vineyard. He taught us that all pleasures which we call pleasures — eating, drinking, amusements — cannot be pleasures if our life is devoted to them, that they are pleasures only when we seek another, — the fulfilment of the will of God; that only then these are pleasures, as a present reward following the fulfilment of the will of God. To wish to have pleasure without the labor of fulfilling the will of God, to separate pleasure from work, is the same as to tear off the stalks of flowers and plant them without seeds. We have this belief, and therefore we cannot seek for deception in place of truth. Our faith consists in this: that the welfare of life is not in its pleasures, but in the fulfilment of the will of God without a thought of its pleasures, or hoping for them. And thus we live, and the longer we live the more we see that pleasure and well-being, like a wheel behind the shafts, follow on the fulfilment of the will of God. Our Lord has said: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest! Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.*"

Thus said Pamphilius.

Julius listened, and his heart was stirred within him; but what Pamphilius said was not clear to him: at one moment it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving him, but when he looked into his friend's kindly eyes and remembered his goodness, it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving himself.

Pamphilius invited Julius to visit him so as to examine into the life they led, and if it pleased him to remain and live with them.

And Julius promised, but he did not go to Pamphilius; and being drawn into his own life, he forgot about him.

CHAPTER II

Julius' father was rich, and as he loved his only son and was proud of him, he never stinted him for money. Julius lived the life of rich young men; in idleness, luxury, and dissipated amusements, which have always been, and are still, the same, — wine, gambling, and fast women.

But the pleasures to which Julius gave himself up kept demanding more and more money, and after a time he found he had not enough. Once he asked for more than his father generally gave him. His father gave it to him, but accompanied it with a rebuke. The son, conscious that he was to blame, and yet unwilling to acknowledge his fault, became angry, behaved rudely to his father, as those that are aware of their guilt, and are unwilling to confess it, are apt to do.

The money he obtained from his father was very quickly spent, and moreover, about the same time Julius and a companion happened to get into a drunken quarrel, and killed a man. The prefect of the city heard about it, and was desirous of subjecting Julius to punishment, but his father succeeded in bringing about his pardon. At this time, Julius, by his irregular life, required still more money. He borrowed it of a boon companion and agreed to repay it. Moreover his mistress asked him to give her a present; she desired a pearl necklace, and he knew that if he did not accede to her request, she would throw him over and take up with a rich man, who had already for some time been trying to entice her away from Julius.

Julius went to his mother and told her he had got to have some money; that if he did not succeed in raising as much as he needed, he should kill himself. For the fact that he had got into such a scrape he blamed his father, not himself. He said: —

"My father has accustomed me to a luxurious life, and then he began to blame me for wanting money. If at first he had given me what I needed without scolding,

then with what he gave me afterward I should have regulated my life, and should not have needed much, but as he has always given me too little, I have had to apply to usurers, and they have extorted from me everything I had, and so nothing is left for me to live on, as a rich young man should, and I am put to shame before my companions; and yet my father can't seem to understand this at all. He has forgotten that he was young once himself. He got me into this position, and now, if he does not give me what I ask for, I shall kill myself."

The mother, who spoiled her son, went to his father. The father called the young man, and began to upbraid both him and his mother. The son answered the father rudely. The father struck him. The son seized his father's arm. The father called to his slaves and ordered them to take the young man and lock him up.

When he was left alone, Julius cursed his father and the day he was born. His own death or his father's presented itself before him as the only way of escape from the position in which he found himself.

Julius' mother suffered more than he did. She did not comprehend who was really to blame in all this. She felt nothing but pity for her beloved child. She went to her husband and begged him to forgive the youth, but he refused to listen to her, and began to reproach her for having spoiled her son; she blamed him, and the upshot of it was the husband beat his wife. But the wife made no account of the beating. She went to the son and persuaded him to go and beg his father's forgiveness and yield to his wishes. She promised him, if he would do so, she would give him the money he needed, and not let his father know.

The son consented, and then the mother went to her husband and urged him to pardon the young man. The father for a long time stormed at his wife and son, but at last decided to pardon him, but only on the condition that he should abandon his dissipated life and marry a rich tradesman's daughter, whose father wished her to enter into an engagement with him.

"He shall have money from me and his wife's dowry," said the young man's father, "and then let him enter upon a regular life. If he will agree to fulfil my wishes I will pardon him. But otherwise I will give him nothing, and at his first offense I will deliver him over into the hands of the prefect."

Julius agreed to everything, and was released. He promised to marry and to abandon his wicked ways, but he had no intention of doing so; and life at home now became a perfect hell for him: his father did not speak to him, and was quarreling about him with his mother, who wept.

On the next day his mother called him to her room and secretly gave him a precious stone which she had got from her husband.

"Go, sell it; not here, but in another city, and with the money do what you need, and I will manage to conceal the loss for a time, and if it is discovered I will blame it on one of the slaves."

Julius' heart was touched by his mother's words. He was horror-struck at what she had done; and he left home, but did not take the precious stone with him. He himself did not know where or wherefore he was going. He kept going on and on, away from the city, feeling the necessity of remaining alone, and thinking over all that had happened to him and was before him. As he kept going farther and farther away, he came entirely beyond the city limits and entered a grove sacred to the goddess Diana. Coming to a solitary spot, he began to think.

The first thought that occurred to him was to ask help of the goddess. But he no longer believed in his gods, and so he knew that no help was to be expected from them. But if no help came from them, then who would help him? As he thought over his position, it seemed to him too terrible. His soul was all confusion and gloom. But there was help for it. He had to appeal to his conscience, and he began to examine into his life and his acts. And both seemed to him wicked, and, more than all, stupid. Why was he tormenting

himself so? He had few pleasures, and many trials and tribulations!

The principal thing was that he felt himself all alone. Hitherto he had had a beloved mother, a father; he certainly had friends; now he had no one. No one loved him. He was a burden to every one. He had succeeded in bringing trouble into all their lives: he had caused his mother to quarrel with his father; he had wasted his father's substance, gathered with so much labor all his life long; he had been a dangerous and disagreeable rival to his friends. There could be no doubt about it, — all would find it a relief if he were dead.

As he reviewed his life, he remembered Pamphilius, and his last meeting with him, and how Pamphilius had invited him to come there, to the Christians. And it occurred to him not to return home, but to go straight to the Christians, and remain with them.

"But was his position so desperate?" he asked himself, and again he proceeded to review what had happened, and again he was horror-struck because no one seemed to love him, and he loved no one. His mother, father, friends, did not love him, and must wish he were dead; but whom did he himself love? His friends? He was conscious that he did not love any one. All were rivals of his, all were pitiless toward him, now that he was in disgrace. "His father?" he asked himself, and horror seized him when at this question he looked into his heart. Not only did he not love him, but he hated him for his stinginess, for the affront he had put on him. He hated him, and, moreover, he saw plainly that for his own happiness his father's death was essential.

"Yes," Julius asked to himself, "and supposing I knew that no one would see it or ever find it out, what would I do if I could with one blow, once and for all, deprive him of life and set myself free?"

And Julius replied to this question: —

"Yes, I should kill him!"

He replied to this question, and was horror-struck at himself.

"My mother? Yes, I pity her, but I do not love her; it makes no difference to me what happens to her — all I need is her help. .... Yes, I am a wild beast! and a wild beast beaten and tracked to its lair, and the only distinction is that I am able, if I choose, to quit this false, wicked life; I can do what the wild beast cannot — I can kill myself. I hate my father, there is no one I love .... neither my mother, nor my friends — but how about Pamphilius?"

And again he remembered his one friend. He began to recall the last interview, and their conversation, and Pamphilius' words, how, according to their teaching, Christ had said: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* Can that be true?

As he went on with his thoughts and recollections, he recalled Pamphilius' sweet, joyous, passionless face, and he felt inclined to believe in what Pamphilius said.

"What am I, in reality?" he asked himself. "Who am I? A man seeking well-being. I have sought for it in animal pleasures, and have not found it. And all living beings, like myself, also failed to find it. All are evil, and suffer. If any man is always happy, it is because he is seeking for nothing. He says that there are many such, and that all men will be such if they obey their Master's teachings. What if this is the truth? Whether it is the truth or not, it attracts me to it, and I am going."

Thus said Julius to himself, and he left the grove resolved never again to return home, and he bent his steps to the town where the Christians lived.

CHAPTER III

Julius went on boldly and cheerfully, and the farther he went and the more vividly he represented to himself the life of the Christians, remembering all to himself that Pamphilius had said, the more joyous he became in spirit.

The sun was already descending toward the west, and he felt the need of rest, when he fell in with a man who was resting and taking his nooning. This man was of middle age, and had an intellectual face. He was sitting and eating olives and cakes. When he saw Julius, he smiled and said: —

"How are you, young man? The way is still long. Sit down and rest."

Julius thanked him, and sat down.

"Where are you going?" asked the stranger.

"To the Christians," said Julius; and he gave a truthful account of his life and his decision.

The stranger listened attentively, and though he asked him about certain details, he did not express his opinion; but when Julius had finished, the stranger stowed away in his wallet the remains of his luncheon, arranged his attire, and said: —

"Young man, do not carry out your intention; you are making a mistake. I know life, and you do not. I know the Christians, and you do not know them. Listen, and I will explain your whole life and your ideas; and when you hear me you shall adopt the decision that seems to you the wiser. You are young, rich, handsome, strong; your passions are boiling in you. You wish to find a quiet refuge in which your passions would not disturb you, and you would not suffer from their consequences; and it seems to you that you might find such a refuge among the Christians.

"There is no such place, my dear young man, because what troubles you is not peculiar to Cilicia or to Rome, but to yourself. In the quiet of a village solitude the same passions will torment you — only a hundred times more violently. The fraud of the Christians, or their mistake — for I don't care to judge them — consists simply in this, — that they don't wish to understand the nature of man. The only person who can perfectly carry out their teachings is an old man who has outlived all his passions. A man in his prime, or a youth like you who has not yet learned life or himself, cannot submit to their law, because this law has for its basis, not the

nature of man, but an idle philosophy. If you go to them, you will suffer what you suffer now, only in a far higher degree. Now, your passions entice you along false paths; but having once made a mistake in your direction, you can rectify it. Now, you still have the satisfaction of passion freed — in other words — of life.

"But, in their midst, controlling your passions by main force, you will make precisely the same mistakes, if not worse ones; and, besides that suffering, you will also have the incessant anguish of the unsatisfied human longings. Let the water out of a dam, and it will irrigate the soil and the meadows, and quench the thirst of animals; but if you keep it back it will tear away the earth and trickle away in mud. It is the same with the passions. The teachings of the Christians — beyond those doctrines from which they get consolation, and which I will not speak of — their teachings, I say, for life, consist in the following: They do not recognize violence, they do not recognize war or courts of justice, they do not recognize private property, they do not recognize the sciences, the arts, or anything which makes life cheerful and pleasant.

"All this would be good if all men were such as they describe their teacher to have been. But you see this is not so, and cannot be. Men are bad, and given over to their passions. It is this play of passions, and the collisions resulting from them, that keep men in those conditions of life in which they live. The barbarians know no restraint, and one savage, for the satisfaction of his own desires, would destroy the whole world, if all men submitted as these Christians submit. If the gods lodged in the human heart the sentiments of anger, of vengeance, even of evil against evil-doers, they must have done it because these sentiments are necessary for the life of men. The Christians teach that these feelings are wicked, and that men would be happy if they did not have them; there would be no murders, no punishments, no want. That is true; but one might as well take the position that men ought to refrain from eating for the sake of their happiness. In reality, it would put an end

to greediness, hunger, and all the misfortunes that come from it. But this supposition could not change the nature of man. Even if two or three dozen people, believing in this, and actually refraining from food, should die of starvation, it would not change the nature of man. The same, exactly, with the other passions of men: indignation, wrath, vengeance, even love for women, for luxury, for splendor and pomp, are characteristic of the gods, and consequently they are the ineradicable characteristics of man.

"Annihilate man's nutrition, and you annihilate man. In exactly the same way annihilate the passions characteristic of man, and you annihilate humanity.

"The same is true also of private property, which the Christian would do away with. Look around you: every vineyard, every inclosure, every house, every ass, — everything has been produced by men under the conditions of private property. Abolish the right of private property, and not a vineyard would be planted, not a creature would be trained and pastured. The Christians assure you that they have no rights of private property; but they enjoy its fruits. They say they have all things in common, and everything they have is brought to one place; but what they bring together they receive from men who have private property. They merely deceive men, or in the very best light, deceive themselves. You say they themselves work in order to support life, but the work they do would not support them if they did not take advantage of what men possessing private property produced. Even if they could support themselves, it would be a mere existence, and there would be no place among them for the arts and sciences. [And indeed it is impossible for them to do otherwise. They do not even acknowledge the advantage of our arts and sciences.] All their doctrine tends to reduce them to a primitive condition, to barbarism, to the animal. They cannot serve humanity by arts and sciences, and as they do not know them, they renounce them; they cannot take advantage of the qualities which are the

peculiar prerogative of man and ally him to the gods. They will not have temples, or statues, or theaters, or museums. They say these things are not necessary for them. The easiest way not to be ashamed of one's own baseness is to scorn nobility; and this they do. They are atheists. They do not recognize the gods, or their interference in the affairs of men. They acknowledge only the father of their teacher, whom they also call their father, and their teacher himself, who, according to their notions, has revealed to them all the mysteries of life. Their doctrine is a wretched deception.

"Notice one thing — our doctrine asserts that the world depends on the gods; the gods afford protection to men. In order that men may live well, they must reverence the gods, must search and think, and then our lives are regulated on the one hand by the will of the gods, on the other by the collective wisdom of all mankind. We live, think, search, and consequently approve the truth.

"But they have neither the gods nor their wills, nor the wisdom of humanity, but only one thing, — a blind faith in their crucified teacher, and in all he said to them.

"Now consider well: which is the more hopeful guide, — the will of the gods and the collective, free activity of human wisdom, or the compulsory blind belief in the words of one man?"

Julius was struck by what the stranger said to him, and especially by his last words. Not only was his purpose of going to the Christians shaken, but it now seemed to him strange enough that he, under the influence of his misfortunes, could ever have come to such a foolish decision. But the question still remained, What was he to do now, and how was he to escape from the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, and so, after he had related his situation, he asked the stranger's advice.

"That is the very thing that I wanted to speak about," continued the stranger. "What are you to

do? Your way, as far as human wisdom is given me, is clear to me. All your misfortunes are the results of the passions peculiar to men. Passion has seduced you, has led you so far that you have suffered. Such are the ordinary lessons of life. These lessons must be turned to your advantage. You have learned much, and you know what is bitter and what is sweet; you cannot repeat the mistakes you have made. Profit by your experience. What has hurt you more than all is your quarrel with your father; this quarrel is the outcome of your position. Take another, and the quarrel will either cease, or at least it will not be so painfully apparent. All your tribulations have arisen from the irregularity of your position. You have yielded to the gaieties of youth; this was natural, and therefore it was certainly good. It was good while it was appropriate to your age. But that time has passed; you, with the powers of manhood, have yielded to the friskiness of youth, and it was bad. You have now reached the time when you must become a man, a citizen, and serve the state, and work for its welfare. Your father proposes to you to marry. His advice is wise. You have outlived one period of life — your youth — and have reached another. All your tribulations are the indications of a period of transition. Recognize that the period of youth is passed, and having boldly renounced all that belonged to it, and that is not appropriate to manhood, start on your new way. Marry, give up the amusements of youth, occupy yourself with trade, with social affairs, with arts and sciences, and you will find peace and joy as well as reconciliation with your father. The main thing that has disturbed you has been the unnaturalness of your position. Now you have reached manhood, and you must enter into matrimony, and be a man.

"And therefore my chief advice is: Fulfil your father's wishes, and marry. If you are attracted by that solitude which you expected to find among the Christians, if you are inclined toward philosophy and not to the activities of life, you can with profit devote

yourself to this only after you have had experience of life in its actuality. But you will know this only as an independent citizen and head of a family. If then you feel drawn to a solitude, yield to it; then it will be a genuine inclination, and not a whim of discontent, as it is now. Then go."

These last words, more than anything else, persuaded Julius. He thanked the stranger, and returned home.

His mother received him joyfully. The father, also, on learning his intention to submit to his will and marry the girl whom he had chosen for him, was reconciled to him.

CHAPTER IV

In three months Julius' wedding with the beautiful Eulampia was celebrated, and the young man, having changed his manner of life, began to live with his wife in their own house and to conduct a part of the business which his father intrusted to him.

Once upon a time he went on business to a not very distant city, and there, as he was sitting in a merchant's shop, he saw Pamphilius passing by with a girl whom he did not know. Both were walking, laden with heavy bunches of grapes, which they were selling. Julius, when he recognized his friend, went out to him and asked him to go into the shop and have a talk with him. The young girl, seeing Pamphilius' desire to go with his friend, and his reluctance to leave her alone, hastened to say that she did not need him, and that she would sit down with the grapes and wait for customers. Pamphilius thanked her, and went with Julius into the shop.

Julius asked his acquaintance, the merchant, permission to go with his friend into his private room, and, having received this permission, he went with Pamphilius into the apartment in the rear of the shop.

The friends inquired of each about the circumstances of their lives. Pamphilius' life had not changed since they had last seen each other: he had continued to live

in the Christian community, he was not married, and he assured his friend that his life each year, day, and hour had been growing happier and happier.

Julius told his friend all that had happened to him, and how he had started to join the Christians, when his meeting with the stranger had opened his eyes to the mistakes of the Christians, and to his great obligation to marry, and how he had followed his advice and married.

"Well, tell me, are you happy now?" asked Pamphilius. "Have you found in marriage what the stranger promised you?"

"Happy?" repeated Julius. "What is being happy? If you mean by that word full satisfaction of my desires, then of course I am not happy. I am conducting my trade with success, men are beginning to respect me, and in both of these respects I find some satisfaction. Although I see many men who are richer and more regarded than I, yet I foresee the possibility of equaling them and even of excelling them. This side of my life is full; but my marriage, I will say frankly, does not satisfy me. I will say more: I am conscious that this same marriage, which ought to have given me joy, has not done so, and that the joy I experienced at first has kept growing less and less, and has at last vanished, and in its place, where joy had been, out of marriage arose sorrow. My wife is beautiful, intellectual, well educated, and good. At first I was perfectly happy. But now — this you can't know, having no wife — there have arisen causes of discord between us, at one time because she seeks my caresses when I am indifferent toward her, at another time the case is reversed. Moreover, for love, novelty is necessary. A woman less fascinating than my wife fascinates me more at first, but afterward becomes still less fascinating than my wife. I have already experienced this. No, I have not found satisfaction in matrimony. Yes, my friend," said Julius, in conclusion, "the philosophers are right; life does not give what the soul desires. This I have experienced in my marriage. But the fact that life does not give that happiness which

the soul desires does not prove that your fraudulent practices can give it," he added with a smile.

"In what do you see we are fraudulent?" asked Pamphilius.

"Your fraud consists in this: that in order to free men from the evils connected with the facts of life, you repudiate all the facts of life — life itself. In order to free yourselves from disenchantment, you repudiate enchantment, you repudiate marriage itself."

"We do not repudiate marriage," said Pamphilius.

"If not marriage, then you repudiate love."

"On the contrary, we repudiate everything except love. For us it is the chief corner-stone of everything."

"I don't understand you," said Julius. "As far as I have heard from others and from yourself, and from the fact that you are not married yet, though you are as old as I am, I conclude that you don't have marriages among you. Those of you who are already married continue married, but the rest of you do not enter into new relations. You do not take pains to perpetuate the human race. And if there were no other people besides you, the human race would have long ago perished," said Julius, repeating what he had many times heard.

"That is unjust," said Pamphilius. "It is true we do not make it our aim to perpetuate the human race, and we take no anxious care about this, as I have many times heard from your wise men. We take for granted that our Heavenly Father has already provided for this: our aim is simply to live in accordance with His will. If the perpetuation of the race is consonant with His will, then it will be perpetuated; if not, then it will come to an end; this is not our business or our care; our care is to live in accordance with His will. His will is expressed both in our sermons and in our revelation, where it is said that the husband shall cleave unto the wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. Marriage amongst us is not only not forbidden, but is encouraged by our elders and teachers. The difference between marriage amongst us and marriage amongst you consists solely in this: that our law has revealed to us that every one who looks lust-

fully on a woman commits a sin; and therefore we and our women, instead of adorning ourselves and stimulating lust, try to avoid it as much as possible, so that the feeling of love, like that between brothers and sisters, may be stronger than that of lust, for one woman, which you call love."

"But still you cannot suppress the feeling for beauty," said Julius. "I am convinced, for example, that the beautiful young girl with whom you were carrying grapes, in spite of her garb, which concealed her charming figure, must awaken in you the feeling of love to a woman."

"I do not know as yet," said Pamphilius, reddening. "I have not thought about her beauty. You are the first person that has spoken of it. She is to me only as a sister. But I will continue what I was just going to say to you concerning the difference between our form of marriage and yours. The variance arises from the fact that, among you, lust, under the name of beauty and love and the service of the goddess Venus, is maintained and expressed in men. With us it is the contrary; carnal desire is not regarded as an evil, — for God has created no evil, — but a good, which becomes an evil when it is not in its place — a temptation, as we call it; and we try to avoid it by all the means in our power. And that is why I am not married as yet, though very possibly I might marry to-morrow."

"But what decides this?"

"The will of God."

"How do you find it out?"

"If one never seeks for its indications, one will never see them; but if one is all the time on the lookout for them, they become clear, as to you omens by sacrifices and birds are clear. And as you have your wise men who interpret for you the will of the gods by their wisdom, and by the vitals of the sacrificed victim, and by the flight of birds, so have we our wise men who explain to us the will of the Father by the revelation of Christ, by the promptings of their hearts, and the thoughts of other men, and chiefly by love to them."

"But all this is very indefinite," objected Julius.

"What shows you, for example, when and whom you ought to marry? When I was about to marry, I had a choice between three girls. These girls were selected from the rest because they were beautiful and rich, and my father was satisfied whichever one of them I chose. Out of the three I chose my Eulampia because she was more beautiful and more attractive than the others. But what will govern you in your choice?"

"In order to answer you," said Pamphilius, "I must inform you, first of all, that as according to our doctrine all men are equal before our Father, so likewise they are equal before us both in their station and in their spiritual and physical qualities, and consequently our choice (if I may use this word so meaningless to us) cannot be in any way circumscribed. Any one of all the men and women of the world may be the wife of a Christian man or the husband of a Christian woman."

"That would make it still more impossible to decide," said Julius.

"I will tell you what our elder told me as to the difference between a Christian and a pagan marriage. The pagan — you, for example — chooses a wife who, according to his idea, will cause him, personally, more delight than any one else. In this choice his eyes wander about, and it is hard to decide; the more, because the enjoyment is before him. But the Christian has no such choice; or rather the choice for his personal enjoyment occupies not the first, but a subordinate place. For the Christian the question is whether by his marriage he is going contrary to God's will."

"But in what respect can there be in marriage anything contrary to God's will?"

"I might forget the 'Iliad,' which you and I read together, but you who live amid poets and sages cannot forget it. What is the whole 'Iliad'? It is a story of violations of the will of God in relation to marriage. Menelaus and Paris and Helen and Achilles and Agamemnon and Chreseis — it is all a description of the terrible tribulations that have ensued and are all the time coming from this violation."

"In what consists this violation?"

"It consists in this: that a man loves a woman for the personal enjoyment he gets from connection with her, and not because she is a human being like himself, and so he enters into matrimony for the sake of his pleasure. Christian marriage is possible only when a man has love for his fellow-men, and when the object of his carnal love has already been the object of fraternal love of man to man. As a house can be built satisfactorily and lastingly only when there is a foundation; as a picture can be painted only when there is something prepared to paint it on; so carnal love is lawful, reasonable, and lasting only when it is based on the respect and love of man to man. On this foundation only can a reasonable Christian family life be established."

"But still," said Julius, "I do not see why Christian love, as you call it, excludes such love for a woman as Paris experienced."

"I don't say that Christian marriage did not permit exclusive love for a woman; on the contrary, only then is it reasonable and holy; but exclusive love for a woman can take its rise only when the existent love to all men has not been previously violated. The exclusive love for a woman which the poets sing, calling it good, though it is not founded on love to men, has no right to be called love at all. It is animal passion, and very frequently passes over into hate. The best proof of this is how this so-called love, or *eros*, if it be not founded on brotherly love to all men, becomes brutal; this is shown in the cases where violence is offered to the very woman whom a man professes to love, and in so doing compels her to suffer, and ruins her. In violence it is manifest that there is no love to man — no, not if he torments the one he loves. But in un-Christian marriage violence is often concealed when the man that weds a girl who does not love him, or who loves some one else, compels her to suffer and does not pity her, provided only he satisfies his passion."

"Let us admit that this is so," said Julius, "but if a girl loves him, then there is no injustice, and I don't

see any difference between Christian and pagan marriage."

"I do not know the details of your marriage," replied Pamphilius; "but I know that every marriage having for its basis personal advantage only cannot help being the cause of discord, just exactly as the mere act of feeding cannot take place among animals and men without quarrels and brawls. Every one wants the sweet morsel, and since there is an insufficiency of sweet morsels for all, the quarrel breaks out. Even if there is no outward quarrel, there is a secret one. The weak one desires the sweet morsel, but he knows that the strong one will not give it to him, and though he is aware of the impossibility of taking it directly away from the strong one, he looks at him with secret hatred and envy, and seizes the first opportunity of getting it away from him. The same is true of pagan marriages, only it is twice as bad, because the object of the hatred is a man, so that enmity is produced even between husband and wife."

"But how manage so that the married couple love no one but each other? Always the man or the girl is found loving this person or another. And then in your system the marriage is impossible. This is the very reason I see the justice of what is said about you, that you do not marry at all. It is for this reason you are not married, and apparently will not marry. How can it possibly be that a man should marry a single woman never having before kindled the feelings of love in some other woman, or that a girl should reach maturity without having awakened the feelings of some man? How must Helen have acted?"

"The elder Cyril thus speaks in regard to this: in the pagan world, men having no thought of love to their brethren, never having trained that feeling, think about one thing,—about the awakening of passionate love toward some woman, and they foster this passion in their hearts. And therefore in their world every Helen, and every woman like Helen, stimulates the love of many. Rivals fight with one another, and strive to supplant one another as animals do to possess the female.

And to a greater or less degree their marriage is a constraint. In our community we not only do not think of the personal fascination of beauty, but we avoid all temptations which lead to that, and which in the heathen world are highly regarded as a merit and an object of adoration.

"We, on the contrary, think about those obligations of reverence and love to our neighbors which we have without distinction for all men, for the greatest beauty and the greatest ugliness. We use all our endeavors to educate this feeling, and so in us the feeling of love toward men gets the upper hand of the seduction of beauty, and conquers it, and annihilates the discords arising from sexual relations. The Christian marries only when he knows that his union with a woman causes no one any grief."

"But is this possible?" interrupted Julius. "Can men regulate their inclinations?"

"It is impossible if they have given them free course, but we can keep them from spreading and rising. Take, for example, the relations of a father to his daughter, of a mother to her sons, of brothers and sisters. The mother is to her son, the daughter to her father, the sister to her brother, not an object of personal enjoyment, but of pure love, and the passions are not awakened. They would be awakened only when the father should discover that she whom he had accounted his daughter was not his daughter, or the mother that her son was not her son, or that brother and sister were not brother and sister; but even then this passion would be very feeble and humble, and it would be in a man's power to repress it. The lustful feeling would be feeble, for it would be based on that of maternal, paternal, or fraternal love. Why then can't you believe that the feeling toward all women might be trained and controlled so that they would regard them in the same light as mothers, sisters, and daughters, and that the feeling of conjugal love might grow out of the basis of such an affection? As a brother permits the feeling of love toward the woman whom he has considered his sister to arise only when he has learned that

she is not his sister, so when the Christian feels that his love does not injure any one, he permits this passion to arise in his soul."

"Well, but suppose two men love the same girl?"

"Then one sacrifices his happiness to the happiness of the other."

"But supposing she loves one of them?"

"Then the one whom she loves least sacrifices his feelings for the sake of her happiness."

"Well, supposing she loves both, and both sacrifice themselves, whom would she take?"

"In that case the elders would decide the matter, and advise in such a way that the greatest happiness would come to all, with the greatest amount of love."

"But it can't be done in such a way; and the reason is because it is contrary to human nature."

"Contrary to human nature! What is the nature of man? Man, besides being an animal, is a man, and it is true that such a relation to a woman is not consonant with man's animal nature, but is consonant with his rational nature. And when he employs his reason in the service of his animal nature, he does worse than a beast,—he descends to violence, to incest — a level to which no brute ever sinks. But when he employs his rational nature to the suppression of the animal, when the animal nature serves, then only he attains the well-being which satisfies him."

CHAPTER V

"But tell me about yourself personally," said Julius. "I see you with that pretty girl; you apparently live near her and serve her; can it be that you do not desire to be her husband?"

"I have not thought about it," said Pamphilius. "She is the daughter of a Christian widow. I serve them just as others do. You ask me if I love her in a way to unite my life with hers. This question is hard for me. But I will answer frankly. This idea has

occurred to me; but there is a young man who loves her, and therefore I do not dare as yet to think about it. This young man is a Christian, and loves us both, and I cannot take a step which would hurt him. I live, not thinking about this. I try to do one thing: to fulfil the law of love to men — this is the only thing I demand; I shall marry when I see that it is proper."

"But it cannot be a matter of indifference to the mother whether she has a good industrious son-in-law or not. She would want you, and not any one else."

"No, it is a matter of indifference to her, because she knows that, besides me, all of us are ready to serve her as well as every one else, and I should serve her neither more nor less whether I were her son-in-law or not. If my marriage to her daughter results, I shall enter upon it with joy, and so I should rejoice even if she married some one else."

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Julius. "This is a horrible thing of you — that you deceive yourselves! And thus you deceive others. That stranger told me correctly about you. When I listen to you I cannot help yielding to the beauty of the life which you describe for me; but as I think it over, I see that it is all deception, leading to savagery, brutality, of life approaching that of brutes."

"Wherein do you see this savagery?"

"In this: that as you subject your own lives to labors, you have no leisure or chance to occupy yourselves with arts and sciences. Here you are in ragged dress, with hardened hands and feet; your fair friend, who might be a goddess of beauty, is like a slave. You have no hymns of Apollo, or temples, or poetry, or games, — none of those things which the gods have given for beautifying the life of man. To work, work like slaves or like oxen merely for a coarse existence — is n't this a voluntary and impious renunciation of the will and nature of man."

"The nature of man again!" said Pamphilius. "But in what does this nature consist? Is it in this, that you torment your slaves with unbearable labors, that you

kill your brothers and reduce them to slavery, and make your women an object of enjoyment? All this is essential for that beauty of life which you consider a part of human nature. Or does it consist in this, that you must live in love and concord with all men, feeling yourself a member of one universal brotherhood?"

"You are also greatly mistaken if you think that we scorn the arts and sciences. We highly prize all the qualities with which human nature is endowed. But we look on all the qualities belonging to man as the means for the attainment of one single aim to which we devote our whole lives, and that is to fulfil the will of God. In art and science we do not see an amusement suitable only to while away the time of idle people; we demand from art and science what we demand from all human occupations,—that they hold the same activity of love to God and one's neighbor as permeates all the acts of a Christian. We call real science only those occupations which help us to live better, and art we regard only when it purifies our thoughts, elevates our souls, increases the force which we need for a loving, laborious life. Such science, as far as possible, we develop in ourselves and in our children, and such art we gladly cultivate in our free time. We read and study the writings bequeathed to us; we sing songs, we paint pictures, and our songs and paintings encourage our souls and cheer us up in moments of depression. And this is why we cannot approve of the application which you make of the arts and sciences. Your learned men employ their aptitudes and acquirements to the invention of new means of causing evil to men; they perfect the methods of war, in other words, of murder; they contrive new ways of money-making, that is to say, of enriching some at the expense of others. Your art serves for the erection and decoration of temples in honor of your gods, in whom the more cultivated of you have long ago ceased to believe, but belief in whom you inculcate in others, considering that, by such a deception, you keep them under your power. You erect statues in honor of the most powerful and cruel of your

tyrants, whom no one respects, but all fear. In your theaters representations are permitted which hold criminal love up to admiration. Music serves for the delectation of your rich men who have eaten and drunken at their luxurious feasts. Pictorial art is employed in representing in houses of debauchery such scenes as no sober man unvitiated by animal passions could look at without blushing. No, not for this was man endowed with these lofty qualities which differentiate him from the beasts! It is impossible to use them for the mere gratification of your bodies. Consecrating our whole lives to the accomplishment of the will of God, we all the more employ our highest faculties in the same service."

"Yes," said Julius, "all this would be admirable if life in such conditions was possible; but it is not possible to live so. You deceive yourselves. You do not acknowledge our protection. But if it were not for the Roman legions, could you live in any comfort? You profit by our protection, though you do not acknowledge it. Some among you, as you yourself say, protect yourselves. You do not acknowledge private property, but take advantage of it; we have it and give it to you. You yourselves do not give away your grapes, but sell them and then make purchases. All this is a cheat. If you did what you say, then it would be so; but now you deceive others as yourselves."

Julius was indignant, and he spoke out what he had in his mind. Pamphilius was silent and waited his turn. When Julius had finished, Pamphilius said: —

"You are wrong in thinking that we do not acknowledge your protection, and yet take advantage of it. Our well-being consists in our not requiring protection, and this cannot be taken away from us. Even if material objects, which constitute property in your eyes, pass through our hands, we do not call them ours, and we give them to whoever needs them for subsistence. We sell goods to those that wish to buy them; yet it is not for the sake of increasing our private means, but solely that those that need may acquire what is required for supporting life. If any one desired to take these grapes

away from us we should give them up without resistance. This is the precise reason why we have no fear, even of an invasion of the barbarians. If they proceeded to take from us the products of our toil, we should let them go; if they insisted on our working for them, we should joyfully comply with their demands, and not only would they have no reason to kill us or torture us, but it would be contrary to their interest to do so. The barbarians would speedily understand and like us, and we should have far less to endure at their hands than from the enlightened people that surround us now and persecute us.

"Your accusation against us consists in this, — that we do not wholly attain what we are striving for; that is, that we do not recognize violence and private property, and at the same time we take advantage of them. If we are deceivers, then it is no use to talk with us, and we are worthy neither of anger nor of being exposed, but only of scorn, and we should willingly accept your scorn, since one of our rules is the recognition of our insignificance. But if we are genuine in our striving toward what we profess, then your blaming us for deception would be unjust. If we strive, as I and my brethren strive, to fulfil our Teacher's law, then we strive for it, not for external ends, — for riches and honors, for you see all these things we do not recognize, — but for something else. You are seeking your best advantage, and so are we; the only difference is that we see our advantage in different things. You believe that your well-being consists in riches and honors; we believe in something else. Our belief shows us that our advantage is not in violence, but in submissiveness; not in wrath, but in giving everything away. And we, like plants in the light, cannot help striving in the direction where we see our advantage. It is true we do not accomplish all we wish for our own advantage; but how can it be otherwise? You strive to have the most beautiful woman for a wife, to have the largest property — but have you, or has any one else succeeded in doing this? If the arrow does not hit the bull's-eye, does the bow-

man any the less cease to aim at it, because he fails many times to hit it? It is the same with us. Our well-being, according to the teaching of Christ, is in love. We search for our advantage, but each one in his own way falls more or less short of attaining it."

"Yes, but why don't you believe in all human wisdom, and why do you turn your back on it, and put your faith in your one crucified Teacher? Your thraldom, your submissiveness before Him, is what repels me."

"Again you make a mistake, and any one makes a mistake who thinks that we, in fulfilling our doctrine, pin our faith to anything because the man we believe in commanded it. On the contrary, those that seek with all their soul for the instructions of Truth, for Communion with the Father, those that seek for true happiness, cannot help hitting upon that path which Christ traversed, and, therefore, cannot help following Him, seeing Him as their leader. All who love God meet on this path, and there you will be also! He is the Son of God and the mediator between God and men, and this is so, not because any one has told us this, and we blindly believe it, but because all those that seek God find His Son before them, and only through Him can they understand, see, and know God."

Julius made no reply to this, and sat for a long while silent.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"I have nothing better to desire. But although, for the most part, I experience a sense of perplexity, a consciousness of some vague injustice, yet that is the very reason I am so tremendously happy," said Pamphilius, smiling.

"Yes," said Julius; "maybe I should have been happier if I had not met that stranger, and if I had joined you."

"Why! if you think so, what prevents your doing so even now?"

"How about my wife?"

"You say she has an inclination to Christianity, then she will come with you."

"Yes, but we have already begun a different kind of life; how can we break it off? We have begun; we must live it out," said Julius, picturing to himself the dissatisfaction which his father and mother and friends would feel, and, above all, the energy which it would require to make this change.

At this moment there appeared at the door of the shop this young girl, Pamphilius' friend, accompanied by a young man. Pamphilius joined them, and the young man said loud enough for Julius to hear that he had been sent by Cyril to buy leather. The grapes had been sold and wheat had been bought. Pamphilius proposed to the young man to go home with Magdalina while he himself should buy and bring home the leather. "It will be pleasanter for you," said he.

"No, it would be pleasanter for Magdalina to go with you," said the young man, and he took his departure. Julius introduced Pamphilius in the shop to a tradesman whom he knew. Pamphilius put the wheat into bags, and bestowing the smaller share on Magdalina, took up his own heavy load, said good-by to Julius, and left the city with the young girl. As he turned into a side street he looked round and nodded his head to Julius, and then still more joyously smiling said something to Magdalina, and thus they vanished from sight.

"Yes, I should have done better if I had gone to them," said Julius to himself, and in his imagination, commingling, arose two pictures: that of the lusty Pamphilius with the tall robust maiden carrying the baskets on their heads and their kindly radiant faces; then that of his own home which he had left that morning, and to which he should return, and then his pampered beautiful wife, of whom he had grown so tired, lying in her finery and bracelets on rugs and cushions.

But Julius had no time to think long; his acquaintances, the tradesmen, came, and they entered upon their usual proceedings, finishing up with a dinner with liquors and the night with women. ....

CHAPTER VI

Ten years passed. Julius saw nothing more of Pamphilius, and his interviews gradually faded from his remembrance, and his impressions of him and the Christian life grew dim.

Julius' life ran in the usual course. About that time his father died, and he was obliged to take the head of the whole business, which was complicated; there were old customers, there were salesmen in Africa, there were clerks, there were debts to be collected and to be paid. Julius, in spite of himself, was drawn into business and gave all his time to it. Moreover, new cares came upon him. He was selected for some civic function. And this new occupation, flattering to his pride, was attractive to him. Besides his commercial affairs, he was also interested in public matters, and having brains and the gift of eloquence, he proceeded to use his influence among his fellow-citizens, so as to acquire a high public position.

In the course of these ten years, a serious and, to him, unpleasant change had also taken place in his family life. Three children had been born to him, and this had estranged him from his wife. In the first place, his wife had lost a large part of her beauty and freshness; in the second place, she paid less attention to her husband. All her affection and tenderness were lavished on the children. Though the children were handed over to nurses and attendants, after the manner of the pagans, Julius often found them in their mother's rooms or found her in theirs. But the children for the most part were a burden to Julius, occasioning him more annoyance than pleasure.

Engrossed in his commercial and public affairs, Julius had abandoned his former dissipated life, but he took it for granted that he needed some refined recreation after his labors, and he did not find it with his wife. At this time she was more and more occupied with a Christian slave-woman, was more and more carried away by the

new doctrine, and had renounced everything external and pagan which had constituted a charm for Julius. As he did not find this in his wife, he took up with a woman of frivolous character, and enjoyed with her those leisure moments which remained to him above his duties.

If Julius had been asked whether he was happy or unhappy in these years of his life, he could not have replied.

He was so busy! He hurried from affair to affair, from pleasure to pleasure, but there was not one so satisfying to him that he would have it last. Everything he did was of such a kind that the quicker he got through with it the better he liked it; and none of his pleasures was so sweet as not to be poisoned by something, not to have mingled with it the weariness of satiety.

This kind ot existence Julius was leading when an event happened which very nearly revolutionized the whole nature of his life. At the Olympic games he was taking part in the races, and as he was driving his chariot successfully near the goal, he suddenly collided with another which he was just outstripping: the wheel was broken, he was thrown out, and two of his ribs and an arm were fractured. His injuries were serious, but not fatal; he was taken home, and had to lie in bed for three months.

In the course of these three months, in the midst of severe physical sufferings, his thought began to ferment, and he had leisure to review his life as if it were the life of a stranger, and his life presented itself before him in a gloomy light, the more because during this time three unpleasant events, deeply mortifying to him, occurred.

The first was that a slave in whom his father had reposed implicit trust, having gone to Africa for him to purchase precious stones, had run away, causing great loss and confusion in Julius' business.

The second was that his concubine had deserted him, and accepted a new protector.

The third and most unpleasant blow was that during his illness the election for the position of administrator

which he had been ambitious to fill, took place, and his rival was chosen. All this, it seemed to Julius, resulted from the fact that his chariot-wheel had swerved to the left the width of a finger.

As he lay alone on his couch, he began involuntarily to think how from such insignificant circumstances his happiness depended, and these ideas led him to still others, and to a recollection of his former misfortunes, of his attempt to join the Christians, and of Pamphilius, whom he had not seen for ten years.

These recollections were still further strengthened by conversations with his wife, who, during his illness, was frequently with him, and told him everything she could learn about Christianity from her slave-woman. This slave-woman had lived for a time in the same community where Pamphilius lived, and knew him. Julius wanted to see this slave-woman, and when she came to his bedside she gave him a circumstantial account of everything, and particularly about Pamphilius.

"Pamphilius," the slave-woman said, "was one of the best of the brethren, and was loved and regarded by them all. He was married to that same Magdalina whom Julius had seen ten years previous. They already had several children. Any man who did not believe that God had created men for their good should go and observe the lives of these," said the slave-woman in conclusion.

Julius dismissed the slave-woman and remained alone, thinking over what he had heard. It made him envious to compare Pamphilius' life with his own, and he tried not to think about it.

In order to divert his mind, he took the Greek manuscript which his wife had put into his hands, and began to read it. In the manuscript he reads as follows: —

There are two paths: one of life and one of death. The path of life consists in this: first, thou must love God, who created thee; secondly, thy neighbor as thyself; and do not unto another that which thou wouldst not have done unto thee. The doctrine included in these words is this: —

Bless those that curse you;

Pray for your enemies and for your persecutors; for what thanks have you if you love those that love you. Do not even the heathen the same?

Do you love them that hate you and you will not have enemies.

Abstain from sensual and worldly lusts.

If any one smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and thou shalt be perfect. If any one compel thee to go one mile with him go with him twain;

If any one take what is thine, ask it not back, since this thou canst not do;

If any one take away thy outer garment, give also thy shirt;

Give to every one that asketh of thee and demand it not back, since the Father desires that His beneficent gifts be given unto all.

Blessed is he that giveth according to the Commandments.

My child! shun all evil and all appearance of evil. Be not given to wrath, since wrath leadeth to murder; nor to jealousy, nor to quarrelsomeness, since the outcome of all these is murder.

My child! be not lustful, since lust leadeth to fornication; be not obscene, for from obscenity proceedeth adultery.

My child! be not deceitful, because falsehood leadeth to theft; be not mercenary, be not ostentatious, since from all this proceedeth theft.

My child! be not a murmurer, since this leadeth to blasphemy; be not insolent or evil-minded, since from all this cometh blasphemy.

But be meek, for the meek shall inherit the earth.

Be long-suffering and gentle and mild and humble and good, and always beware of the words to which thou lendest thine ear.

Be not puffed up with pride and give not thy soul to insolence.

Yea, verily, let not thy soul cleave to the proud, but treat the just and the peaceful as thy friends.

All things that happen unto thee accept as for thy good, knowing that nothing can befall thee without God.

My child! be not the cause of discord, but act as a peacemaker when men are quarreling.

Widen not thy hands to receive, and make them not narrow when thou givest. Hesitate not about giving; and when thou hast given, do not repine, for thou knowest who is the beneficent giver of rewards.

Turn not from the needy but share all things with thy brother, and call nothing thine own property, for if you are all sharers in the imperishable, then how much more in that which perisheth.

Teach thy children from early youth the fear of God.

Correct not thy man-servant nor thy maid-servant in anger, lest they cease to fear God, who is above you both; for He cometh not to call men, judging by whom they are, but He calleth those whom the Spirit hath prepared.

But the path of Death is this: first of all it is evil and full of curses; here are murder, adultery, lust, fornication, robbery, idolatry, sorcery, poison, rape, false evidence, hypocrisy, duplicity, slyness, pride, wrath, arrogance, greediness, obscenity, hatred, insolence, presumption, vanity; here are the persecutors of the good, haters of the truth, lovers of falsehood, those that do not recognize rewards for justice, that do not cling to the good nor to just judgment, those that are vigilant, not for what is right but for what is wrong, from whom gentleness and patience hold aloof; here are those that love vanity and yearn for rewards, that have no sympathy with their neighbors, that work not for the overworked, that know not their Creator, slaughterers of children, breakers of God's images, who turn from the needy, persecutors of the oppressed, defenders of the rich, lawless judges of the poor, sinners in all things!

Children, beware of all such persons!

Long before he had read the manuscript to the end, Julius had the experience which men always have when they read books — that is to say, the thoughts of others — with a genuine desire for the Truth; he felt that he had entered with his whole soul into communion with the one that had inspired them. He read on and on, his mind foreseeing what was coming; and he not only agreed with the thoughts of the book, but he imagined that he himself had uttered them.

There happened to him that ordinary phenomenon, not noticed by many persons and yet most mysterious and significant, consisting in this, that the so-called living man becomes alive when he enters into communion — unites — with the so-called dead, and lives one life with them.

Julius' soul merged with the one who had written and composed these thoughts, and after this union had taken place he contemplated himself and his life. And he himself and his whole life seemed to him one horrible mistake. He had not lived, but by all his labors in

regard to life, and by his temptations, he had only destroyed in himself the possibility of a true life.

"I do not wish to destroy life; I wish to live, to go on the path of life," he said to himself.

He remembered all that Pamphilius had said to him in their former interviews, and it seemed to him now so clear and indubitable that he was amazed that he could ever have believed in the stranger, and have renounced his intention of going to the Christians. He remembered also what the stranger had said to him:—

"Go when you have had experience of life."

"Well, I have had experience of life, and found nothing in it."

He also remembered how Pamphilius had said to him that whenever he should come to them they would be glad to receive him.

"No, I have erred and suffered enough," he said to himself. "I will renounce everything, and I will go to them and live as it says here."

He communicated his plan to his wife, and she was delighted with his intention. She was ready for everything. The only thing left was to decide how to carry it into execution. What should they do with the children? Should they take them along or leave them with their grandmother? How could they take them? How, after the tenderness of their nurture, subject them to all the trials of an austere life? The slave-woman proposed to accompany them. But the mother was troubled about her children, and declared that it would be better to leave them with their grandmother, and go alone. And they both decided to do this.

All was determined, and nothing but Julius' illness prevented its fulfilment.

CHAPTER VII

In this condition of mind Julius fell asleep. The next morning he was told that a skilful physician traveling through the city desired to see him, and promised to

give him speedy relief. Julius with joy received the physician. He proved to be none other than the stranger whom Julius had met when he started to join the Christians.

After he had examined his wounds, the physician prescribed certain simples for renewing his strength.

"Shall I be able to work with my arm?" asked Julius.

"Oh, yes, to drive a chariot, or to write; yes."

"But I mean hard work — to dig?"

"I was not thinking about that," said the physician, "because such work is not necessary to one in your position."

"On the contrary, it is very necessary to me," said Julius; and he told the physician that since the time he had last seen him he had followed his advice, had made trial of life, but life had not given him what it had promised him, but, on the contrary, had disillusioned him, and that he now was going to carry out the plan of which he had spoken to him at that time.

"Yes, evidently they have put into effect all their powers of deception and entangled you, if you, in your position, with your responsibilities, especially in regard to your children, cannot see their fallacies."

"Read this," was all that Julius said, producing the manuscript he had been reading. The physician took the manuscript and glanced at it.

"I know this," said he; "I know this fraud, and I am surprised that such a clever man as you are can fall into such a snare."

"I do not understand you. Where lies the snare?"

"The whole thing is in life; and here these sophists and rebels against men and the gods propose a happy path of life in which all men would be happy; there would be no wars, no executions, no poverty, no licentiousness, no quarrels, no evil. And they insist that such a condition of men would come about when men should fulfil the precepts of Christ; not to quarrel, not to commit fornication, not to blaspheme, not to use violence, not to bear ill-will against one another. But they make a mistake in taking the end for the means. Their

aim is to keep from quarreling, from blasphemy, from fornication, and the like, and this aim is attained only by means of social life. And in speaking thus they say almost what a teacher of archery should say, if he said, 'You will hit the target when your arrow flies in a straight line directly to the target.'

"But the problem is, how to make it fly in a straight line. And this problem is solved in archery by the string being tightly stretched, the bow being elastic, the arrow straight. The same with the life of men; — the very best life for men — that in which they need not quarrel, or commit adultery, or do murder — is attained by the bowstring — the rulers; the elasticity of the bow — the force of the authorities; and the straight arrow — the equity of the law.[1]

"Not only this," continued the physician, "let us admit what is senseless, what is impossible — let us admit that the foundations of this Christian doctrine may be communicated to all men, like a dose of certain drops, and that suddenly all men should fulfil Christ's teachings, love God and their fellows, and fulfil the precepts. Let us admit this, and yet the way of life, according to their teaching, would not bear examination. There would be no life, and life would be cut short. Now the living live out their lives, but their children will not live

[1] In the very free French paraphrase of this parable the physician, without pausing, remarks that the Christians acknowleged no rulers, no authority, no laws. Julius replies that they claim that even without rulers, authorities, and laws, human life will be vastly better if men would only fulfil the law of Christ. The physician replies: "But what guarantee have we that men will fulfil that law. Absolutely none. They say: 'You have made trial of life with authorities and laws, and it has always been a failure. Try it now without authorities and laws, and you will soon see it becoming perfect.' You cannot deny this, not having tested it by experience. Here the sophistry of these impious men becomes evident. Are they any more logical than the farmer who should say: 'You sow the seed in the ground, and then cover it up with soil, and yet the crop falls far below your desires. My advice is: sow it in the sea, and the result will be far more satisfactory.' And do not attempt to deny this theory; you cannot do so, never having tested it by experience." This is the argument that shakes Julius' resolution; but it is all omitted from the Moscow edition of 1898. Probably the doctrine of Christian anarchy, thus advocated, caught the censor's eye. — ED.

their full time, or not one in ten will. According to their teaching all children must be the same to all mothers and fathers, theirs and others'. How will their children protect themselves when we see that all the passion, all the love, which the mother feels for these children scarcely protects them from destruction? What then will it be when this mother-passion is translated into a general commiseration, the same for all children? Who will take and protect the child? Who will spend sleepless nights watching with sick, ill-smelling children, unless it be the mother? Nature made a protective armor for the child in the mother's love; they take it away, giving nothing in its place. Who will educate the boy? Who will penetrate into his soul, if not his father? Who will ward off danger? All this is put aside! All life that is the perpetuation of the human race is put aside."

"That seems correct," said Julius, carried away by the physician's eloquence.

"No, my friend, have nothing to do with this nonsense, and live rationally; especially now, when such great, serious, and pressing responsibilities rest upon you. To fulfil them is a matter of honor. You have lived to reach your second period of doubt, but go onward, and your doubts will vanish. Your first and indubitable obligation is to educate your children, whom you have neglected; your obligation toward them is to make them worthy servants of their country. The existent form of government has given you all you have: you ought to serve it yourself and to give it capable servants in your children, and by so doing you confer a blessing on your children. The second obligation upon you is to serve the public. Your lack of success has mortified and discouraged you — this circumstance is temporary. Nothing is given to us without effort and struggle. And the joy of triumph is mighty only when the battle was hard. Begin a life with a recognition of your duty, and all your doubts will vanish. They were caused by your feeble state of health. Fulfil your obligations to the country by serving it, and by educating your children for this

service. Put them on their feet so that they may take your place, and then calmly devote yourself to that life which attracts you; till then you have no right to do so, and if you did, you would find nothing but disappointment."

CHAPTER VIII

EITHER the learned physician's simples or his advice had their effect on Julius: he very speedily recovered his spirits, and his notions concerning the Christian life seemed to him idle vaporings.

The physician, after a visit of a few days, took his departure. Soon after, Julius got up, and, profiting by his advice, began a new life. He engaged tutors for his children, and he himself superintended their instruction. His time was wholly spent in public duties, and very soon he acquired great consideration in the city.

Thus Julius lived a year, and during this year not once did he remember the Christians. But during this time a tribunal was appointed to try the Christians in their city. An emissary of the Roman Empire had come to Cilicia to stamp out the Christian faith. Julius heard of the measures taken against the Christians, and though he supposed that it concerned the Christian community in which Pamphilius lived, he did not think of him. But one day as he was walking along the square in the place where his official duties called him, he was accosted by a poorly dressed, elderly man, whom he did not recognize at first. It was Pamphilius. He came up to Julius, leading a child by the hand.

"How are you, friend?" said Pamphilius. "I have a great favor to ask of you, but I don't know as you will be willing to recognize me as your friend, now that we Christians are being persecuted; you might be in danger of losing your place if you had any relations with me."

"I am not in the least afraid of it," replied Julius, "and as a proof of it I will ask you to come home with

me. I will even postpone my business in the market so as to talk with you and be of service to you. Let us go home together. Whose child is this?"

"It is my son."

"Really, I need not have asked. I recognize your features in him. I recognize also those blue eyes, and I should not have to ask who your wife is: she is the beautiful woman whom I saw with you some years ago."

"You have surmised correctly," replied Pamphilius. "Shortly after we met, she became my wife."

The friends went to Julius' home. Julius summoned his wife and gave the boy to her, and brought Pamphilius to his luxurious private room.

"Here you can say anything; no one will hear us," said Julius.

"I am not afraid of being heard," replied Pamphilius; "since my request is not that the Christians, who have been arrested, may not be sentenced and executed, but only that they may be permitted publicly to confess their faith."

And Pamphilius told how the Christians arrested by the authorities had sent word to the community from the dungeons where they were confined. The elder Cyril, knowing of Pamphilius' relations with Julius, commissioned him to go and plead for the Christians. The Christians did not ask for mercy. They considered it their mission to bear witness to the truth of Christ's teaching. They could bear witness to this in the course of a long life of eighty years, and they could bear witness to the same by enduring tortures. Either way was immaterial to them; and physical death, unavoidable as it was, for them was alike free from terror and full of joy, whether it came immediately or at the end of half a century: but they wished their lives to be useful to men, and therefore they had sent Pamphilius to labor in their behalf, that their trial and punishment might be public.

Julius was dumfounded at Pamphilius' request, but he promised to do all in his power.

"I have promised you my intercession," said Julius,

"but I have promised it to you on account of my friendship for you, and on account of the peculiarly pleasant feeling of tenderness which you have always awakened in me; but I must confess that I consider your doctrine most senseless and harmful. I can judge in regard to this, because not very long ago, in a moment of disappointment and illness, in a state of depression of spirits, I once more shared your views, and once more almost abandoned everything and went to you. I understand on what your error is based, for I have been through it; it is based on selfishness, on weakness of spirit, and the feebleness caused by ill health; it is a creed for women, but not for men."

"Why so?"

"Because, out of pride, instead of taking part by your labors in the affairs of the empire, and in proportion to your services rising higher and higher in the estimation of men,[1] you forthwith, by your pride, I say, regard all men equal, so that you consider no one higher than yourselves, and consider yourselves equal to Cæsar.

"You yourself think so, and teach others to think so. And for the weak and the lazy this is a great temptation. Instead of laboring, every slave immediately counts himself equal to Cæsar. If men listened to you, society would be dissolved, and we should return to primitive savagery. You in the empire preach the dissolution of empire. But your very existence is dependent on the empire. If it was not for that, you would not be. You would all be slaves of the Scythians or the barbarians, the first who knew of your condition. You are like a tumor destroying the body, but able to make a show, and to feed on the body and nothing else. And the living body struggles with it and suppresses it! Thus

[1] In the French translation, this sentence is replaced by another to the effect that the Christians, while acknowledging that discord and violence are a part of human nature, nevertheless take advantage of this organization of society. "The world has always existed by means of its rulers: they assume the responsibility of governing, they protect us from enemies, domestic and foreign. We subjects, in return for this, pay the rulers deference and homage, obey their commands, and assist them by serving the State when we are needed." — Ed.

do we act in regard to you, and we cannot do otherwise. And notwithstanding my promise to help you, and to comply with your request, I look on your doctrine as most harmful and low: low, because dishonorably and unjustly you devour the breast that nourishes you: take advantage of the blessings of the imperial order without sharing in its support, and yet trying to destroy it!"

"What you say would be just," said Pamphilius, "if we really lived as you think. But you do not know about our life, and you have formed a false conception of it. For you, with your habitual luxury, it is hard to imagine how little a man requires when he exists without superfluities. A man is so constituted that, when he is well, he can produce with his hands far more than he needs for the support of his life. Living in a community as we do, we are able by our labor to support without effort our children, and the aged and the sick and the feeble. You assert that we Christians arouse in the slave the desire to be the Cæsar; on the contrary, both by word and deed we fulfil one thing: patient submissiveness and work, the most humble work of all — the work of the working-man. We know nothing and we care nothing about affairs of state. We know one thing, but we know it beyond question, — that our well-being is only when the well-being of others is found, and we strive after this well-being; the well-being of all men is in their union."[1]

[1] Another long passage is here omitted: Pamphilius goes on to say that the union of men must be brought about by love, not violence. The violence of a brigand is as atrocious exactly as is that of troops against their enemies, or of the judge against the culprit, and Christians can have no part in either; their share consists in submitting to it without protest.

Julius interrupts him, and declares that while they are ready to be martyrs and eager to lay down their lives for the truth, in reality truth is not in them: they preach love, but the result of their preaching is savagery, retrogression to primitive conditions of murder, robbery, and every kind of violence.

Pamphilius denies that such is the case: murder, robbery, and violence existed long before Christianity, and men found no way of coping with them. When violence meets violence crimes are not checked, but are provoked, because feelings of anger and bitterness are aroused. In the mighty Roman Empire, where legislation has been raised to a science, and the laws are thoroughly studied and administered, and the office of judge

"But tell me, Pamphilius, why men hold aloof from you in hostility, persecute you, hunt you down, kill you? How does your doctrine of love give rise to such discord?"

is highly regarded, nevertheless debauchery and crime are everywhere prevalent; in the early days, when laws were not so numerous or so carefully administered, there was a higher standard of virtue; but simultaneously with the study and application of the laws, there has been going on in the Roman Empire a steady deterioration of morals, accompanied by a vast increase in the number and variety of criminal offenses.

The only way to grapple with such crimes and evil is the Christian way of love. The heathen weapons of vengeance, punishment, and violence are inefficacious. All the preventive and remedial laws and punishments in the world will fail to eradicate people's propensities to do wrong. The root of the evil must be got at, and that is done by reaching the individual.

Most crimes are perpetrated by men who desire to get more of this world's goods than they can rightfully acquire. Some of these — as, for instance, monstrous commercial frauds — are perpetrated under the protection of the law, and those that are punishable are so cleverly managed that they often escape the penalty. Christianity takes away all incentive to such crimes, because those that practise it refuse to take more than what is strictly needed for the support of life, and thereby give up to others their free labor. So that the sight of accumulated wealth is not a temptation, and those that are driven to desperation by hunger find what they need without having to use violent means of obtaining it. Some criminals avoid them altogether; others join them, and gradually become useful workers.

As regards the crimes provoked by the play of passions: jealousy, carnal love, anger, and hatred. Laws never restrain such criminals; obstacles only make them worse; but Christianity teaches men to curb their passions by a life of love and labor, so that the spiritual principle will overcome the fleshly; and as Christianity spreads, the number of crimes of this sort will diminish.

There is still another class of crimes, he goes on to say, which have their root in a sincere desire to help humanity. The wish to alleviate the sufferings of an entire people will impel certain men called revolutionists to kill a tyrant with the notion that they are benefiting a majority. The origin of such crimes is a mistaken conviction that evil may be done in order that good may follow. Crimes of this description are not lessened by laws against them, they are provoked by them. The men that commit crimes of this kind have a noble motive — a desire to do good to others. Most men of this kind, though mistaken in their hopes and beliefs, are impelled by the noble motive of desire to do good to others, and they are ready to sacrifice their lives and all they have, and no danger or difficulty stands in their way. Punishment cannot restrain them; danger only gives them new life and spirit; if they suffer, they are regarded as martyrs, and earn the sympathy of mankind, and they stimulate others to go and do likewise.

The Christians, though they clearly perceive the error of such conspirators, appreciate their sincerity and self-denial, and recognize them as brethren on the ground of the positive good which they possess. Many of these

"The source of this is not in us, but outside of us. We regard as higher than anything the law of God, which controls by our conscience and by reason. We

conspirators regard the Christians, not as foes, but as men sincerely and eagerly bent on doing good, and so have joined them, accepting the conviction that a quiet life of toil and incessant solicitude for the welfare of others is incomparatively more beneficial than their momentary deeds of prowess, stained by human blood needlessly sacrificed.

Pamphilius concludes that Julius may decide for himself whether the Christians — who preach and prove the joy and delight of a spiritual life, from which no evil can arise, or the Roman rulers and judges — who pass sentences according to the letter of a dead law, and thus lash their victims into fury and drive them to the utmost hatred, are most fit to grapple successfully with crime.

Julius replies, "As long as I keep listening to you I seem to get the impression that your point of view is correct."

Julius is almost convinced by this argument, and asks the same question as in the Moscow edition, but Pamphilius makes a different reply. He says, the reason for this anomaly is not in the Christians, but outside of them. Above and beyond the temporary laws established by the State and recognized by all men, there are eternal laws engraved in the hearts of men. The Christians obey these universal laws, discerning in the life of Christ their clearest and fullest expression, and condemning, as a crime, every form of violence which transgresses His commandments. They feel bound to observe the civil laws of the country in which they live, unless these laws are opposed to God's laws. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The Christians strive to avoid and do away with all crimes, both those against the State and those that go counter to God's will, and, therefore, their fight with crime is more comprehensive than that carried on by the State. But this recognition of God's will as the highest law offends those that claim precedence for a private law, or that take some ingrained custom of their class as a law. Such men are animated by feelings of enmity for those that proclaim that man has a higher mission than to be merely subjects of a State or members of a Society. Christ said concerning them: *Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.*

The Christians entertain enmity against no man, not even against those that persecute them, and their way of life injures no man. The only reason why men hate and persecute them is because their manner of life is a constant rebuke to those whose conduct is based on violence. Christ predicted this hatred, but, strengthened by His example, they do not fear those that kill the body. They live in the light of truth, and that life knows no death. Physical suffering and death they cannot escape, neither can their persecutors and executioners. But the Christian is supported by his religion, and though not secure from physical pain and death, yet he preserves equanimity in all the vicissitudes of life, consoled by the conviction that whatever happens to him independently of his own will is unavoidable and for his ultimate good, and by the knowledge that he is true to his conscience and to reason.

The end of the chapter is practically the same. — ED.

can obey only such laws of the State as are not contrary to God's: *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.* And that is why men persecute us. We have not the power of stopping this hostility, which does not have its source in us, because we cannot cease to realize that truth which we have accepted, because we cannot live contrary to our conscience and reason. In regard to this very hostility which our faith should arouse in others against us, our Teacher said, *Think not that I am come to send peace into the world; I came not to send peace, but a sword.*

"Christ experienced this hostility in His own life-time and more than once he warned us, His disciples, in regard to it. *Me*, He said, *the world hateth because its deeds are evil. If ye were of the world the world would love you, but since ye are not of this world therefore the world hateth you, and the time will come when he who killeth you will think he is serving God.* But we, like Christ, *fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul. And this is their condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.*

"In this there is nothing to worry over, because the truth will prevail. The sheep hear the shepherd's voice, and follow him because they know his voice. And Christ's flock will not perish but will increase, attracting to it new sheep from all the lands of the earth, for *The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth....*"

"Yes," Julius said, interrupting him, "but are there many sincere ones among you? You are often blamed for only pretending to be martyrs and glad to lay down your lives for the truth, but the truth is not on your side. You are proud madmen, destroying the foundations of social life."

Pamphilius made no reply, and looked at Julius with melancholy.

CHAPTER IX

Just as Julius was saying this, Pamphilius' little son came running into the room, and clung to his father. In spite of all the blandishments of Julius' wife, he would not stay with her, but ran to his father. Pamphilius sighed, caressed his son, and stood up; but Julius detained him, begging him to stay and talk some more, and have dinner with them.

"It surprises me that you are married and have children," exclaimed Julius. "I cannot comprehend how you Christians can bring up children when you have no private property. How can the mothers live in any peace of mind knowing the precariousness of their children's position?"

"Wherein are our children more precariously placed than yours?"

"Why, because you have no slaves, no property. My wife was greatly inclined to Christianity; she was at one time desirous of abandoning this life, and I had made up my mind to go with her. But what chiefly prevented was the fear she felt at the insecurity, the poverty, which threatened her children, and I could not help agreeing with her. This was at the time of my illness. All my life seemed repulsive to me, and I wanted to abandon everything. But then my wife's anxiety, and, on the other hand, the explanation of the physician who cured me, convinced me that the Christian life, as led by you, is impossible, and not good for families; but that there is no place in it for married people, for mothers with children; that in life as you understand it, life — that is the human race — would be annihilated. And this is perfectly correct. Consequently the sight of you with a child especially surprised me."

"Not one child only. At home I left one at the breast and a three-year-old girl."

"Explain to me how this happens. I don't understand. I was ready to abandon everything and join you. But I had children, and I came to the conclusion that,

however pleasant it might be for me, I had no right to sacrifice my children, and for their sake I continued to live as before, in order to bring them up in the same conditions as I myself had grown up and lived."

"Strange," said Pamphilius; "we take diametrically opposite views. We say: 'If grown people live a worldly life it can be forgiven them, because they are already corrupted; but children! That is horrible! To live with them in the world and tempt them! *Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that by whom the offense cometh.*'[1]

"So spake our Teacher, and I do not say this to you as a refutation, but because it is actually so. The chiefest obligation that we have to live as we do arises from the fact that amongst us are children, — those beings of whom it is said, *Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

"But how can a Christian family do without definite means of subsistence?"

"According to our faith there is only one means of subsistence, — loving labor for men. For your means of livelihood you depend on violence. It can be destroyed as wealth is destroyed, and then all that is left is the labor and love of men. We consider that we must hold fast by that which is the basis of everything, and that we must increase it. And when this is done, then the family lives and prospers.

"No," continued Pamphilius; "if I were in doubt as to the truth of Christ's teaching, and if I were hesitating as to the fulfilling of it, then my doubts and hesitations would instantly come to an end if I thought about the fate of children brought up among the heathen in those conditions in which you grew up, and are educating your children. Whatever we, a few people, should do for the arrangement of our lives, with palaces, slaves, and the imported products of foreign lands, the life of the majority of men would still remain what it must be. The only security of that life will remain, love of mankind and labor. We wish to free ourselves

[1] Offense; Russian, temptation.

and our children from these conditions, not by love, but by violence. We compel men to serve us, and — wonder of wonders! — the more we secure, as it were, our lives by this, the more we deprive ourselves of the only true, natural, and lasting security — love. The same with the other guarantee — labor.[1] The more a man rids himself of labor and accustoms himself to luxury, the less he becomes fitted for work, the more he deprives himself of the true and lasting security. And these conditions in which men place their children they call *security!* Take your son and mine and send them now to find a path, to transmit an order, or to do any needful business, and see which of the two would do it most successfully; or try to give them to be educated, which of the two would be most willingly received? No, don't utter those horrible words that the Christian life is possible only for the childless. On the contrary, it might be said: to live the pagan life is excusable only in those who are childless. *But woe to him who offendeth*[2] *one of these little ones.*"

Julius remained silent.

"Yes," said he, "maybe you are right, but the education of my children is begun, the best teachers are teaching them. Let them know all that we know. There can be no harm in that. But for me and for them there is still time. They may come to you when they reach their maturity, if they find it necessary. I also can do this, when I set them on their feet and am free."

"Know the Truth and you shall be free," said Pamphilius. "Christ gives full freedom instantly; earthly teaching never will give it. Good-by."

And Pamphilius went away with his son.

The trial was public, and Julius saw Pamphilius there as he and other Christians carried away the bodies of the martyrs. He saw him, but as he stood in fear of the authorities he did not go to him, and did not invite him home.

[1] Omitted, the significant dictum: "The greater the power of the ruler the less he is loved."

[2] *Soblaznit'*, tempt, seduce.

CHAPTER X

TWENTY years more passed. Julius' wife died. His life flowed on in the labors of his public office, in efforts to secure power, which sometimes fell to his share, sometimes slipped out of his grasp. His wealth was large, and kept increasing.

His sons had grown up, and his second son, especially, began to lead a luxurious life. He made holes in the bottom of the bucket in which the wealth was held, and in proportion as the wealth increased, increased also the rapidity of its escape through these holes.

Julius began to have just such a struggle with his sons as he had had with his father, — wrath, hatred, jealousy.

About this time a new prefect deprived Julius of his favor.

Julius was forsaken by his former flatterers, and banishment threatened him. He went to Rome to offer explanations. He was not received, and was ordered to depart.

On reaching home he found his son carousing with boon companions. The report had spread through Cilicia that Julius was dead, and his son was celebrating his father's death! Julius lost control of himself, struck his son so that he fell, apparently lifeless, and he went to his wife's room. In his wife's room he found a copy of the gospel, and read: —

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

"Yes," said Julius, to himself, "He has been calling me long. I did not believe in Him, and I was disobedient and wicked; and my yoke was heavy and my burden was grievous."

Julius long sat with the gospel opened on his knee, thinking over his past life and recalling what Pamphilius had said to him at various times.

Then Julius arose and went to his son. He found his son on his feet, and was inexpressibly rejoiced to find he had suffered no injury from the blow he had given him. Without saying a word to his son, Julius went into the street and bent his steps in the direction of the Christian settlement. He went all day, and at eventide stopped at a countryman's for the night. In the room which he entered lay a man. At the noise of steps the man roused himself. It was the physician.

"No, this time you do not dissuade me!" cried Julius. "This is the third time I have started *thither*, and I know that there only shall I find peace of mind."

"Where?" asked the physician.

"Among the Christians."

"Yes, maybe you will find peace of mind, but you will not have fulfilled your obligations. You have no courage. Misfortunes have conquered you. True philosophers do not act thus. Misfortune is only the fire in which the gold is tried. You have passed through the furnace, and now you are needed, you are running away. Now test others and yourself. You have gained true wisdom, and you ought to employ it for the good of your country. What would become of the citizens if those that knew men, their passions and conditions of life, instead of devoting their knowledge and experience to the service of their country, should hide them away, in their search for peace of mind. Your experience of life has been gained in society, and so you ought to devote it to the same society."

"But I have no wisdom at all. I am wholly in error. My errors are ancient, but no wisdom has grown out of them. Like water, however old and stale it is, it never becomes wine."

Thus spake Julius; and seizing his cloak, he left the house and, without resting, walked on and on. At the end of the second day he reached the Christians.

They received him joyfully, though they did not know that he was a friend of Pamphilius, whom every one loved and respected. At the refectory Pamphilius

recognized his friend, and with joy ran to him, and embraced him.

"Well, at last I have come," said Julius. "What is there for me to do? I will obey you."

"Don't worry about that," said Pamphilius. "You and I will go together."

And Pamphilius led Julius into the house where visitors were entertained, and showing him a bed, said:—

"In what way you can serve the people you yourself will see after you have had time to examine into the way we live; but in order that you may know where immediately to lend a hand, I will show you something tomorrow. In our vineyards the grape harvest is taking place. Go and help there. You yourself will see where there is a place for you."

The next morning Julius went to the vineyard. The first was a young vineyard hung with thick clusters. Young people were plucking and gathering them. All the places were occupied, and Julius, after going about for a long while, found no chance for himself.

He went farther. There he found an older plantation; there was less fruit, but here also Julius found nothing to do; all were working in pairs, and there was no place for him.

He went farther, and came to a superannuated vineyard. It was all empty. The vinestocks were gnarly and crooked, and, as it seemed to Julius, all empty.

"Just like my life," he said to himself. "If I had come the first time it would have been like the fruit in the first vineyard. If I had come when the second time I started, it would have been like the fruit in the second vineyard; but now here is my life; like these useless superannuated vinestocks, it is good only for fire-wood."

And Julius was terrified at what he had done; he was terrified at the punishment awaiting him because he had ruined his life. And Julius became melancholy, and he said: "I am good for nothing; there is no work I can do now."

And he did not rise from where he sat, and he wept

because he had wasted what could never more return to him. And suddenly he heard an old man's voice — a voice calling him. "Work, my brother," said the voice. Julius looked around and saw a white-haired old man, bent with years, and scarcely able to walk. He was standing by a vinestock and gathering from it the few sweet bunches remaining. Julius went to him.

"Work, dear brother; work is joyous;" and he showed him how to find the bunches here and there.

Julius went and searched; he found a few, and brought them and laid them in the old man's basket. And the old man said to him: —

"Look, in what respect are these bunches worse than those gathered in yonder vineyards? *Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you,* said our Teacher. *And this is the will of Him that sent me; that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him at the last day.*

"*For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.*

"*He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.*

"*And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.*

"*For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved.*

"*But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.*

"Be not unhappy, my son. We are all the children of God and His servants. We all go to make up His one army! Do you think that He has no servants besides you? And that if you, in all your strength, had given yourself to His service, would you have done all that He required all that men ought to do to establish

His kingdom? You say you would have done twice, ten times, a hundred times more than you did. But suppose you had done ten thousand times ten thousand more than all men, what would that have been in the work of God? Nothing! To God's work, as to God Himself, there are no limits and no end. God's work is in you. Come to Him, and be not a laborer but a son, and you become a copartner with the infinite God and in His work. With God there is neither small nor great, but there is straight and crooked. Enter into the straight path of life and you will be with God, and your work will be neither small nor great, but it will be God's work. Remember that in heaven there is more joy over one sinner, than over a hundred just men. The world's work, all that you have neglected to do, has only shown you your sin, and you have repented. And as you have repented, you have found the straight path; go forward in it with God, and think not of the past, or of great and small. Before God, all living men are equal. There is one God and one life."

And Julius found peace of mind, and he began to live and to work for the brethren according to his strength. And he lived thus in joy twenty years longer, and he did not perceive how he died the physical death.

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